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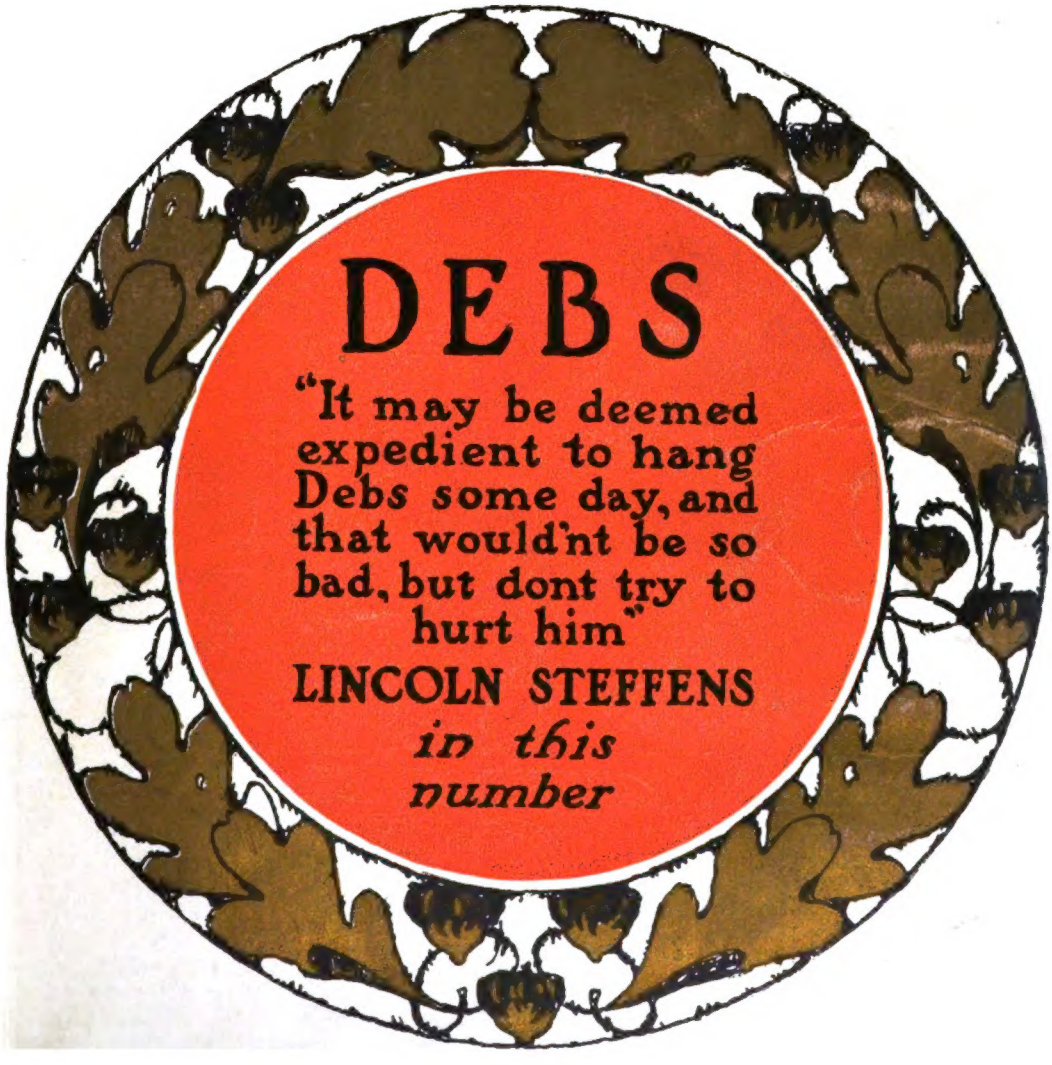
Everybody's Magazine


DEBS
"It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that would'nt be so bad, but dont try to hurt him"
LINCOLN STEFFENS
in this number

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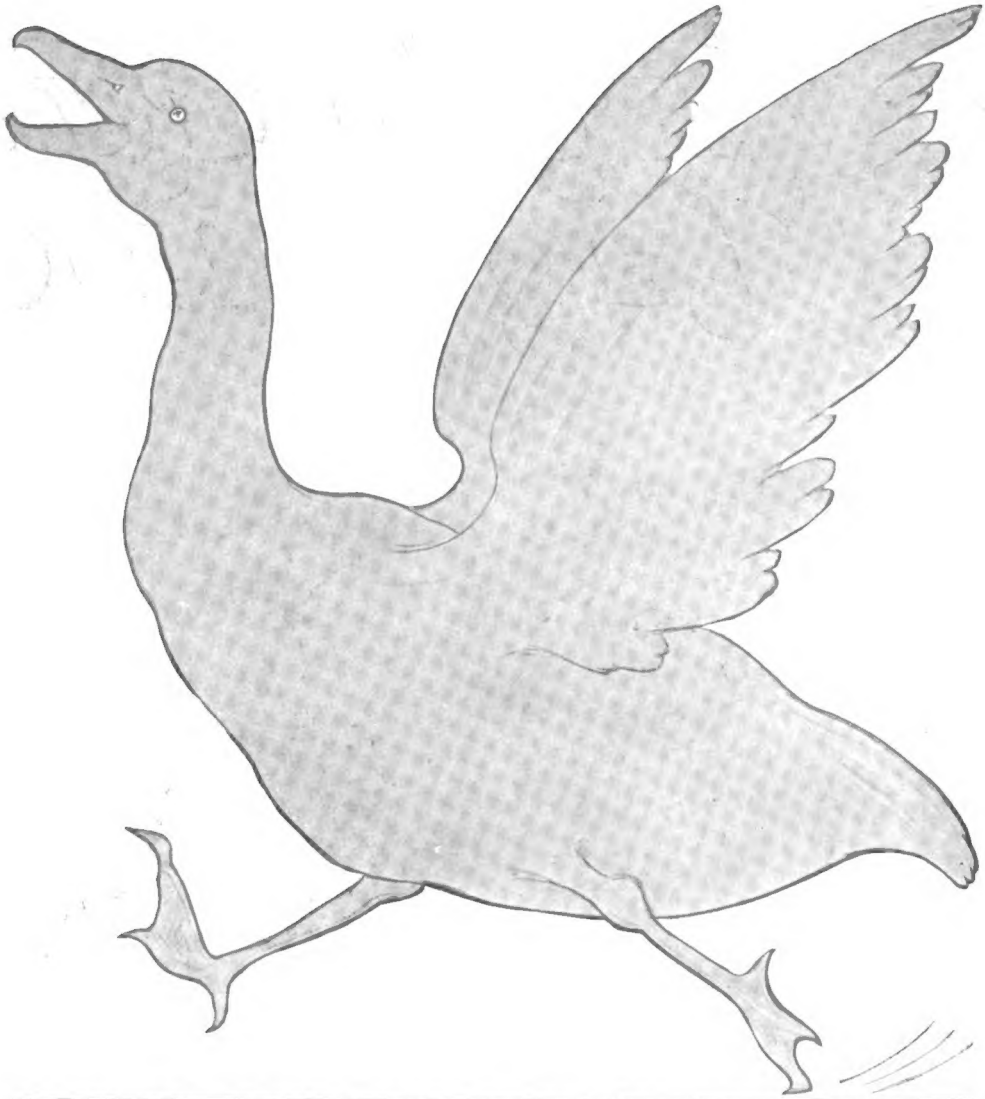
THE RIDGWAY COMPANY



HOW FOOLISH IT IS
TO WASTE NEEDED ENERGY WHEN
SAPOLIO
CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES

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OCTOBER

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A TOUCH IN PICTURESQUE VENICE.

—Venice and its Victims.—Page 481

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX. OCTOBER, 1908. NO. 4.

THE LASHED WHIP IS CONSPICUOUS AMONG THE MEANS EMPLOYED IN TRAINING TIGERS.

The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts

By MAURICE BROWN KIRBY

Photographs by Charles Nesensohn

"KINDNESS and argymint," said the backwoods father of five husky sons, "is great things; but whenever I wanter persuade one o' my boys to do suthin' in a hurry thet he don't wanter do, I use a bale-stick."

In laying down this rule for the government of his offspring, the old backwoodsman hit the principle of wild animal training straight in the nose. The only use an animal trainer has for the word "kindness" may be found in its employment when he discusses his professional methods with an interviewer. Many pounds of good white paper have been wasted in describing instances of mutual affection between animal and trainer; but when it comes right down to actual cases, the sole bond between the domestic man and the wild beast is a good strong stick; and the fiercer the beast, the bigger and tougher the stick. Of the great army of nature fakers, certainly the professional animal trainer is commander-in-chief.

Wild animals, particularly felines, have no love for man. It is only the greater ingenuity and cussedness of the latter that make him the beast's master. Everyone who has been attached to an animal-show knows this is true, and also knows that stories to the contrary are fakes. A lion or a tiger will readily eat out of

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his trainer's hand, but with equal readiness and half a chance, he will eat the hand. There are some old verses descriptive of a negro's experience with his mule. The burden of the rhyme lies in the oft-repeated line—"You

this fact. Despite the story-book shrewdness of the fox, the elephant is the wisest animal in existence. Though clumsy and bulky, he may be made to do the most difficult tricks; but as he grows older he grows wiser, and

MME. LUISE MORRELLI, OF BOSTOCK'S, AND HER PET LEOPARD, "CARTUSH."

cain't argue wif a mule." This holds true of irrational animals in general. Argument is waste of time. Whips, sticks, and iron rods are the accepted instruments of persuasion, and trainers constantly employ them. When a wild animal is to be broken, the first thing to break is his spirit. It is done with a club.

Every wild animal fears his trainer, or his trainer's weapons. Once a beast believes he is the physical superior of man, his career as a performing exhibit is ended, else he ends the career of his trainer.

Elephants furnish the best illustration of

some day realizes his brute mastery of man. Then he is retired from the arena, because no trainer of sufficient courage to handle him can be found. It is a safe wager that there is not a male elephant fifty years old performing at the present time. Bolivar, a giant pachyderm which children rode upon fifteen years ago, had been for some time before his death this past summer chained up at the Zoo in Philadelphia, with his fore and hind legs crossed and bound with iron. In his younger days he was as gentle as Mary's little lamb. At the last, to come within reach of his trunk

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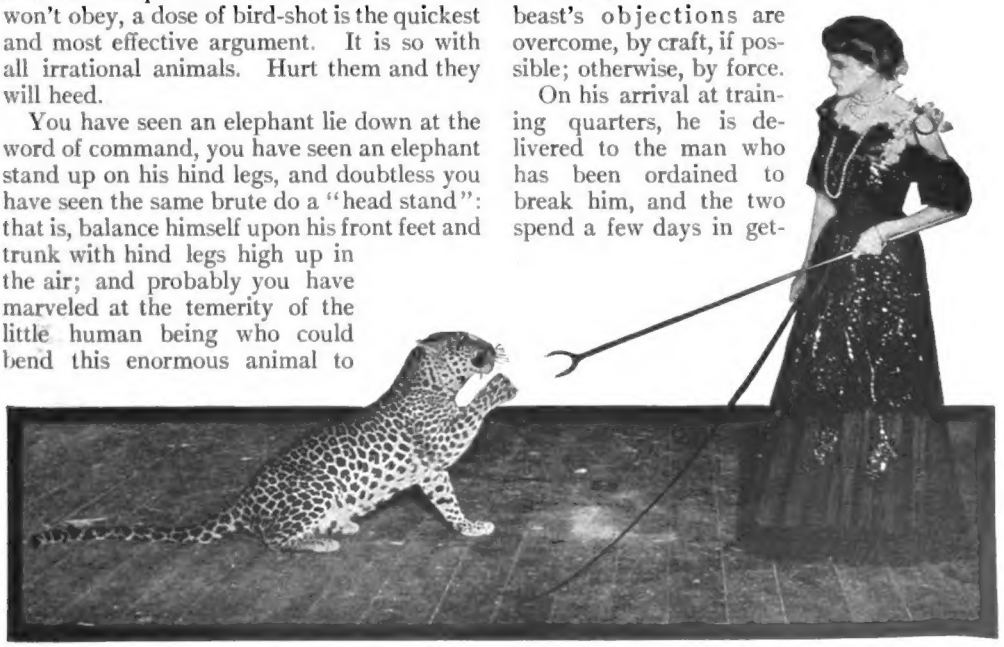
would have meant certain death.

Those philosophers who, in attempting to prove that wild animals possess powers of ratiocination, base some of their arguments upon the tricks of the arena, would quickly alter their belief, could they see how beasts are prepared for public exhibition. Animals are not *taught*—they are pushed, and hauled, and mauled, and whipped, and dragged, and choked, and tortured into tricks. The most patient, industrious, and painstaking trainer I ever met once said to me: "When they won't give way to pain, they won't be broke." In that speech he read the text of the whole game, and he has spent thirty years in the arena handling every kind of animal that grows, from fox-terriers to elephants. When a Gordon setter won't obey, a dose of bird-shot is the quickest and most effective argument. It is so with all irrational animals. Hurt them and they will heed.

A DETAIL OF TRAINING IS THE FIRING OF BLANK CARTRIDGES INTO A BEAST'S NOSTRIL.

You have seen an elephant lie down at the word of command, you have seen an elephant stand up on his hind legs, and doubtless you have seen the same brute do a "head stand": that is, balance himself upon his front feet and trunk with hind legs high up in the air; and probably you have marveled at the temerity of the little human being who could bend this enormous animal to his will. Having seen all this, it might interest you to visit the arena during training hours, and witness the methods employed by the little human being in persuading the elephant to perform these stunts. When the young, green elephant, with the assistance of two domesticated brethren, is brought by the mahout from the jungle into captivity, a powerful rope to control his movements is placed about his neck. When he is sold for training purposes it is necessary to remove this rope and fix iron chains around his legs immediately above the feet, in order that he may be more readily handled. Usually this is effected with some difficulty, as the elephant is the most powerful animal trained for public exhibition, and naturally objects to shackles. But the beast's objections are overcome, by craft, if possible; otherwise, by force.

On his arrival at training quarters, he is delivered to the man who has been ordained to break him, and the two spend a few days in get-



THE IRON FORK PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE TAMING OF WILD ANIMALS.

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THE REPEATED INFLICTION OF PAIN IS THE FORCE THAT HAS "TAMED" THESE LEOPARDS.

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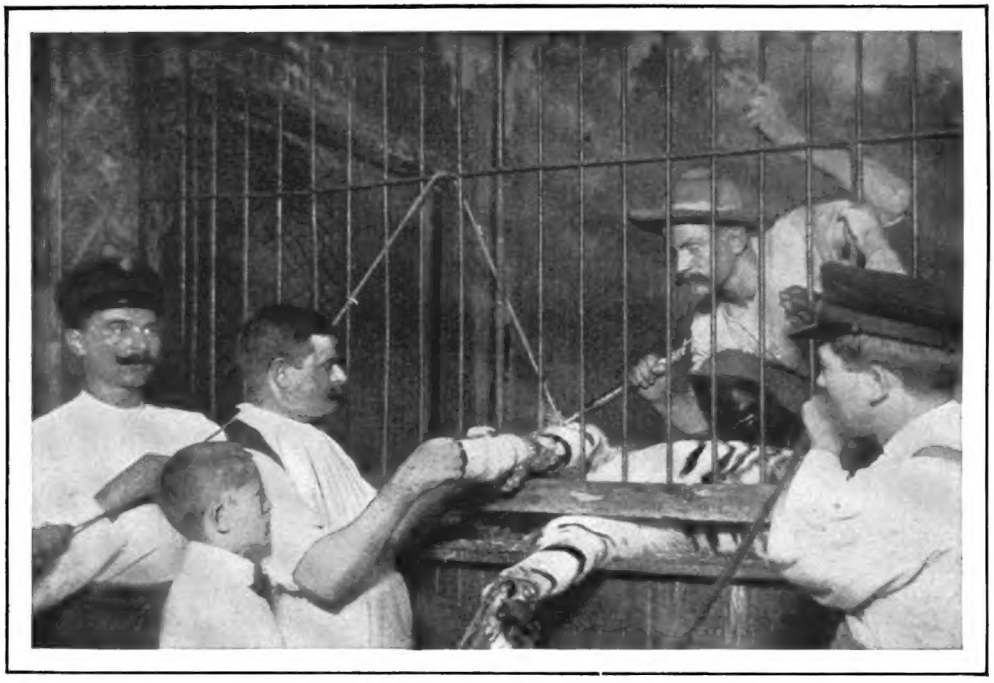
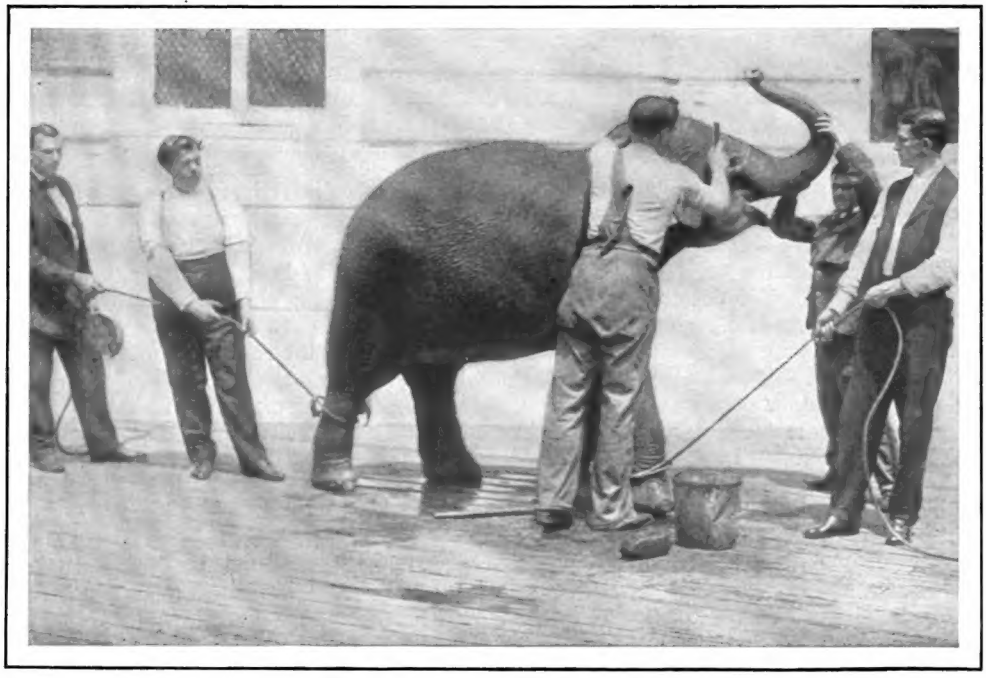


OPERATING ON A TIGER'S BROKEN LEG.



THE PERFORMING ELEPHANT, RAJAH, UNDERGOING AN ENFORCED TOILET.

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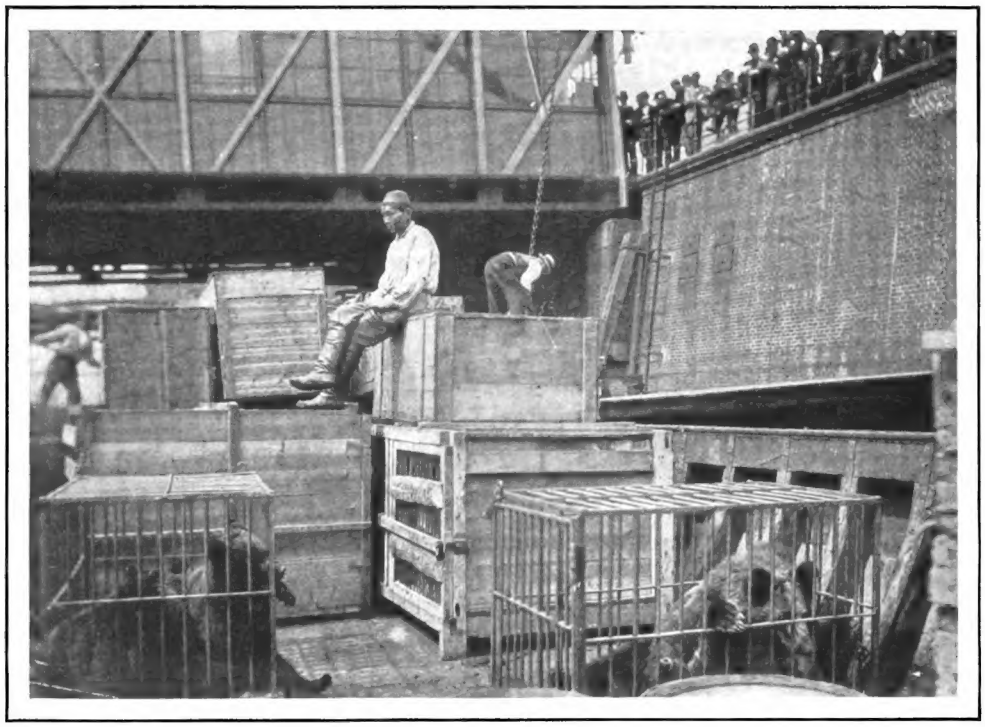
ting acquainted before school term begins. The first lesson consists in teaching the elephant to lie down. To the iron-linked fetters that encircle his legs strong ropes are attached. Each of these ropes is securely tied to a staple so that the beast cannot move an appreciable distance in any direction. When the bonds have been thoroughly tested and it is certain the animal is helpless, the trainer catches his iron hook in the elephant's hide, high up on his back, and begins to pull.



BEARS IN SHIFTING-DENS, READY TO TRAVEL TO PERMANENT QUARTERS.

It seems the nature of a brute to want to do the opposite of that which he is requested to do, so the elephant refuses to lie down. Whereupon the trainer puts a little weight on the sharp hook. It begins to cut through the tough hide to the sensitive flesh and the red blood beneath. The elephant trumpets, then he squeals — for even an elephant can squeal, when the hook is long enough and sharp enough, and always it is. The trainer pulls a bit harder, and maybe the blood spurts. The beast tries to break away and, failing that, reaches, murderously inclined, with his trunk for his tormentor. Each pugnacious attempt is met by an additional half inch of steel, for the animal must learn on the first page of his primer that he has never a chance to fight. Finally, when the pain becomes unbearable, he drops on his knees and clumsily rolls over on his side. Immediately the trainer gives him a lump of sugar as a reward of merit, and to show there is no hard feeling. This lesson is repeated until the beast lies down at a signal. Once taught, an elephant never forgets a trick; if by chance he should forget, a nip of the hook in the right spot will refresh his memory.

A humanitarian who watched a trainer with his iron hook teach an elephant to lie down exclaimed: "Why do you do that?"

"To make 'im lay down," was the reply.

"But it's brutal."

"Well, ain't he a brute?"

"I know," persisted the humanitarian; "but you should do it some other way."

"Mister," said the trainer, in a tone of finality, "there ain't any other way. You can't break animals with a feather duster."

That is the philosophy of animal training—"There ain't any other way." The S. P. C. A.

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view-point does not occur to the trainer. He looks on wild animals as beasts of prey, good-for-nothing evil-doers, and born enemies of mankind. An exception must be noted; for, domesticated, the elephant is useful. But the other big brutes—they kill, kill, kill weaker animals all their lives. Why not give them a bit of their own bite? Then, too, every animal-show is an object-lesson in natural history, serving to educate the young. So is a menagerie. But people won't patronize a menagerie. They want to see the beasts in action. There is also another reason for the animal-show. The proprietor has a family to support—and diamond studs to buy.

It is true that nowadays an elephant is taught one trick—rising on his hind legs—by cajolery. The trainer, standing upon a high pedestal, holds a piece of sugar, a carrot, or some other delicacy, just above the end of the beast's trunk. As he cannot reach it on all fours, he rises on his hind legs to take the pleasing morsel. This is done over and over again, until the brute realizes what is required and is willing to stand up at the signal. But when cajolery fails, the old method is resorted to. Strong ropes are attached to the chains on the animal's fore legs, and he is hoisted by sheer force until he stands erect upon his hind legs.

Similar methods are brought into play to teach the "head stand." The animal's fore legs are fastened so that he cannot move, and then ropes are tied around his hind quarters. These ropes are passed through a pulley overhead and, at a signal from the trainer, the beast is tilted up in the air until he is in danger of falling on his head, and naturally supports himself upon his trunk and fore legs. This is continued until he knows that, at a given cue, he must either do a "head stand" or suffer the unpleasant feeling of being hoisted.

In teaching an elephant to beat a bass drum with his tail, the trainer pads the end of the tail, and then ties it to the end of a long, slender rope, which is passed through a pulley on the farther side of the drum. By suddenly pulling this rope the trainer jerks the tail against the drum, and he continues to do so at quick intervals, until the animal understands that he must swing his tail when the drum is raised behind him, else the tail will be jerked, with accompanying prods from the hook. Other tricks are taught in the same way. It is all mechanical—all physical force. The beast has no more intelligent initiative than a mechanical toy. When properly pointed and wound up, he goes; otherwise he stands still. Without the ropes, the steel, and the whip, the Singer Building would do tricks as readily as an elephant.

Next to elephants, bears are probably the most versatile of wild animals. They are the clowns of the arena. A lively bear will get more hearty laughs out of an audience than any other animal that performs. Monkeys are funnier when left to themselves in a cage, as the conventional "happy family," because deviltry dances through simian veins; but the monkey is a poor clown in the show-ring. He interrupts his work with so many fitful glances at his trainer that he becomes artificial, like the actor who depends upon a prompter for his lines and continually is looking off stage to catch his cues.

But the bear goes about his work with the whole-hearted abandon of a natural comedian. He waltzes happily, he turns somersaults as if somersaults were the greatest diversion of his life; he balances himself on an enormous ball and rolls it about the floor, as if this were recreation; he wrestles with his trainer like a big, happy, healthy school-boy, and he drinks sugared water from a bottle labeled "beer" with an undeniable relish. But the last-named stunt is the one natural, voluntary feature of his performance. He drinks the sweet water because he likes it. Everything else he does because he will be well goaded, after the show, if he refuses.

Unlike most other big animals, the bear is taught his stunts without the hoisting apparatus, for a bear naturally rises on his hind legs in the forest, and he stands erect without effort. But, though he escapes the gibbet, he is compelled to suffer keen pain during his sprouting days in the arena. Taken in cub-hood, a bear may be broken without undue severity. When he comes into captivity with fair physical development and mature strength, he is subject to the usual scholastic course. The latter condition is usual; for cage-bred animals lack the wonderful hardihood of the forest-bred beast, and frequently are stunted. Then, too, they become slovenly and slothful from the unnatural life of confinement, and they go about their work with little more spirit than a feather bolster. On the other hand, the animal that has grown to maturity in nomadic freedom is fretful and nervous from his confinement in jail and makes the more interesting performer.

An adult bear is twice as hard as nails, and

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three times as tough as shoe-leather. Clubs and whips have little more effect upon his hide than straws and silken threads. But as every man is said to have his price, so every animal has his vulnerable spot. The trainer, basing his campaign upon primitive rules of warfare, seeks the weakest point in subduing his charge. The bear has four vulnerable spots—eyes, ears, nose, and feet. It would be impracticable to attack the eyes, as blindness might result, making the brute valueless as a performer. It would be inconvenient to use the animal's feet as a means to his subjection; so the trainer directs his attention to the nose and the ears.

Confined in a large crate, known professionally as a shifting-den, the bear reaches permanent quarters. Immediately he is transferred to the stationary cage. A few days after the beast's arrival, the trainer calls together his assistants, and school is summarily opened by the introduction into the cage of a "choke" collar, happily named, which, after much maneuvering, is slipped over the bear's head with the aid of a long iron fork. The "choke" collar is an ingenious contrivance of tough rope, with which, by a slight movement of his hand, the trainer may choke or loose the animal at will. It takes some time to lasso the bear, for bears possess an investigating nature, and have a bad habit of tearing to pieces anything that comes near, in order that they may inspect its interior works before classifying it as friend or foe. But the beast has as much chance with the men surrounding the cage as the proverbial snowball in the heart of Hades. Growl, bite, and fight as he will, ultimately human persistence prevails and the "choke" collar coils into the thick fur about the animal's neck.

Ten or fifteen men at the other end of the rope tug the struggling bear against the bars of the cage, with his fore feet and chin sliding on the floor, as a boy drags an obstinate dog along the street by a tight rope about his neck. With Mr. Bruin's head pulled down and held hard against the floor and with his nose jammed under the iron bars of the cage, other ropes are thrown into his cell, and each of the bear's feet is caught in a slip-knot. Then his legs are pulled from under him toward the four points of the compass, until he spreads out, belly flat, on the floor, like a bear-skin rug. With the animal roped into this utterly helpless position, the intrepid trainer enters the cage and cuts off the beast's claws, as close as the flesh will permit.

When the manicuring has been satisfactorily completed, an attendant passes into the cage an instrument like the punch used by train conductors to mark tickets, save that it is much larger and makes a larger hole. Slipping this instrument into Bruin's nose, the trainer cuts a round hole through one nostril. Into the bleeding circle there is clamped a metal ring, to which a long lunge-rope is attached, and now the beast is ready for the arena. From his legs the four slip-knots are removed, the "choke" collar is loosened on his neck, and he is permitted to rise and become acquainted with the link in his nose.

Despite the excruciating pain attending the deed, an enraged bear occasionally will rip the ring from his nostril. When he is foolish enough to register this objection to the methods employed for his mental development, it is necessary immediately to show him the futility of his act; therefore, he is roped again, tied down flat on the floor of his cage, and a new hole for the ring is bored through his other nostril. Should the bear prove so hopelessly obstinate as to tear out the second ring, the trainer will go him one better by roping him again, and this time punching a hole clear through the upper parts of both nostrils.

There is on record the case of a bear so thoroughly lacking in logic that, after lacerating both nostrils, he even tore the link from the middle of his nose, leaving the organ in such a ragged condition that the trainer found it necessary to insert the ring in the tenderest part of his ear. With insulting impudence Bruin immediately split his ear in twain, whereupon the determined trainer transferred the link to the other ear. Without pause, the self-destructive, pertinacious brute repeated the operation, thereby rendering himself practically impossible of control.

"I guess he's no account," commented the owner of the menagerie, who had been watching the bear reduce himself to strips of fresh meat. "We'll have to make a cage animal out of him."

A cage animal is one kept merely for show. He spends his life pacing about the little iron-barred cell in which animals are exhibited. He is very unhappy until he reaches the time of life when food and sleep are all he wants, and then he is still unhappy, as he probably has indigestion from lack of exercise. When you see an animal with his nose in rags pacing about a cage, it is probable that he refused to be "broke."

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It is quite a rare case, however, when a bear does not give in after both nostrils have been punctured. When he succumbs he is taken into the arena, with two ropes trailing at his heels, one attached to the nose-ring, the other to the "choke" collar around his neck.

Mr. Bruin now experiences the usual methods applied to beasts of his kind. He is pulled around several times in small circles by the ring in his sensitive nose, to make him understand that he is expected to waltz. If he does not understand, he is pulled around some more. In teaching a somersault, the trainer slips the rope between the bear's hind legs and, from his rear, pulls the animal's nose under his belly, until he is forced to roll over on his head. Each time this is done, the trainer prefaces the act by laying his whip on the floor at the brute's side. Finally the bear realizes that he must do a somersault whenever the whip is dropped. In wrestling, the beast is similarly governed. When he gets too rough and hugs his trainer a bit too hard, a slight jerk on the lunge-line attached to the ring in his tender nostril brings him to a sense of his error.

Unlike the elephant, which gradually grows irascible with increasing age, until he refuses to do any stunts at all, and will kill the man who tries to force him, the bear frequently dies in harness, though when he becomes stiff and senile he is employed merely to pose in a group with his mates, or to sit on a pedestal and watch younger and livelier animals go through their performances.

This is also true of lions. As he grows old a lion gets lazy and spiritless. The haughty beast who stares at the crowd outside his cage usually is as fierce of spirit as a fat night watchman who blinks out upon the dark world through the circle of light cast by the lamp at his feet. With plenty to eat, nothing to annoy him, and a keeper to look after his cage, the king of beasts becomes as peaceful, portly, and self-satisfied as some of our latter-day human monarchs, whose ministers of army, navy, state, and other things take proper care of the regal cage and see to it that the usual three square meals per day await the royal gullet at the proper hours. The story-book impression that lions are always on the hunt in their native jungle is quite at variance with the truth. Indeed, the older lions will frequently go hungry or seek the leavings of another beast's kill, rather than summon the energy to hunt prey for themselves. In a group of ten or twelve trained lions, two or three young, nervous animals usually supply the act with all its dash and spirit. The others are somnambulists.

Tigers, too, frequently grow lethargic with advancing years; but never to such a degree as the aging lion. There is always a pinch of ginger in the big striped cat. For that reason he makes a more spectacular performer than the lion, and usually a tougher proposition for the trainer.

I once saw a particularly recalcitrant tiger introduced to the arena. The introduction consisted of a most determined and persistent series of brutalities. The beast was jungle born and bred. He had lived in a small, cramped cage from the day of his capture, until his arrival in New York, where he was turned over to his purchaser and placed in a more roomy iron-barred apartment. Near by were six trained tigers, comprising one of the best, most exciting and sensational wild-animal acts ever brought to this country. The trainer of these beasts was a passed master in the art of thrilling an audience. A handsome, athletic chap, extravagantly reckless, with six spirited, high-strung, nervous tigers, he gave a performance that for hair-raising daring has never been excelled in America. Frequently women, who seem to have a morbid love of daredeviltry, covered their eyes to avoid hysteria, while he was putting his beasts through their paces. He wished, however, to make the act twice as exciting by adding six tigers more; and the beast I saw in the first stages of training was one of the green animals with which he had been supplied.

The tiger was given a fortnight to straighten his back, get the crimps out of his muscles, and acquire some flesh, before he was introduced to the torture chamber. On his first training day the program began at six o'clock in the morning, when five ropes with nooses on the ends were thrown into his cage. After much maneuvering with long iron forks, the trainer and his assistants succeeded in throwing one of these nooses over the tiger's magnificent head, while the other four knots were slipped around his legs and drawn taut just above the paws.

Biting, fighting, clawing and pawing at the ropes, the brute was dragged by ten or fifteen men against the bars of the cage, where he was tied fast and helpless. The trainer then buckled a heavy collar, to which a thick rope was attached, around the ani-

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mal's neck. On the completion of this part of the ceremony the nooses were removed, and the beast was given his freedom, which he spent in a fierce endeavor to rid himself of the strange leather strap that encircled his neck. After numerous efforts to scrape, tear, and rub it off, he decided that the collar was there to stay, and lay down for a rest.

At eight o'clock the door of the tiger's cage was thrown open. Driven by shouts, whips, and iron prods, he ran through the dark passage-way behind the semicircle of small cages, and bounded into the center of the big, bright performing-arena. Momentarily, he thought he had regained his freedom, but a glance at the high steel bars told him he was still a prisoner, and he took note of his surroundings with the quick curiosity of a man suddenly pushed into a strange room. For half an hour the beast was permitted to roam unfettered, inspecting the arena. It interested him but little. Saving seven or eight plain iron seats, attached to the bars a few feet above the floor, the big cage was empty. As the tiger walked about with the long rope trailing from his collar, he watched with wary eyes for possible attack, and seemed to be wondering, "What are they going to do with me next?"

His speculation was brought to an abrupt end. As the rope dragged along the floor near the bars, a sinewy hand reached in and seized it. Nine more pairs of sinewy hands took a quick, firm hold on it and brought the beast to a standstill as the trainer slipped into the arena, closing the doors behind him. In his right hand he held a long, lashed whip; in his left, a revolver with six blank cartridges, and a steel fork, five feet long, with sharp prongs at the end.

It is an aged fallacy, bred by sensational press-agents, that trainers carry loaded guns. It is also untrue that their assistants stand near by with revolvers, on watch for an emergency. If a trainer lacks control over his animals a gun won't help him. More than one shot is usually required to stop a vicious beast, and a man depending on a gun would have little chance of firing twice. Besides, if he shot straight and struck a vital spot, he would destroy a valuable animal; if he missed his mark he might kill someone in the audience, whose relatives likely would collect large cash damages from the proprietor of the show, a possibility wholly inconsistent with practical economy.

When the tiger trainer I was watching entered the arena, he braced the handle of the iron fork against his body, holding the sharp pointed prongs toward his victim. The beast whirled around, but did not spring. He faced the man and crouched, with his tail moving slowly from side to side. He looked not unlike a house cat creeping up on a mouse. A cat always makes sure of his prey before he leaps. It seems his nature to want a big advantage, and he hesitates until he is absolutely certain of his distance. Speaking in caressing tones, the trainer slowly advanced toward the animal.

Suddenly the beast growled deep down in his throat, his muscles tightened until his haunches trembled from the strain, and as the man yelled, "Look out, boys!" the tiger sprang from the floor with the speed of a clay pigeon shot from a trap. It was a sight to be remembered: the great, tawny beast, intent upon the kill, his ears laid back snugly against his head, his snarling mouth half open with hungry hate, his tail stiff as a cane on a line with his backbone, his four paws spread out like the talons of a lighting eagle to cover his victim when he landed.

But "the boys" spoiled the picture. As the tiger reached the top of his flying parabola they threw their combined weight upon the rope, and the beast turned a clumsy somersault in the air, falling heavily to the floor. Before he could turn to renew the attack the trainer was upon him, jabbing him with the fork and pounding his nose—the most sensitive part of a cat—with the butt of the heavy whip. Half stunned by his painful fall, the beast leaped high up on the side of the arena in fright, seeking to avoid his tormentor, who kept after him with fork and whip. The tiger tried desperately to climb out of reach of the blows, but his paws slid away from their grip on the iron bars and he fell to the floor. Once more the man was upon him, yelling, pounding him mercilessly with the whip, while the gang outside were ready to lay their weight on the restraining rope should the animal show a disposition to renew the attack. But the fight had been walloped out of the brute, and he fled from the man as a cat runs from a boy with a slingshot.

The first step, and a very important one in the education of the tiger, had been accomplished. He was afraid of his trainer. With a single sweep of his powerful paw he might have broken the neck of his master,

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but the unexpected way in which he had been thrown puzzled him, and he lost his nerve. The animal retired to a corner of the cage, and, backing up against the bars, stood at bay, while the man took a position in the center of the arena and paused to regain his breath. After resting ten minutes, the trainer went after his pupil once more. He fixed one of the iron seats securely on the bars of the cage, and then, standing with the seat between him and the tiger, flicked the beast on the end of his nose with the whip-lash. This irritated the tiger, and he turned his head away, but the man was an expert with the whip, and no matter how quickly the animal moved, the lash reached the tip of his nose with never-failing, stinging accuracy. Meanwhile an assistant outside the cage jammed an iron fork against his haunches.

Unable any longer to endure the tormenting whip and iron, the beast slapped at the flying lash and took a few threatening steps toward the man. The latter then tapped the seat with the handle of his whip to show the tiger that it was intended for him to sit upon. Naturally enough, the beast did not understand the significance of this action, and backed into his corner, growling and snarling. This scene was repeated over and over again during the next half hour. The lash would light upon the tiger's nose; the assistant outside the cage would stick him in the haunches with the iron fork; the beast would advance with a short rush and then stop, afraid; the trainer would tap the seat with his whip, and the animal would back into the corner, showing his wicked teeth.

Meanwhile the beast was regaining some of his nerve. Anger was conquering fear. Each time he rushed he would sneak a little closer to the man, and each time he retired to his corner he would growl a little louder and lash his tail with greater fury.

Eight or ten feet above the seat that had been placed for the animal there hung a block and tackle. When it was apparent, after numerous efforts to make him sit down, that he could not understand what he was expected to do, or would not do it, a ladder was raised outside the arena. One of the assistants climbed up, and, passing the rope attached to the animal's collar through the bars, hung it over the block and tackle. The ten men took a fresh grip on the rope in readiness for the most trying and brutal lesson in the education of the tiger.

Fifteen feet of slack rope were permitted the animal as the trainer directed him once more to the seat and once more he failed to understand. Then the order to hoist was given, and, as the men pulled, the tiger felt the collar tighten about his neck. His head gradually was lifted up, until his fore legs left the ground and he pranced on his hind paws. With the fear of strangulation and the instinct of self-preservation his brain became a mental mud-puddle. He beat the air with his fore paws, whirled, squirmed, and wriggled, in a vain effort to get out of the collar that clutched his throat. Every movement of his body brought him nearer to the seat over which hung the block and tackle. When he reached it an assistant grabbed his tail through the bars and pulled him toward the little stool, while the trainer punched him against it with the iron bar.

Throughout this cruel struggle the trainer never lost his temper. He went about his work with the impersonal determination of a public executioner. His only evidence of excitement was physical, when his efforts made him perspire and his muscles trembled from over-exertion. Mentally, the man was utterly at ease. He felt no more anger toward the tiger than a butcher entertains toward the carcass of an ox he is quartering. The beast was there to be trained and he was there to train him. Ethics are out of place in an arena. So is sympathy. The animal has neither. Why should the trainer be afflicted by them?

"Swing him clear of the ground," he called. "We'll make him take that seat. All together now!" and as the men laid their combined weight on the rope, the big cat was hoisted until his hind legs dangled two feet above the floor, dancing a madman's jig. The helpless, choking brute fought the useless fight of a fish out of water. Had not the muscles over his throat been like solid rubber tires he would have strangled as he curled his body into a coil, trying to escape the weight that hung from his own neck.

It was not a pretty thing to look upon, and might have provided work for one of the numerous societies organized to prevent cruelties; yet it is the only way thus far devised by animal trainers to make an obstinate tiger sit down.

With much pushing and hauling the struggling beast finally was landed on the seat; but the moment he felt support under his

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feet he leaped for the floor. He was met by the trainer, who walloped the sore, sensitive nose with the hickory handle of his whip, and followed this up by firing the burning powder of a blank cartridge straight into the nostril. This was the first time the revolver had been brought in play, and it threw the beast into hysteria. He turned to run, but the trainer yelled, "Lift him, boys," and as the crew threw their weight on the rope the beast's head and fore legs were yanked from the ground, and he pranced along for a few steps with only the claws of his hind feet touching the boards. When the momentum of his own body had carried him clear of the floor, he swung back, suspended in the air, more like a lifeless tiger-skin than a blood-filled beast of flesh and sinew.

Again he was smashed against the seat, and as the men gave slack to the rope he fell prostrate on his belly across the little iron bench, breathing violently, with a drunken glare in his eyes and bleeding from the nose. The trainer showed a disposition to give the beast respite, but the swarthy proprietor of the show, standing safely outside the cage, shouted: "Keep after him! Don't let up! You've got him going now!"

It was true, they had him going—going very close to his grave. Again the word was given, and again the helpers strained their backs. The big, tawny head went up with the tightening rope, until the tiger's body was dangling once more above the empty seat. As they eased the rope the beast gave a fearful cry, and, with every ounce of strength left in his body, made one final, desperate leap at his persecutor. The force of his flying weight almost snapped the rope, and his murderous, sweeping paw missed the trainer by an inch. Then, if a tiger can faint, he fainted. The proprietor yelled, "Let go the rope!" and the helpers loosened their hold. The beast flopped into a senseless heap on the floor, and a black tongue fell through the side of his mouth. Cold water was rushed into the arena and dashed on the animal's head. Bucket after bucket followed until his fine coat was drenched to the slimy smoothness of wet sealskin. His eyelids opened convulsively and his pupils rolled upward as he groaned painfully.

Three other tigers, trained animals, were brought into the arena. On entering the ring they glanced casually at their prostrate fellow, sniffed, and walked by. There is not an ounce of the Samaritan in a cat. The trainer snapped his whip, and the trio climbed upon their accustomed seats, which had been arranged for their reception. Gradually the exhausted beast regained full consciousness, and at the first sign of returning strength the trainer flicked him on the nose with the stinging lash. The tiger struggled to his feet, took a step forward, swayed, and fell on his side through sheer weakness. They soused him with another bucketful of water, and he stood up, sufficiently revived to keep his feet; but when he tried to move it was with the uncertain step of locomotor ataxia.

In an attempt to teach his pupil by suggestion, the trainer called the three educated tigers, worked them a few times around the ring, and made them leap to their seats. The object-lesson was wasted, for the wounded beast stood stiff-legged, paying no heed to his mates, but following the trainer's every movement with a gaze of mingled hate and fear. A half-tipsy criminal might turn the same look on the big policeman who had brutally clubbed him to a station-house.

Some pugilists possess marvelous powers of recuperation, but there is nothing in humanity that compares with the reserve strength of a wild beast. Half an hour after he had regained consciousness the green tiger was breathing normally, his limbs had regained their pliant strength, and his eyes were bright and clear. Observing the beast's recovery, the alert trainer resumed his lesson.

It was the same brutal scene all over again: the big, stubborn cat, the mercilessly determined trainer, the hangman's rope—and finally, the animal was slammed on to the seat more dead than alive. While one assistant hung to his tail to prevent him from leaving the bench, the others held up his head with the straining tackle, and the trainer propped him with an iron bar. Once more the beast lost consciousness, the rope was loosened, and he fell to the floor. Another relay of buckets of cold water dashed against his face restored him. The doors of the arena were thrown open, the tiger was driven back to his small living cage, and school was over for the day. Intermittently, for a fortnight, this same course of training was repeated, until finally the brute realized what was wanted, and sat down. Forthwith he was added to the educated group and the next victim was taken in hand.

Occasionally an animal trainer is killed.

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"'GREETINGS,' SAYS I."

THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

A LANK, strong, red-faced man with a Wellington beak and small fiery eyes, tempered by flaxen lashes, sat on the station platform at Los Pinos swinging his legs to and fro. At his side sat another man, fat, melancholy, and seedy, who seemed to be his friend. They had the appearance of men to whom life had appeared as a reversible coat —seamy on both sides.

"Ain't seen you in about four years, Ham," said the seedy man. "Which way you been traveling?"

"Texas," said the red-faced man. "It was too cold in Alaska for me. And I found it warm in Texas. I'll tell you about one hot spell I went through there.

"One morning I steps off the International at a water-tank and lets it go on without me. 'Twas a ranch country, and fuller of spite houses than New York City. Only out there they build 'em twenty miles away so you can't smell what they've got for dinner, instead of running 'em up two inches from their neighbors' windows.

"There wasn't any roads in sight, so I footed it 'cross country. The grass was shoe-top deep and the mesquite timber looked just like a peach orchard. It was so much like a gentleman's private estate that every minute you expected a kennelful of bulldogs to run out and bite you. But I must have walked twenty miles before I came in sight of a ranch-house. It was a little one, about as big as an elevated railroad station.

"There was a little man in a white shirt and brown overalls and a pink handkerchief around his neck rolling cigarettes under a tree in front of the door.

"'Greetings,' says I. 'Any refreshment, welcome, emoluments, or even work for a comparative stranger?'

"'Oh, come in,' says he in a refined tone. 'Sit down on that stool, please. I didn't hear your horse coming.'

"'He isn't near enough yet,' says I. 'I walked. I don't want to be a burden, but I wonder if you have three or four gallons of water handy.'

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"'You do look pretty dusty,' says he; 'but our bathing arrangements——'

"'It's a drink I want,' says I. 'Never mind the dust that's on the outside.'

"He gets me a dipper of water out of a red jar hanging up, and then goes on:

"'Do you want work?'

"'For a time,' says I. 'This is a rather quiet section of the country, isn't it?'

"'It is,' says he. 'Sometimes—so I have been told—one sees no human being pass for

"'Can you herd 'em—take charge of a flock of 'em?' says he.

"'Oh,' says I, 'now I understand. You mean chase 'em around and bark at 'em like collie dogs. Well, I might,' says I. 'I've never exactly done any sheep-herding, but I've often seen 'em from car windows masticating daisies, and they didn't look dangerous.'

"'I'm short a herder,' says the ranchman. 'You never can depend on the Mexicans.

"WHEN I CAUGHT BIG CASINO I FELT AS EXCITED AS IF I HAD MADE A MILLION IN TRINITY."

weeks at a time. I've been here only a month. I bought the ranch from an old settler who wanted to move farther west.'

"'It suits me,' says I. 'Quiet and retirement are good for a man sometimes. And I need a job. I can tend bar, salt mines, lecture, float stock, do a little middle-weight slugging, and play the piano.'

"'Can you herd sheep?' asks the little ranchman.

"'Do you mean *have* I heard sheep?' says I.

I've only got two flocks. You may take out my bunch of muttons—there are only eight hundred of 'em—in the morning, if you like. The pay is twelve dollars a month and your rations furnished. You camp in a tent on the prairie with your sheep. You do your own cooking, but wood and water are brought to your camp. It's an easy job.'

"'I'm on,' says I. 'I'll take the job even if I have to garland my brow and hold on to a crook and wear a loose effect and play on a pipe like the shepherds do in pictures.'

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"So the next morning the little ranchman helps me drive the flock of muttons from the corral to about two miles out and let 'em graze on a little hillside on the prairie. He gives me a lot of instructions about not letting bunches of them stray off from the herd, and driving 'em down to a water-hole to drink at noon.

"'I'll bring out your tent and camping outfit and rations in the buckboard before night,' says he.

"'Fine,' says I. 'And don't forget the rations. Nor the camping outfit. And be sure to bring the tent. Your name's Zollicoffer, ain't it?'

"'My name,' says he, 'is Henry Ogden.'

"'All right, Mr. Ogden,' says I. 'Mine is Mr. Percival Saint Clair.'

"I herded sheep for five days on the Rancho Chiquito; and then the wool entered my soul. That getting next to nature certainly got next to me. I was lonesomer than Crusoe's goat. I've seen a lot of persons more entertaining as companions than those sheep were. I'd drive 'em to the corral and pen 'em every evening, and then cook my corn bread and mutton and coffee and lie down in a tent the size of a tablecloth and listen to the coyotes and whippoorwills singing around the camp.

"The fifth evening, after I had corralled my costly but uncongenial muttons, I walked over to the ranch-house and stepped in the door.

"'Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'you and me have got to get sociable. Sheep are all very well to dot the landscape and furnish $8 cotton suitings for man, but for table-talk and fireside companions they rank along with five o'clock teazers. If you've got a deck of cards or a parchesi outfit or a game of authors, get 'em out and let's get on a mental basis. I've got to do something in an intellectual line if it's only to knock somebody's brains out.'

"This Henry Ogden was a peculiar kind of ranchman. He wore finger rings and a big gold watch and careful neckties. And his face was calm and his nose spectacles was kept very shiny. I saw once in Muscogee an outlaw hung for murdering six men, who was a dead ringer for him. But I knew a preacher in Arkansas that you would have taken to be his brother. I didn't care much for him either way; what I wanted was some fellowship and communion with holy saints or lost sinners—anything sheepless would do.

"'Well, Saint Clair,' says he, laying down the book he was reading, 'I guess it must be pretty lonesome for you at first. And I don't deny that it's monotonous for me. Are you sure you corralled your sheep so they won't stray out?'

"'They're shut up as tight as the jury of a millionaire murderer,' says I. 'And I'll be back with them long before they'll need their trained nurse.'

"So Ogden digs up a deck of cards and we play casino. After five days and nights of my sheep camp it was like a toot on Broadway. When I caught big casino I felt as excited as if I had made a million in Trinity. And when H. O. loosened up a little and told the story about the lady in the Pullman car I laughed for five minutes.

"That showed what a comparative thing life is. A man may see so much that he'd be bored to turn his head to look at a $3,000,000 fire or Joe Weber or the Adriatic Sea. But let him herd sheep for a spell and you'll see him splitting his ribs laughing at 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' or really enjoying himself playing cards with ladies.

"By and by Ogden gets out a decanter of Bourbon, and then there is a total eclipse of sheep.

"'Do you remember reading in the papers about a month ago,' says he, 'about a train hold-up on the M. K. & T.? The express agent was shot through the shoulder, and about $15,000 in currency taken. And it's said that only one man did the job.'

"'Seems to me I do,' says I. 'But such things happen so often they don't linger long in the human Texas mind. Did they overtake, overhaul, seize, or lay hands upon the despoiler?'

"'He escaped,' says Ogden. 'And I was just reading in a paper to-day that the officers have tracked him down into this part of the country. It seems the bills the robber got were all the first issue of currency to the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. And so they've followed the trail where they've been spent, and it leads this way.'

"Ogden pours out some more Bourbon and shoves me the bottle.

"'I imagine,' says I, after ingurgitating another modicum of the royal booze, 'that it wouldn't be at all a disingenuous idea for a train robber to run down into this part of the country to hide for a spell. A sheep-ranch, now,' says I, 'would be the finest kind of a place. Who'd ever expect to find

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such a desperate character among these song-birds and muttons and wild flowers? And, by the way,' says I, kind of looking H. Ogden over, 'was there any description mentioned of this single-handed terror? Was his lineaments or height and thickness or teeth fillings or style of habiliments set forth in print?'

"'Why, no,' says Ogden; 'they say nobody got a good sight of him because he wore a mask. But they know it was a train robber called Black Bill, because he always works alone and because he dropped a handkerchief in the express-car that had his name on it.

"'All right,' says I. 'I approve of Black Bill's retreat to the sheep-ranges. I guess they won't find him.'

"'There's one thousand dollars reward for his capture,' says Ogden.

"'I don't need that kind of money,' says I, looking Mr. Sheepman straight in the eye. 'The twelve dollars a month you pay me is enough. I need a rest and I can save up until I get enough to pay my fare to Texarkana, where my widowed mother lives. If Black Bill,' I goes on, looking insignificantly at Ogden, 'was to have come down this way—say, a month ago—and bought a little sheep-ranch and——'

"'Stop,' says Ogden, getting out of his chair and looking pretty vicious. 'Do you mean to insinuate——'

"'Nothing,' says I; 'no insinuations. I'm stating a hypodermical case. I say, if Black Bill had come down here and bought a sheep-ranch and hired me to Little Boy Blue 'em and treated me square and friendly, as you've done, he'd never have anything to fear from me. A man is a man regardless of any complications he may have with sheep or railroad trains. Now you know where I stand.'

"Ogden looks black as camp coffee for nine seconds, and then he laughs, amused.

"'You'll do, Saint Clair,' says he. 'If I *was* Black Bill I wouldn't be afraid to trust you. Let's have a game or two of seven-up to-night. That is, if you don't mind playing with a train robber.'

"'I've told you,' says I, 'my oral sentiments; and there's no strings to 'em.'

"While I was shuffling after the first hand, I asks Ogden, as if the idea was a kind of a casualty, where he was from.

"'Oh,' says he, 'from the Mississippi valley.'

"'That's a nice little place,' says I. 'I've often stopped over there. But didn't you find the sheets a little damp and the food poor? Now, I hail,' says I, 'from the Pacific slope. Ever put up there?'

"'Too draughty,' says Ogden. 'But if you're ever in the Middle West just mention my name and you'll get foot-warmers and dripped coffee.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I wasn't exactly fishing for your private telephone number and the middle name of your aunt that carried off the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. It don't matter. I just want you to know you are safe in the hands of your shepherd. Now, don't play hearts on spades, and don't get nervous.'

"'Still harping,' says Ogden, laughing again. 'Don't you suppose that if I was Black Bill and thought you suspected me, I'd put a Winchester bullet into you and stop my nervousness, if I had any?'

"'Not any,' says I. 'A man who's got the nerve to hold up a train single-handed wouldn't do a trick like that. I've knocked about enough to know that them are the kind of men who put a value on a friend. Not that I can claim being a friend of yours, Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'being only your sheep-herder; but under more expeditious circumstances we might have been.'

"'Forget the sheep temporarily, I beg,' says Ogden, 'and cut for deal.'

"About four days afterward, while my muttons was nooning on the water-hole and I was deep in the interstices of making a pot of coffee, up rides softly on the grass a mysterious person in the garb of the being he wished to represent. He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge. His chin and eye wasn't molded on fighting lines; so I knew he was only a scout.

"'Herdin' sheep?' he asks me.

"'Well,' says I, 'to a man of your evident gumptional endowments I wouldn't have the nerve to state that I am engaged in decorating old bronzes or oiling bicycle sprockets.'

"'You don't talk or look like a sheep-herder to me,' says he.

"'But you talk like what you look like to me,' says I.

"And then he asks me who I was working for, and I shows him Rancho Chiquito two miles away in the shadow of a low hill; and he tells me he's a deputy sheriff.

"'There's a train robber called Black Bill supposed to be somewhere in these parts,'

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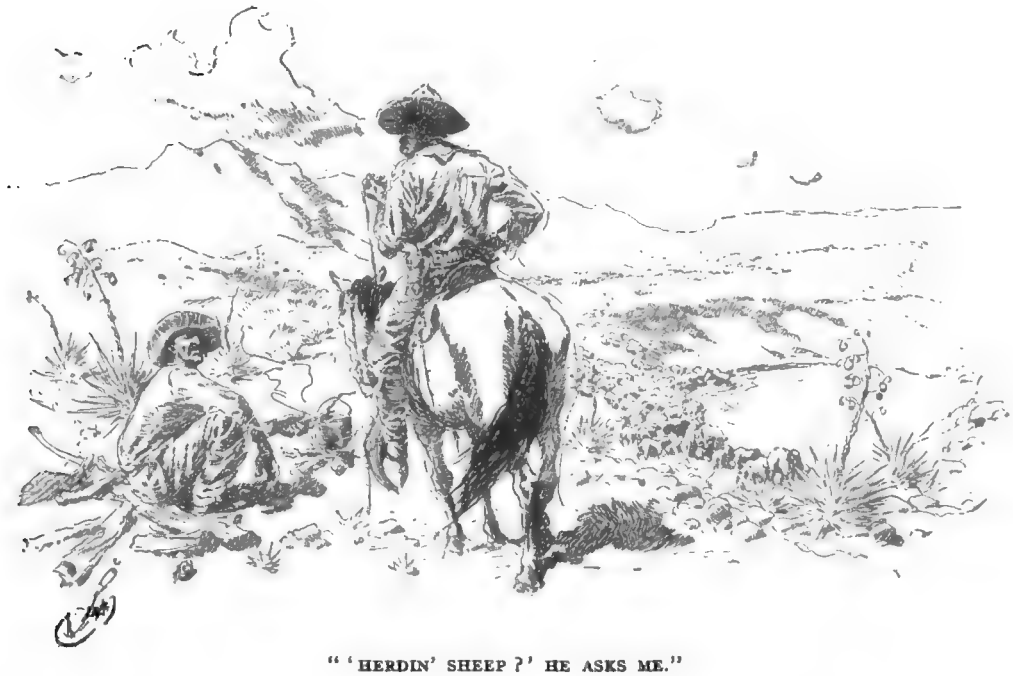

"'HERDIN' SHEEP?' HE ASKS ME."

says the scout. 'He's been traced as far as San Antonio and maybe farther. Have you seen or heard of any strangers around here during the past month?'

"'I have not,' says I, 'except a report of one over at the Mexican quarters of Loomis's ranch on the Frio.'

"'What do you know about him?' asks the deputy.

"'He's three days old,' says I.

"'What kind of a looking man is the man you work for?' he asks. 'Does old George Ramey own this place yet? He's run sheep here for the last ten years, but never had no success.'

"'The old man has sold out and gone west,' I tells him. 'Another sheep-fancier bought him out about a month ago.'

"'What kind of a looking man is he?' asks the deputy again.

"'Oh,' says I, 'a big, fat kind of a Dutchman with long whiskers and blue specs. I don't think he knows a sheep from a ground-squirrel. I guess old George soaked him pretty well on the deal,' says I.

"After indulging himself in a lot more non-communicative information and two-thirds of my dinner, the deputy rides away.

"That night I mentions the matter to Ogden.

"'They're drawing the tendrils of the octopus around Black Bill,' says I. And then I told him about the deputy sheriff and how I'd described him to the deputy and what the deputy said about the matter.

"'Oh, well,' says Ogden, 'let's don't borrow any of Black Bill's troubles. We've a few of our own. Get the Bourbon out of the cupboard and we'll drink to his health. Unless,' says he, with his little cackling laugh, 'you're prejudiced against train robbers.'

"'I'll drink,' says I, 'to any man who's a friend to a friend. And I believe that Black Bill,' I goes on, 'would be that. So here's to Black Bill and may he have good luck.'

"And both of us drank.

"About two weeks later comes shearing-time. The sheep had to be driven up to the ranch, and a lot of frowzy-headed Mexicans would snip the fur off of them with back-action scissors. So, the afternoon before the barbers were to come, I hustled my under-done muttons over the hill, across the dell, down by the winding brook, and up to the ranch-house, where I penned 'em in a corral and bade 'em my nightly adieus.

"I went from there to the ranch-house. I find H. Ogden, Esquire, lying asleep on his little cot bed. I guess he had been overcome by anti-insomnia or diswakefulness or some of the diseases peculiar to the sheep

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business. His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. 'Imperial Cæsar,' says I, 'asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away.'

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12.30 A.M., dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

"Well, I took a drink of Bourbon and one for Ogden, and started in to be comfortable while he was taking his nap. He had some books on his table on indigenous subjects, such as Japan and drainage and physical culture; and some tobacco, which seemed more to the point.

"After I'd smoked a few and listened to the sartorial breathing of H. O., I happened to look out the window toward the shearing-pens, where there was a kind of a road coming up from a kind of a road across a kind of a creek farther away.

"I saw five men riding up to the house. All of 'em carried guns across their saddles, and among 'em was the deputy that had talked to me at my camp.

"They rode up careful, in open formation, with their guns ready. I set apart with my eye the one I opinionated to be the boss muckraker of this law-and-order cavalry.

"'Good evening, gents,' says I. 'Won't you 'light and tie your horses?'

"The boss rides up close and swings his gun over till the opening in it seems to cover my whole front elevation.

"'Don't you move your hands none,' says he, 'till you and me indulge in a adequate amount of necessary conversation.'

"'I will not,' says I. 'I am no deaf-mute, and therefore will not have to disobey your injunctions in replying.'

"'We are on the lookout,' says he, 'for Black Bill, the man that held up the Katy for $15,000 in May. We are searching the ranches and everybody on 'em. What is your name, and what do you do on this ranch?'

"'Captain,' says I, 'Percival Saint Clair is my occupation, and my name is sheep-herder. I've got my flock of veals—no, muttons—penned here to-night. The shearers are coming to-morrow to give them a hair-cut—with baa-a-rum, I suppose.'

"'Where's the boss of this ranch?' the captain of the gang asks me.

"'Wait just a minute, cap'n,' says I. 'Wasn't there a kind of a reward offered for the capture of this desperate character you have referred to in your preamble?'

"'There's a thousand dollars reward offered,' says the captain, 'but it's for his capture and conviction. There don't seem to be no provision made for an informer.'

"'It looks like it might rain in a day or so,' says I, in a tired way, looking up at the cerulean blue sky.

"'If you know anything about the locality, disposition, or secretiveness of this here Black Bill,' says he, in a severe dialect, 'you are amiable to the law in not reporting it.'

"'I heard a fence-rider say,' says I, in a desultory kind of voice, 'that a Mexican told a cowboy named Jake over at Pidgin's store on the Nueces that he heard that Black Bill had been seen in Matamoras by a sheepman's cousin two weeks ago.'

"'Tell you what I'll do, Tight Mouth,' says the captain, after looking me over for bargains. 'If you can put us on so we can scoop Black Bill, I'll pay you a hundred dollars out of my own—out of our own—pockets. That's liberal,' says he. 'You ain't entitled to anything. Now, what do you say?'

"'Cash down now?' I asks.

"The captain has a sort of discussion with his helpmates, and they all produce the contents of their pockets for analysis. Out of the general results they figured up $102.30 in cash and $31 worth of plug tobacco.

"'Come nearer, capitan meeo,' says I, 'and listen.' He so did.

"'I am mighty poor and low down in the world,' says I. 'I am working for twelve dollars a month trying to keep a lot of animals together whose only thought seems to be to get asunder. Although,' says I, 'I regard myself as some better than the state of South Dakota, it's a come-down to a man who has heretofore regarded sheep only in the form of chops. I'm pretty far reduced in the world on account of foiled ambitions and rum and a kind of cocktail they make along the P. R. R. all the way from Scranton to Cincinnati—dry gin, French vermouth, one squeeze of a lime, and a good dash of

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orange bitters. If you're ever up that way don't fail to let one try you. And, again,' says I, 'I have never yet went back on a friend. I've stayed by 'em when they had plenty; and when adversity's overtaken me I've never forsook 'em.

"'But,' I goes on, 'this is not exactly the case of a friend. Twelve dollars a month is only bowing-acquaintance money. And I do not consider brown beans and corn bread the food of friendship. I am a poor man,' says I, 'and I have a widowed mother in Texarkana. You will find Black Bill,' says I, 'lying asleep in this house on a cot in the room to your right. He's the man you want, as I know from his words and conversation. He was in a way a friend,' I explains, 'and if I was the man I once was, the entire product of the mines of Gondola would not have tempted me to betray him. But,' says I, 'every week half of the beans was wormy, and not nigh enough wood in camp.

"'Better go in careful, gentlemen,' says I. 'He seems impatient at times, and when you think of his late professional pursuits one would look for abrupt actions if he was come upon sudden.'

"So the whole posse unmounts and ties their horses and unlimbers their ammunition and equipments, and tiptoes into the house. And I follows, like Delilah when she set the Philip Steins on to Samson.

"The leader of the posse shakes Ogden and wakes him up. And then he jumps up,

"'BETTER GO IN CAREFUL, GENTLEMEN.'"

and two more of the reward-hunters grab him. Ogden was mighty tough with all his slimness; and he gives 'em as neat a single-footed tussle against odds as I ever see.

"'What does this mean?' he says after they had him down.

"'You're scooped in, Mr. Black Bill,' says the captain. 'That's all.'

"'It's an outrage,' says H. Ogden, madder yet.

"'It was,' says the peace and good-will man. 'The Katy wasn't bothering you, and

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there's a law against monkeying with express packages.'

"And he sits on H. Ogden's stomach and goes through his pockets symptomatically and careful.

"'I'll make you perspire for this,' says Ogden, perspiring some himself. 'I can prove who I am.'

"'So can I,' says the captain, as he draws from H. Ogden's inside coat pocket a handful of new bills of the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. 'Your regular engraved Tuesdays-and-Fridays visiting-card wouldn't have a louder voice in proclaiming your indemnity than this here currency. You can get up now and prepare to go with us and expatriate your sins.'

"H. Ogden gets up and fixes his necktie. He says no more after they take the money off of him.

"'A well-greased idea,' says the sheriff captain, admiring, 'to slip off down here and buy a little sheep-ranch where the hand of man is seldom heard. It was the slickest hide-out I ever see,' says the captain.

"So one of the men goes to the shearing-pen and hunts up the other herder, a Mexican they call John Sallies, and he saddles Ogden's horse and the sheriffs all ride up close around him with their guns in hand, ready to take their prisoner to town.

"Before starting, Ogden puts the ranch in John Sallies's hands and gives him orders about the shearing and where to graze the sheep, just as if he intended to be back in a few days. And a couple of hours afterward one Percival Saint Clair, an ex-sheep-herder of the Rancho Chiquito, might have been seen, with a hundred and nine dollars—wages and blood-money—in his pocket, riding south on another horse belonging to said ranch."

The red-faced man paused and listened. The whistle of a coming freight-train sounded far away among the low hills.

The fat, seedy man at his side sniffed, and shook his frowzy head slowly and disparagingly.

"What is it, Snipy?" asked the other. "Got the blues again?"

"No, I ain't," said the seedy one, sniffing again. "But I don't like your talk. You and me have been friends, off and on, for fifteen year; and I never yet knew or heard of you giving anybody up to the law—not no one. And here was a man whose saleratus you had et and at whose table you had played games of cards—if casino can be so called. And yet you inform him to the law and take money for it. It never was like you, I say."

"This H. Ogden," resumed the red-faced man, "through a lawyer proved himself free by alibis and other legal terminalities, as I so heard afterward. He never suffered no harm. He did me favors, and I hated to hand him over."

"How about the bills they found in his pocket?" asked the seedy man.

"I put 'em there," said the red-faced man, "while he was asleep, when I saw the posse riding up. I was Black Bill. Look out, Snipy, here she comes. We'll board her on the bumpers when she takes water at the tank."

Dusk in the Barren Grounds

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE hills lie black and low against the West,
Far northward stretch the valleys of the dead—
Here where Life weary grew and sighed for rest
And God put all His worn-out world to bed.

For this the Silence is where some last word
Was whispered and Earth's twilight tale was told,
And Emptiness and Sorrow only heard
The ghostly cry of ashen things and old.

And through the pallid light three dead pines crown
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page;
And wide and dark the blood-red sun burns down
Beyond each iron hill that aches with age.

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EUGENE V. DEBS

on

What the Matter Is In America and What To Do About It

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," said John the Baptist, when they questioned his mission. And his was the voice of promise of a new order of things. This voice of promise has come down the ages, sometimes almost stilled, again rising into tones of thunder. But always it has been a call to the poor and the unhappy—to the "rabble." Unworthy mouth-pieces that voice has had, and blatant. But, for weal or for woe, whenever and wherever it has reached its full volume no earthly power has been able to drown its insistent cry. Is that voice today rising toward its highest note? Or do we hear merely the droning of false creeds? The voice of established order sounds clear and seemingly strong. But in Europe the cry of Socialism (they say it is applied Christianity) already bids fair to become dominant. In America more than a million thrill at its call. Debs is their voice. Fanatic or prophet? Inspired or insane? Only time will tell. But, for weal or for woe, we must listen. Debs believes that he voices the cry of a people wronged, and he believes he has the remedy for that wrong. For this reason we have asked him to talk to you. If he is a public enemy, you have here the chance to become forearmed by being forewarned. We present you his gospel.

ALL radicals have programs. They differ radically among themselves. They cannot, therefore, all have "the" program of God and man which each one thinks his is. Not one of them may be sound, reasonable, desirable, or right. They may all be impossible. But, at least, they are programs, not merely platforms. Therefore they concern us.

For we want to know what the causes are of our American corruption, and the cure. We have asked the leaders of the two old parties, and, excepting La Follette, they said, or they showed, that they didn't really know. Socialists, with other radicals, are sure they do know. So we will let them tell us what they think the matter is and what they think we ought to do about it.

The President, Taft, and John Johnson don't believe there is any "it"; they set aside the suggestion that most of our greater evils are traceable to a few fundamental, removable causes. There's the money question and the tariff issue; the regulation of railroads, trusts, and criminals. They recognize seriously, though separately, these problems of business and money. Not so the problems of men and women: labor, poverty, crime. As the old political parties of Europe did so long, ours deny or ignore the social problem. The Socialists (whence the name) not only recognize, they offer a solution for it. Therefore Socialism grows.

For there is a social problem, and men find it out. The schools don't teach it; the churches don't preach it; the press won't mention it; and, brought up, as we are, to mind our own business, we become too absorbed in that to pay much attention to our public business. But when the railroad magnate discovers that, to make his property pay, he must corrupt politics, and that, having done so, he is first honored, then disgraced, he learns that there is something wrong somewhere. And when the willing worker out of work sees the market glutted with goods he and his family need but cannot buy, he, also, realizes that there are problems of humanity, as well as of money, in a money panic. The "bum," who is often an ex-child laborer, and the shop-girl who ekes out a living by taking a "gentleman friend"—they feel it vaguely. And I, going about

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from city to city and from state to state, and finding everywhere much the same conditions, due to essentially the same forces, operated by all sorts of men using similar methods for one everlasting purpose and to one identical end, I, slowly, reluctantly, am convinced that we all are facing some one great common problem.

And we are. There is some relation between the unhappy capitalist facing the prison bars and the miserable workman staring into the shop window. There is some causal connection between the man and the money that are out of employment. And the trust, the railroad rebate, the bribed legislator, the red-light dive, and the working-girl gone wrong form a living chain that can, and shall, be broken.

This is the problem of society as a whole, and as men find it out in fear and doubt, they look first to their old leaders; not for a final solution; all they ask is some recognition of it, some word of interest, comfort, hope. But when, seeing Congress passing an emergency currency bill to help money in distress, the unemployed assemble to exhibit their needs and "are given the stick"; when, watching Capital forming trusts and combines, Labor organizes unions and, asking relief from a power the courts have abused, gets an ambiguous anti-injunction plank; when, asking where they can find work, men hear that "God knows"; then, slowly, reluctantly, but naturally, they turn to the agitator on the street corner. He says he knows, and he makes it all plain; too plain, perhaps; but at least he understands the troubles of all those that are weary and heavy-laden, and he says he will give them rest. Is it any wonder they go to him, as they do?

The Socialists more than double their number every four years in the United States, and in Europe they did so till now they have in every parliament a strong, disciplined, uncompromising minority which seeks reform, not office; the Socialist leaders that have accepted seats in cabinets have been read out of their party. No, this remarkable international organization stands there compact and keen, demanding, amending, debating, and reporting back to the people. And that counts. The Socialist party is dictating policies to all the first-class governments abroad. Holding up its own menacing program in one hand and pointing with the other at its ever-growing vote, it is compelling the old parties to attempt social, not alone financial and political, reforms.

"We had to take up social reforms," said the prime minister of England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, just before he died, to an American friend of mine. "Germany was driven to them long ago; France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and, finally, we English, all had to follow. And you, in the States, you cannot continue to ignore the demand. It becomes more and more pressing all the time, you know, and the radicals take advantage of every denial of it."

Of course they do. The radicals are themselves evidences of the growing *consciousness* of a common, as well as an individual, problem of civilized living; and, as between the leadership that denies and that which acknowledges it, the majority of men (with the suffrage, now, remember) are bound either to sink into animal contentment or to follow radicals, like the Socialists, who not only recognize, but rejoice in, the work to be done; and, burning with their faith, offer not only hope, but something for every man to do; and not only a way out, but—a heaven on earth. Absurd? Maybe it is, but don't I illustrate my own point? I'm looking for light, and I don't care where I get it. If I don't find it in one place, I'll try another; if the Republicans and the Democrats shed only gloom, I'll apply to the Socialists; if my old leaders say there is no light —why, then, I'll have to ask Debs.

Yes, Eugene V. Debs is the keeper of the Socialist heaven. Locomotive fireman; labor agitator; strike leader; he was jailed once, and the Socialists, who take advantage of the misery of men to win them over, converted Debs in his cell at Woodstock. And now he is the leader of the Socialist party. I must confess that I didn't want to take my Socialism from Debs. Having use only for the truth, not the excesses and fallacies, of Socialism, I desired to get the best possible view of it, so I had picked out another man to interview, a hard-headed, intellectual student. But if the Socialists preferred Debs, the "undesirable citizen," "the incendiary," who wrote: "Rouse ye, Slaves," and called for a mob to follow him to Idaho, why, I felt that in a sense it was their party, not mine. And so, when they nominated him (the third time) for president of the United States, I saw Debs.

I don't know how to give you my impression of this man; I suppose I can't; I can

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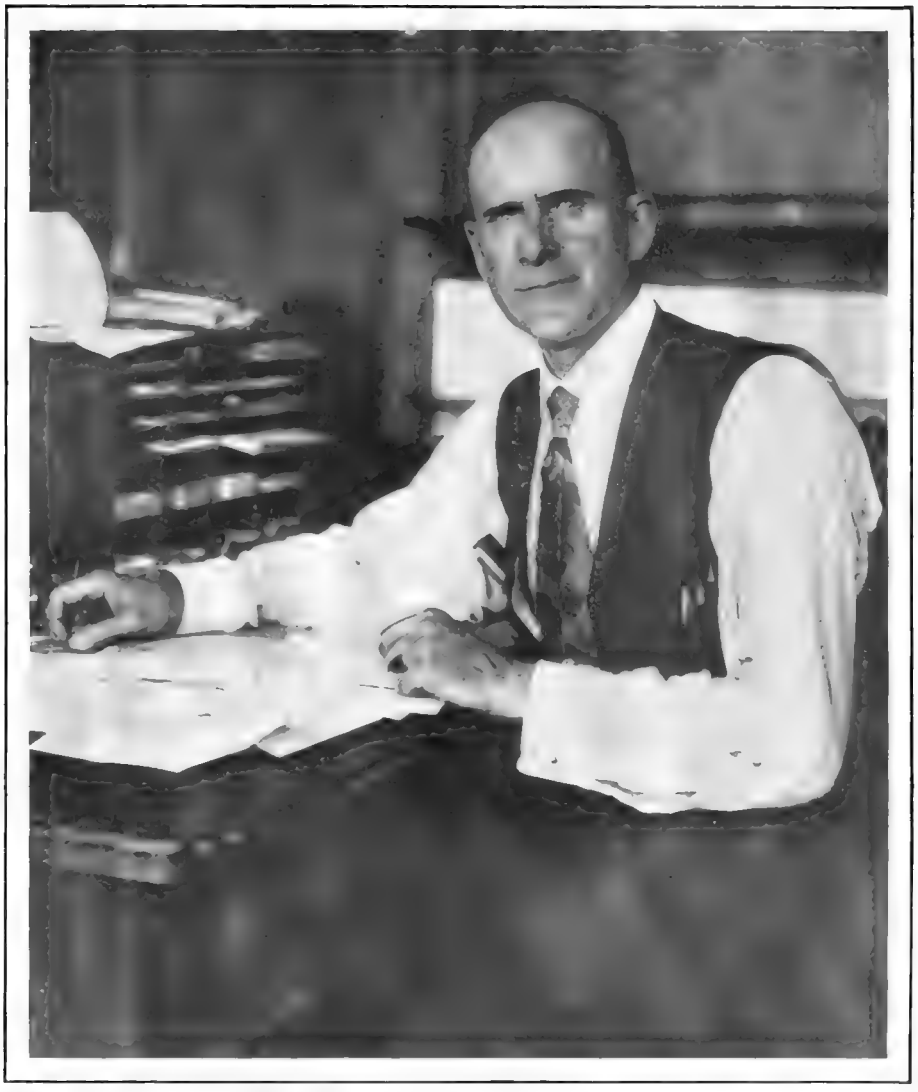

From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett V. O'Neill.

EUGENE V. DEBS, CANDIDATE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY FOR PRESIDENT.
"IF THERE WERE ANY CHANCE OF MY ELECTION I WOULDN'T RUN."

hardly credit it myself, and I wouldn't, I guess, if I hadn't discovered so often before that the world (in the French phrase, "all the world") hates a lover of the world. And that's what 'Gene Debs is: the kindest, foolishest, most courageous lover of man in the world. Nor am I the only one that thinks so. Horace Traubel says: "Debs has ten hopes to your one hope. He has ten loves to your one love. You think he is a preacher of hate. He is only a preacher of men. When Debs speaks a harsh word it is wet with tears."

And there's James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, he sez:

"And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Jedgment Seat."

That's a true, and an essential, description. I met Debs at a Milwaukee Socialist picnic (25,000 paid admissions) where he was to speak, and, as he came toward me with his two hands out, I felt, through all my prejudice, that those hands held as warm

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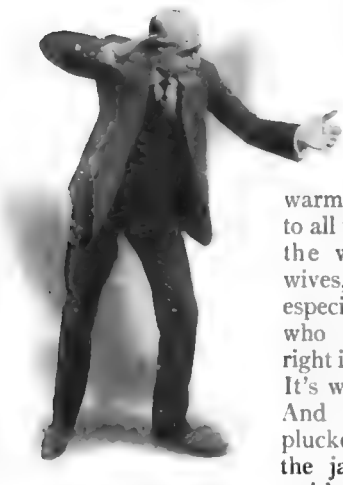

a heart as ever beat. Warm for me, you understand, a stranger; and not alone for me: those two warm hands went out to all in the same way: the workers, their wives, their children; especially the children, who spring at sight right into Debs's arms. It's wonderful, really. And when, piloted, plucked at, through the jammed mass of waiting humanity, he went upon the platform to speak, he held out his handfuls of affection to the crowd. He scolded them. "Men are beginning to have minds," he said; "some of you don't know it." There was nothing demagogic about that speech. It was impassioned, but orderly; radical, but (granting the premises) logically reasoned. It was an analysis of the platforms and performances of the two old parties to show that they would do for Business as much as they dared and for Labor as little; and the conclusion was an appeal to the workers—not to vote for Debs; "I don't ask that," he said, and sincerely, too. "All I ask is that you think, organize, and go into politics for yourselves."

Delivered from a crouching attitude, with reaching hands and the sweat dripping from head and face, the speech fairly flew, smooth, correct, and truly eloquent. Debs is an orator. "If Debs were a priest," wrote Eugene Field, "the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart."

Half the world does listen to Debs, and his eloquence does soften its heart. But it wasn't art that kept that Milwaukee crowd steaming out there in the sun and, at the close, drew it crushing down upon the orator. And it wasn't what he said, either; too much of the gratitude was expressed in foreign tongues. It was the feeling he conveys that he feels for his fellow men; as he does, desperately.

Debs is dangerous; it is instinct that makes one half of the world hate him; but don't. He loves mankind too much to be hurt of men; and that's the power in him; and that's the danger. The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else: business, prosperity, property. Remarking this to him, I said lightly that he was, therefore, unfit to be president.

"Yes," he answered seriously, "I am not fitted either by temperament or by taste for the office, and if there were any chance of my election I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me. We Socialists don't consider individuals, you know; only the good of all. But we aren't playing to win; not yet. We want a majority of Socialists, not of votes. There would be no use getting into power with a people that did not understand; with a lot of office-holders undisciplined by service in the party; unpurged, by personal sacrifice, of the selfish spirit of the present system. We shall be a minority party first, and the cooperative commonwealth can come only when the people know enough to want to work together, and when, by working together to win, they have developed a common sense of common service, and a drilled-in capacity for mutual living and cooperative labor. I am running for president to serve a very humble purpose: to teach social consciousness and to ask men to sacrifice the present for the future, to 'throw away their votes' to mark the rising tide of protest and build up a party that will represent them. When Socialism is on the verge of success, the party will nominate an able executive and a clear-headed administrator; not—not Debs."

It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad; but don't try to hurt him. In the first place, it's no use. Nature has provided for him, as she provides for other sensitive things, a guard; she has surrounded Debs with a circle of friends who go everywhere with him, shielding, caring for, adoring him. They sat all through my interview, ready to accept what I might reject. So he gets back the affection

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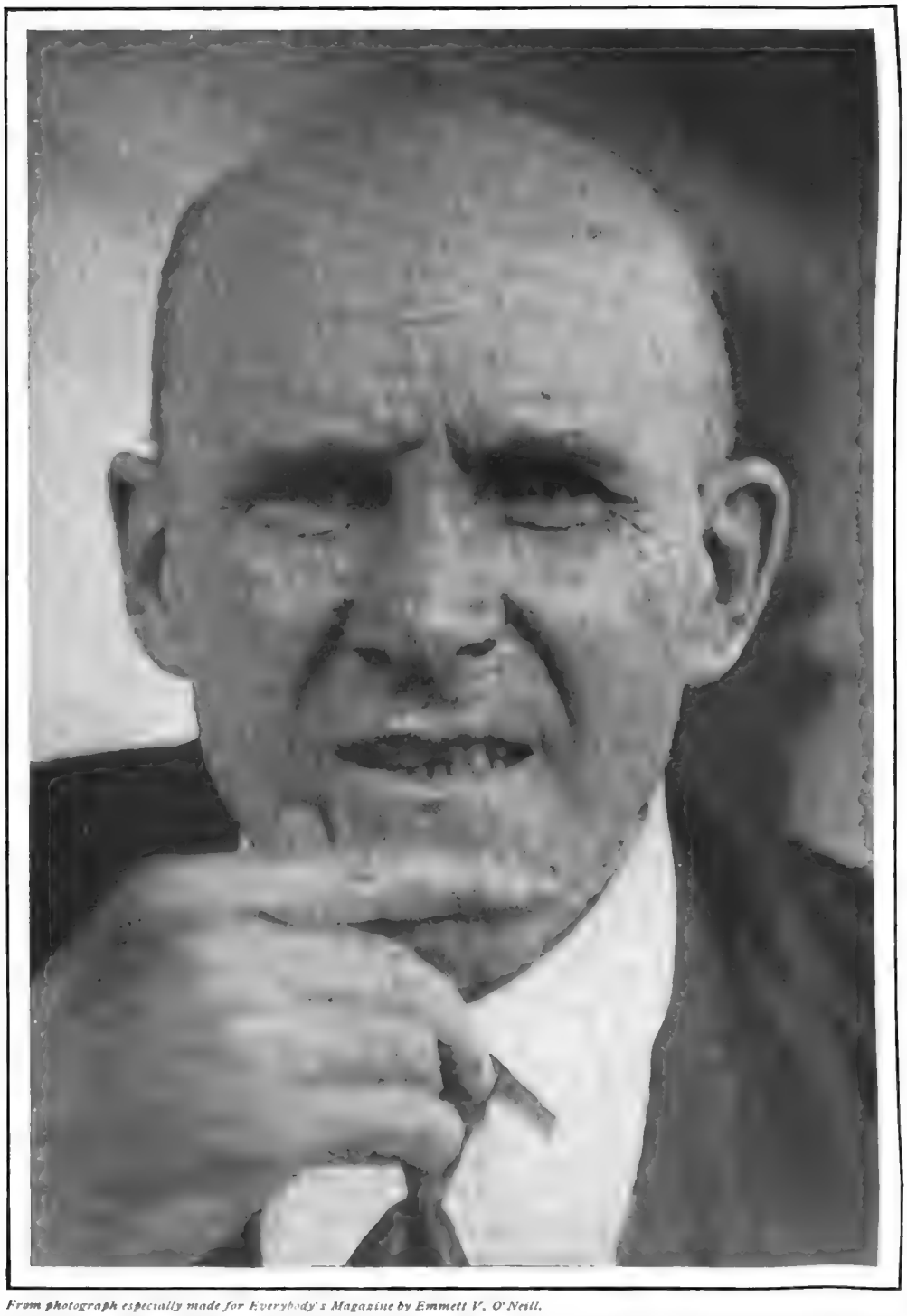

From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett V. O'Neill.

"IT MAY BE DEEMED EXPEDIENT TO HANG DEBS SOME DAY, AND THAT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD; BUT DON'T TRY TO HURT HIM."

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From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett V. O'Neal.

DEBS IS A MAN WHO HONESTLY BELIEVES THAT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG IN THE WORLD—SOME ONE BIG, REMOVABLE "IT."

he gives, and no strange hate can hurt him. It can hurt only the haters. And as for the hanging, he half expects that.

"How could you," I asked, "thinking as you do that Socialists must learn by party service and personal sacrifice to deserve power, how could you have put out that call for a mob to rescue Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone?"

"Oh, that," he answered. "The 'Rouse ye, Slaves'? Why, my God, man, that was only a cry. That was pain. You know Colorado——"

Yes, I know Colorado. I know that there was, that there is now, and that it is planned that there shall be, no justice in that state; know it, too, from the unjust themselves. "But," I urged, "the folly of mob force."

"True," said Debs, hanging his head. "It was folly, but," he added, looking up as if frightened, "do you know, I sometimes think I am destined to do some wild and foolish, useless thing like that and—so go."

Debs has written much about John Brown. Socialists see the repetitions of history, they read it in parallels, and they have found in it heroes of their own. Debs's hero is John Brown.

"The most picturesque character, the bravest man, the most self-sacrificing soul in American history was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859." Thus Debs begins an article which fairly worships John Brown's "moral courage and single-hearted devotion to an ideal for all men and for all ages. He resolved," says Debs, "to lay his life on Freedom's altar and to face the world alone. How perfectly sublime!"

That's Debs, I suspect. His adoration of John Brown is a view into himself. It gives us the ideal and the dread; the use and the danger; the strength and the weakness of the man. One must allow for personality in an interview, and in this case we should not forget for one moment that we are dealing with a man who speaks and acts from his heart, not his head; who honestly believes that there is something wrong in the world—some one big, removable "it," which meanwhile works terrible injustice to his kind of people, and who, therefore, feels that he may do "some wild and foolish, useless thing like"—John Brown.

I had a foil for Debs, however. The interview proper was at the house of Victor L. Berger, "the bear"; leader of the Wisconsin Socialist party, which has forceful minorities in the state legislature and the Milwaukee city council. Berger is the man that made a Socialist of Debs; and the teacher, a most

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aggressive personality, took a most aggressive part in his pupil's interview, which was fortunate. For Socialism seems to be a science. It is an interpretation of history; a theory of the evolution of society; no mere, man-dreamed Utopia, as I have thought, but a faith, a calculation that, since the economic forces which have brought man from savagery up to the present state of civilization are continuous, we can foresee the next inevitable step. But it takes no little study of economics and much reading in the mass of Socialist literature to speak with authority on the subject, and Berger—with a library coveted by the University of Wisconsin—is an acknowledged authority.

"We believe," said Debs (for example), "that Socialism would come without the Socialists."

"Ach," said Berger, with his strong German roll, "we know it. Can't we see it?"

"Yes," said Debs. "The trusts are wiping out the competitive system. They are a stage in the process of evolution: the individual; the firm; the corporation; the trust; and so, finally, the commonwealth. By killing competition and training men to work together, trusts are preparing for the cooperative stage of industry: Socialism."

"Then you would keep the trusts we have and welcome others?" I asked.

"Of course," he answered, and Berger nodded approval.

"They do harm now," I suggested.

"Yes," said Debs, but Berger boomed: "No; not the trusts. Private owners of the trusts do harm, yes; but not the trusts."

"Well, but how would you deal with the harm?"

"Remove 'em," snapped Berger, and Debs explained: "We would have the government take the trusts and remove the men who own or control them: the Morgans and Rockefellers, who exploit; and the stockholders who draw unearned dividends from them."

"Would you pay for or just take them?"

MRS. EUGENE V. DEBS.

Berger seemed to have anticipated this question. He was on his feet, and he uttered a warning for Debs—in vain.

"Take them," Debs answered.

"No," cried Berger, and, running around to Debs, he stood menacingly over him. "No, you wouldn't," he declared. "Not if I was there. And you shall not say it for the party. It is my party as much as it is your party, and I answer that we would offer to pay."

It was a tense but an illuminating moment. The difference is typical and temperamental; and not only as between these two opposite individualities, but among Socialists generally. Debs, the revolutionist, argued gently that, since the system under which private monopolies had grown up was unjust, there should be no compromise with it. Berger, the evolutionist, replied angrily that it was not alone a matter of justice, but of "tactic"; and

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that tactics were settled by authority of the party.

"We (Socialists) are the inheritors of a civilization," he proclaimed, "and all that is good in it—art, music, institutions, buildings, public works, character, the sense of right and wrong—not one of these shall be lost. And violence, like that, would lose us much." Berger cited the Civil War: "All men can see now that it was coming years before 1861. Some tried to avert it then by proposing to pay for the slaves. The fanatics on both sides refused. We all know the result: slavery was abolished. But how? Instead of a peaceful evolution and an outlay of, say, a billion, it was abolished by a war which cost us nearly ten billion dollars and a million lives. We ought to learn from history, so I say we will offer compensation; because it seems just to present-day thought and will prove the easiest, cheapest way in the end. And anyhow," he concluded, "and besites, the party, it has decited that we shall offer to pay."

Photo by Steichen.

VICTOR L. BERGER, LEADER OF THE WISCONSIN SOCIALIST PARTY—"THE MAN THAT MADE A SOCIALIST OF DEBS."

And Berger was orthodox. Looking up the point afterward, I found that the "authorities" are on his side; the party will offer compensation for property taken by eminent domain.

"Deps?" said Berger. "Deps, with the soft heart—Deps is the orator." And he meant "only" an orator. Berger loves his pupil's "soft heart," but he loves Socialism more, and so during the interview, while Debs was trying to convert me, "the bear" was intent upon the orthodoxy of my report; and while Debs's other friends sat close up around him, under the light of the lamp, to protect the man, Berger hovered about in the shadow, anxious, on guard, to protect—"the cause."

"To begin with," said Debs, without waiting for questions, "we Socialists know what the matter is: it's Capitalism; and we know what the cure is: it's Socialism."

"Words," I muttered.

"No," said he, drawing near and reaching out his hands. "Capitalism is a thing, a system; it's the organization of society under which we all live. And it's wrong, fundamentally wrong. It is a system of competition for wealth, for the necessities of human life, and, a survival of the old struggle of the jungle, it forces the individual to be selfish, and rewards him for beating and abusing his fellow man. Profit is made the aim of all human effort, not use, not service. The competitive system sets man against man, class against class; it puts a premium upon hate; and love—the love of a man for his neighbor—is abnormal and all but impossible. The system crucifies the prophets and servants of mankind. It pays greed the most, honors highest the ruthless, and advances swiftest the unscrupulous. These are the fit to survive."

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Debs seized my arm. "It's wrong, isn't it? It's inherently unjust, inhuman, unintelligent, and—it cannot last. The particular evils you write about, graft and corruption, and the others about which I speak, the poverty, crime, and cruelty, they are evidences of its weakness and failure; the signs that it is breaking down."

"Why not wait, then, for it to break down?"

Debs drew back, rebuffed. "Because we have minds," he said. "Man can understand, and he can ride, the economic forces which now toss him so helplessly about, as well as he can the sea. And, having intelligence, he should. For human intelligence also is a force of nature. It could assist the process of evolution by searching diligently for the root of all evils as they arise."

"Panics and graft?" I suggested. "War, child-labor, crime, poverty?"

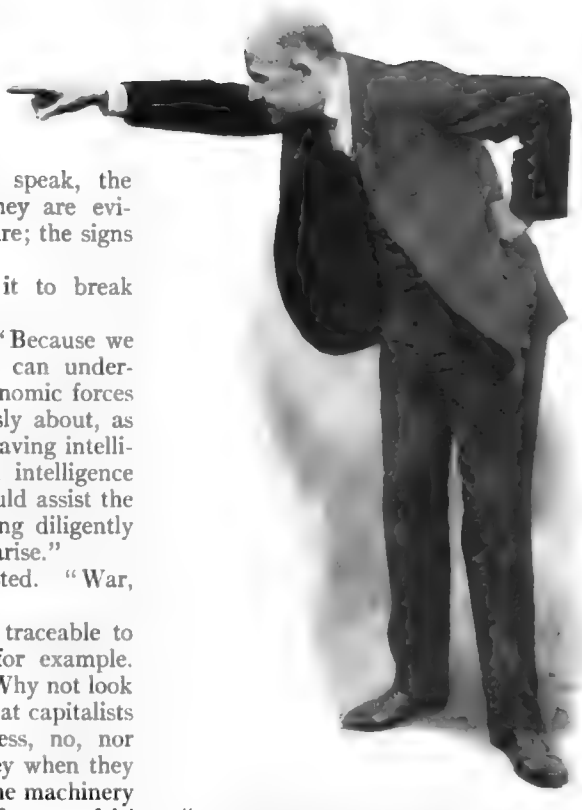
"All," he declared, "all are traceable to one cause. Take the panic, for example. Men lie about it, cover it up. Why not look it in the face? It's the proof that capitalists cannot handle industry, business, no, nor even money. And how can they when they are thinking, not of perfecting the machinery of life, but only of making profits out of it! So they don't understand the panic. We Socialists do. The capitalists attribute it to a variety of causes, all but the right one: Capitalism, profits.

"No, wait," said Debs, waving me back. "They produce more than they want themselves, don't they? Of course. They make goods to sell; not for use, primarily, but to make a profit. That's their god; and that's the devil, really. For see:

"Reduce our eighty millions to one hundred and our great continent to an island. The hundred all are workers at first. Each produces all that he wants. That's a low order of society. By and by they improve the tools, specialize their labor, and produce more. Steam, for example, applied to big, invented tools, does the work of a hundred small tools. Each man multiplies his productive capacity a thousand times. Should not the hundred on the island have all that they need?"

"Unless the population has increased."

"The more men, the more they produce. Every worker that can get at a machine can produce more than he needs himself. No,



"WE SOCIALISTS KNOW WHAT THE MATTER IS."

the hundred and the children of the hundred should have all that they want. But they don't. And one reason is that some have much more than they need: in profits; capital; new capital, upon which, you understand, Labor must earn interest and a profit, for profits come first under Capitalism, and necessarily, or capital vanishes. But let's go on.

"Ten of the hundred own all the big new machines; twenty struggle along with the little old tools; and seventy have no tools at all of their own. The biggest, best tools are the trusts, and the ten who have them are the trust magnates, full-fledged capitalists. The twenty are beaten, but they don't understand that yet; they are crying out against the trusts just as Labor used to mob machinery. Bryan represents them; he wants to return to the competitive system with its anarchy, waste, and wars. Taft represents the trust magnates, opposing only their necessary crimes. We Socialists represent the seventy, who are the bulk of the population and the key to the situation. Consumers,

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as well as producers, they are the market, and when 'too much' is produced they must buy the surplus. But they can't. Having no tools of their own, and prevented from organizing effectively, they compete for the chance to get at the tools and sell their labor. That puts wages down. Receiving only a pittance of what they produce, they can buy back only a pittance. The surplus grows, a load on the market, till the crash comes, production halts, men are discharged, prices fall, and—there's your panic."

"And the need of foreign markets," I suggested. "Why wouldn't the other islands meet the need?"

"They would, temporarily," said Debs. "If there were enough islands, Capitalism and wage-slavery might go on forever. But there aren't enough and—the other islands have the same system."

"And the same panics," Berger grunted, "thank God."

Debs winced, and I, thinking (also, I guess) of the misery, exclaimed: "Why thank God?"

Debs answered: "Berger sees there the chance for a higher civilization."

"Where?" I asked.

WHAT CAUSES PANICS?

"Oh, don't you see?" Debs pleaded. "The limitations of the world's market and the panics will force us some day to unite and solve our problem. And what is it? It's the problem of distribution. That of production is in the way of solution already. With machinery constantly increasing the productive power of the worker, and the trusts cutting out the waste and disorder of duplicated plants, man can produce enough. The capitalists themselves say so when they ascribe their panic to 'overproduction.' They are wrong there, of course. The panic is due, not to overproduction, but to underconsumption. No, the supply is there and so is the demand. The masses haven't all they need, and yet there's an abundance, a surplus. The hitch is in distribution. The capitalist, producing, not to supply the demand, but to get his profit, seeks to make the Hindu buy shoes he doesn't want, while the American at home goes about ill-shod because, don't you see, his wages, fixed by competition, won't enable him and his kind to buy all they need. Profits, not losses, make panics; and panics make losses. The losses drive more small capitalists into the trusts or back to labor, and the suffering of all opens people's eyes, spreads discontent, and stimulates action. Panics compel progress."

"And panics," said Berger, from somewhere in the dark, "panics are periodic."

"Business men are becoming more intelligent," I observed. "They are forming associations, combines, pools, and, as you've said, trusts. They may govern production and distribution, too."

"They can't govern themselves," said Berger. "They can't control prices, because they can't control their own human nature, which, bred under the sordid profit system, gets too strong for them. If they had one absolute trust, they might limit the output, but——"

THE PROBLEM OF DISTRIBUTION

"But why," cried Debs, seizing my coat sleeve, "why limit production while men are in need?"

"Well, then, they can raise wages."

"Ah," said Debs, "that would postpone the panic, and the crisis, for a while, if it were feasible. But it isn't feasible. In the first place, no one employer can raise wages. He must act with his competitors, and the meanest sets the pace. That's why Organized Labor must raise its own wages. Capital can't do it.

"And there, by the way, you have the cause of child-labor. Many a well-meaning manufacturer would like to spare the children, but he can't. If one glass manufacturer employs boys and girls, the others must do the same. No, capitalists, too, are victims of the competitive system."

"But a trust?"

"A monopoly," Debs answered, "has potential competition to look out for. If it were too generous with wages, new competitors would seize the chance, by paying a living wage, to undersell the trust and buy it out. The system is ruthless, you see. The conflict between wages and profits is absolutely unavoidable. Capital and Labor cannot get together for long. For assume now that there is one universal trust, privately run for profit, and no possibility of competition; even then Capital couldn't raise wages high enough to make possible complete consumption of the surplus, without wiping out what Capital calls 'legitimate profits.' And

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the moment Capital does that, it abdicates."

"How would Socialism do it?"

"By abolishing profits," said Debs. "Socialism will be an entirely different system. It will produce for use, not profit; and production for use is practically unlimited. Socialist society could produce ten times as much as we do now, because a cultured civilization would have ten times as many wants as we have. But if we found we were making more of one kind of goods than people could use, we would decrease the attractiveness of labor in that branch and increase it in another; and with workers schooled as we would school them (and as Germany is training them now) Labor would go much more easily from one machine to another."

"You think that is possible?"

"Why," said Debs, "we've just seen that Capitalism does it in its brutal way. It drives men from one place to another by the blind force of panics and starvation. Under Socialism, all industry would be intelligently managed as a trust manages it now on a small scale. And, freed from the brutalizing temptation of profits, it would apply civilized remedies in a civilized spirit."

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

"Then it's profits you want to abolish."

"That's it," said Debs. "We want the producers to get all they produce."

"Who are producers?"

"All who labor in any productive way, mentally or physically. We would get rid only of the capitalists, stockholders, and financiers, who rake off fortunes for themselves and leave property in machinery and wage-slaves to keep their children in idleness, folly, or vice, a curse to themselves and a burden on the race for ever and ever and ever."

"Who would stand the losses?"

"Those who stand them finally now, the masses. For capitalists may rise and capitalists may fail, but capital grows on forever."

"But if you took away the chance of profits, wouldn't you take away all incentive——"

Berger sprang up, groaning, and just as Debs answered "No," the bear said: "Yes." We looked at Berger. "Yes, I say," he thundered. "We take away all incentive to steal and graft and finance and overproduce and shut up the shop sudden. But," and he came around and stood over me, "you," he said, "you wouldn't write except to get paid? And you wouldn't come here and talk with us, except for profit? I get wages, good wages, but no more. Won't I run my paper except for profit, and help in politics except for graft? Bah! I love my work."

AS TO INCENTIVES

"Berger's right," said Debs. "We all would do our work, as most of us do it now, without the incentive of a fortune in prospect. Wage-workers haven't that. John Wanamaker, with all his millions, was proud to accept a job at $8,000 to run the Post-Office. Jefferson didn't write the Declaration of Independence for pay. Wouldn't a fireman save a child's life if he didn't get sixty dollars a month? And Harriman—wouldn't he operate railroads for a salary? Of course he would."

"But," said Berger, "he wouldn't finance 'em except for the incentive of millions of profit."

"Ah, no," said Debs, pleading, "men are better than you think; they are nobler now, and less selfish than your 'economic man.' We have heroes of altruism under the present system."

"True," I said, "but we haven't enough of them to build a society on. Self-interest is safer than altruism."

"Socialists don't propose to substitute altruism for self-interest."

"But you'd level men down and destroy individuality."

"Haven't I got individuality," called Berger, "and Deps?"

"Yes," I laughed, "too much, and so have most Socialists; but you all are products of the capitalist system."

"But the capitalist system," Berger retorted, "doesn't it level most men down now? Yes, it takes all the individuality, all the courage, self-respect, liberty, and beauty out of the great mass of men to produce a few——"

"And look at those few," said Debs. "I'll leave your civilization to that test alone, the test of its most successful men: Harriman, Rockefeller, Morgan. They are the flowers of the system; not the roots, remember. No, the monstrous specimens we produce to-day of individual greed, cruelty, selfishness, arrogance, and—charity; not love, and not justice, but degrading, corrupting, organized

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charity—these are one of the results of the struggle for life and riches, and the other is that beast—the mob."

Debs paused; then, more quietly: "There would be emulation after competition is abolished. Men would vie in skill and service, and that would produce individuality and character, though of a different sort. A society where all men were safe would produce more such real men and women as you find in the well-to-do class now. We would level up, not down. We would let human nature develop naturally. And—this you must believe—if we took away the fear of starvation on the one hand and on the other the tremendous rewards for crookedness and exploitation; removed all incentives to base self-seeking, and arranged things so that the good of the individual ran, not counter to, as at present, but parallel with, the good of society, why, then, at last, human nature would stand erect, manlike, frank, free, affectionate, and happy."

"But we are off on the cure," I said. "Let's get back to what the matter is."

"It's this," said Debs. "Some men live off other men."

"But how does that account for war, for example, and graft; political corruption, ignorance, child-labor, crime, and poverty?"

WAGE-SLAVES

"We've accounted for poverty," said Debs. "We see the mass of men working for the few. That's what we call wage-slavery, and it is slavery. You say they might quit work; that the boss will let them go. But I tell you the fear of starvation is the boss's slave-driver. They don't dare quit. You can't leave a trust and get back, and maybe the trust controls the work in your trade. And then there's the black list. Well, the wage-slaves work in competition, and they produce goods that they need but haven't enough money to buy. That's poverty. And the measure thereof is the riches of the exploiters of labor, industry, and finance, and of their children till vice exhausts the family and returns the grafted wealth through the dives and divorce courts back to society. And there's one cause of capitalistic vice accounted for, as well as of poverty. And the other cause of poverty is the waste of competition and the artificial halt of production to keep up prices and profits."

"And crime?"

"Petty and professional crime," said Debs, "are a result of poverty; high crime springs from wealth-seeking."

"But vice, intemperance?"

"Frances Willard began her career telling working people that they wouldn't be so poor if they weren't so intemperate. She closed saying that the poor weren't poor because they drank; they drank because they were poor."

"But the rich drink," I protested.

"Idly," said Debs. "What else have they to do? Among busy business men, intemperance is rare, and when it occurs is inherited or due to the abnormal tension of the gamble which much business is now; an abnormal vice itself.

THE CRUELTY OF CAPITALISM

"Child-labor we have touched on before," Debs continued. "It is simply the meanest form of the exploitation of human beings by human beings, and, as I showed, is due, not to any inherent cruelty in the employer, but to the system of which he also is a victim—the capitalistic system which puts profits first and children——"

"How does your theory account for political corruption?" I asked.

"Why," said Debs, "you know about that. That's the capitalist class corrupting government to maintain them and their system of labor exploitation."

"I don't know that at all," I objected. "Not all business men take part in the corruption of politics. Only those do that have privileges from the government, franchises, and the like."

"Oh," said Debs, "you are thinking only of the big businesses, the railroads, public utilities, and so forth, which attend to the corruption of politics directly. But they do it for the rest of their class."

"No, they don't," I contradicted. "They do it for themselves. They don't know they belong to a class."

"I don't charge all of them with class consciousness," Debs answered. "Some of them do understand, but, whether they are intelligent or not, in that way they do make the government represent the business class. And, as for the smaller business men, they get the benefit. They contribute to campaign funds, and that's the big source of corruption, or, at any rate, they vote for one or the other of the two parties which the big

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fellows have corrupted and control, both of them."

"For privileges," I insisted. "Why isn't that the root of the evil?"

Debs shook his head, and, taking my arm in both his hands, he said: "No, it's deeper than that. It's profits. The big fellows corrupt and rob railroads, insurance companies, banks; they finance and exploit the corporations and trusts. What governmental privilege is there in these businesses to explain the corruption of them?"

I'll have to let the Single-Taxers answer that. I can't. It's crucial, but I was stumped, and Debs went on:

"Privilege won't account for it all. Profit, gain, private property, in land and natural resources, machinery, and all means of production, that is at the bottom of it. And if you call these privileges, why, very well, I'll go along with you. For I believe myself that wage-slavery, the power to exploit labor and live off one's fellow men, is a privilege; the greatest privilege left since chattel slavery."

"How do profits account for war?" I said.

"We saw the cause of wars," he answered, "when we looked around for foreign markets."

"And bad workmanship," I proceeded, "one of the worst evils of the day?"

PROFITS AND BAD WORK

"We remarked," said Debs, "that captains of industry were turned from productive effort to finance. Capitalism will take a man who is a natural born operator, say, of a railroad, make him president, and pay him salary enough to make him want more—profits. He gambles. He is taken into Wall Street; he sees how easy it is to exploit and finance. He is fascinated; he neglects operation; the railroad suffers; people are killed. Bad work that—for profits, for fascinating unearned profits.

"So with the worker," Debs added. "Do you teach him, by example and precept, to love to turn a piece of wood to fit a place? No. He doesn't know where the piece is to go. He works without interest, to live; he must; he works for wages. He sees the exploiters making their money easily; he hears industrial leaders, dishonest and self-indulgent themselves, insisting upon his honesty and industry. He understands; if he does more and better work his employer gets the benefit, not he. He rebels; he catches the capitalistic spirit. His boss robs him and the public; so he loafs, skimps, and robs the boss. All he is after is all the boss is after—money. That's the system."

"Now for your remedy: Socialism," I said. "What is it?"

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

"You know the old stock definition," Debs answered. "'The cooperative control and the democratic management of the means of production.' I'll try another: Socialism is the next natural stage in the evolution of human society; an organization of all men into an ordered, cooperative commonwealth in which they work together, consciously, for a common purpose: the good of all, not of the few, not of the majority, but of all."

"How would that induce the worker to do good work?"

"Well, if there were no inspiration in the idea of a common good there would be the assurance of a full return for the product of his labor."

"But how could such a complicated system give any such assurance?"

"By abolishing capitalists and all non-producers."

"But managers—organizers?"

"They would be well paid. Men would be paid according to their social use; skill and ability would count, but so would the disagreeableness of a job; to get it done, society would have to make it attractive somehow—with short hours or big pay. For men would be free, you understand; much freer than now, and not only industrially, but politically, intellectually, religiously—every way. We would have no churches that didn't dare preach Christianity. But the point is that nobody would get such pay as Rockefeller gets now."

"Not even if he corrupted business and government and churches and colleges and men," said Berger.

"But Rockefeller did a service, you say yourselves," I retorted, "when he socialized the oil industry."

"Yes," said Debs, "but hasn't he been paid enough? A billion, they say. That's too much; but let him have it. All we Socialists say is that he should not be allowed to buy up railroads and mines and natural resources, and neither should oil consumers go on paying his children fortunes for gen-

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erations. No, we must get rid of the Rockefellers, and keep only the organization they build up."

"But," I challenged, "if you took away Rockefeller's trust, wouldn't the other trust builders stop work?"

"Men don't organize trusts because they want to," said Debs, "but because they must. Competition drives them to it, that and their instinct for organization. Trust building can't be stopped; you might as well try to stop an ocean current."

WOULD MEN WORK UNDER SOCIALISM?

"But how would Socialism secure the services of eminent talent like that of the great organizers, instinctive operators, and natural managers?"

"The words you use to describe them, 'instinctive,' 'natural,' show that you think of them as born to a kind of work," said Debs. "They would want to do that kind of work. They couldn't help falling into it, and Socialism would offer such men greater incentives and more opportunities than they have now: pay according to service, public appreciation, and the chance they yearn for: to do good work unfretted (and uncorrupted) by grafting high financiers who are keen, not for excellence (look at our railroads), but for —profits. We would release the art instinct of the race."

"Geniuses might respond," I said, "but how about ordinary men?"

"All able-bodied persons of age would have to work," said Debs, "but they want to. I've heard convicts beg to be allowed to break stone. Man must be active, and a society that produced for use and not for profits would have plenty of work to have done, and all would have to help do it, excepting only the incapable. For them society must provide, as it does now, only better; more regularly, with justice, not charity. The first thing the Socialists abroad went after was the old-age pension, which gives worn-out workers the *right* to draw on society for sustenance. We want to remove from the earth the fear of starvation."

"How, then, will you deal with loafers and vicious persons?"

"They are abnormal," said Debs, "and, by removing the cause, poverty and riches, we should soon have no more of them. The idle children of the present rich would be without their graft, but they would foresee their predicament, and the best of them would go to work. Some of them seem to inherit from their parents talents which capitalistic society now gives them every incentive to neglect. Under Socialism—an inspiration, you realize, as well as an organization—they would probably exercise their abilities for the common good and their own greater satisfaction."

"Good," I said; "but the idle poor?"

"They are made what they are just as the idle rich are," said Debs. "Take a willing worker, overwork and underpay him, keep him on the verge, and then when he and his kind cannot consume what they produce, discharge him. He leaves his family to hunt a job, and, finding none, tramps or commits a crime. His children suffer, go young to work; they learn that their father is a bum or a crook. They are discouraged. The father drinks; they drink. Their children are, the best of them, perhaps, criminals, and the others, vagrants. This you see, and you ask me what Socialism will do with them? I'll tell you: we will treat, with physicians, as sick, the children that have inherited weak or wicked tendencies from parents and grandparents who lived under Capitalism." Debs paused to restrain himself, then he concluded: "And we will stop making more by abolishing the cause—poverty and riches."

SOCIALISM AND ART

"If there is no rich, leisure class, what will become of art and culture and manners?"

"They will become common," said Berger, and Debs said: "All men will have some leisure. They will come strong and well paid from their work, ready to enjoy healthily all the good things of the earth. There will be no ignorance. Education will be free, not only in the money sense, but intellectually. The schools will teach liberty and the trades, justice and democracy and work, beauty, truth, and the glory of labor, efficient and honorable. The arts will thrive, as they always have thriven, in a free, cultivated democracy."

"Who will do the dirty work?"

"Machines," said Berger, "which clean my house now."

"Yes," said Debs; "only machines that increase profits are introduced now. Apparatus of great utility exists, but is suppressed by Capital because human strength is cheaper, and improvements reduce profits.

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You doubt that? Ask the telephone and telegraph monopolies about the patents they own and don't use. But let me answer the question fully. There always will be some work less attractive than other kinds, and we should have to offer more pay or shorter hours to induce men to do it; men who want time to do unproductive things."

"If some men would get more pay than others," I asked, "why, then, couldn't they accumulate property?"

SOCIALISM FOR PRIVATE PROPERTY

"They could," he answered. "Socialism does not abolish private property, except in the means of production. We want all men to have all they produce, all; *we* are for private property; it is Capitalism that is against it. Under Capitalism only the few can have property. And so with the home; and love. Capitalism is against homes. It makes it inexpedient for young workers to marry; that makes for prostitution, which is against the home. And so is the tenement system of housing, which is good for profits and rents, but bad for homes and—love. And so is marriage for money against love."

"But, Debs, you must admit that you Socialists preach class war, and that engenders hate."

"No, no," he answered, rising all his great height over me, "we do not preach hate; we preach love. We do not teach classes; we are opposed to classes. That is Capitalism again. There are classes now, and we say so. Why not? It's true, terribly true. But it's exactly that we are trying to beat. The struggle of the best men now is to rise from the working into the exploiting class. We teach the worker not to strive to rise out of his class; not to want to be an employer, but to stay with his fellow workers, and by striving all together, industrially, financially, politically, learn to cooperate for the common good of the working class to the end that some day we may abolish classes and have only workers—all kinds of workers, but all producers. Then we should have no class at all, should we? Only men and women and children."

"How are you Socialists going to get all this?"

"We Socialists aren't going to get it," said Debs. "It's coming out of the natural evolution of society, and the trusts are doing more toward it than we. Socialists are only preparing the minds of men for it, like the labor unions. They are taking the egotism out of men; subordinating the good of the individual to that of the union; and teaching self-sacrifice and service.

"So with us. The party is the thing. It is governed by its members, who must pay to belong to it, and all perform services besides. They work, write, speak—what they can. But it's theirs, our party is. They elect officers, and delegates; they nominate tickets; and they are taught to vote a straight party vote, no matter how hopeless the contest. That's often a sacrifice of the present for the future, of the individual for society. But isn't that good? That's discipline. It's an education in cooperation. Their reward will come when, by and by, we shall have everywhere, as we have here in Wisconsin now, a minority in office of representatives trained in that school, enlightened as to general economic and moral principles, and inspired with an ideal that is as fine as any religion in the world ever had—the good of all."

"That's slow," I said, "and you, Debs, are impatient."

FOUNDATION LOVE OF MAN FOR MAN

"Yes," he said, "I am in a hurry, but Socialism isn't. Socialism is the most patient of reforms, but also it is the surest, and the truest. For we believe in man and in the possibility of the love of man for man. We know that economic conditions determine man's conduct toward man, and that so long as he must fight him for a job or a fortune, he cannot love his neighbor. Christianity is impossible under Capitalism. Under Socialism it will be natural. For a human being loves love and he loves to love. It is hate that is unnatural. Love is implanted deep in our hearts, and when things are rearranged so that I can help my fellow man best by helping myself, by developing all my skill and strength and character to the full, why, then, I shall love him more than ever; and if we compete it will be as artists do, and all good men, in skill, productiveness, and good works."

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Something that Happened in October

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, it had rained. Day in, day out, day in, day out, day in, it had rained and rained and rained and rained and rained, till by Friday night the great blue mountains loomed like a chunk of ruined velvet, and the fog along the valley lay thick and gross as mildewed porridge.

It was a horrid storm. Slop and shiver and rotting leaves were rampant. Even in Alrik's snug little house the chairs were wetter than moss. Clothes in the closets hung lank and clammy as undried bathing-suits. Worst of all, across every mirror lay a breathy, sad gray mist, as though ghosts had been back to whimper there over their lost faces.

It had never been so before in the first week of October.

There were seven of us who used to tryst there together every year in the gorgeous Scotch-plaid Autumn, when the reds and greens and blues and browns and yellows lapped and overlapped like a festive little kilt for the Young Winter, and every crisp, sweet day that dawned was like the taste of cider and the smell of grapes.

That is the kind of October well worth living, and seven people make a wonderfully proper number to play together in the country, particularly if six of you are men and women, and one of you is a dog.

Yet, after all, it was October, and October alone, that lured us. We certainly differed astonishingly in most of our other tastes.

Three of us belonged to the peaceful Maine woods—Alrik and Alrik's Wife and his Growly-Dog-Gruff. Four of us came from the rackety cities—the Partridge Hunter, the Blue Serge Man, the Pretty Lady, and Myself—a newspaper woman.

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Incidentally, I may add that the Blue Serge Man and the Pretty Lady were husband and wife, but did not care much about it, having been married, very evidently, in some gorgeously ornate silver-plated emotion that they had mistaken at the time for the "sterling" article. The shine and beauty of the marriage had long since worn away, leaving things quite a little bit edgy here and there. Alrik's young spouse was, wonder of wonders, a transplanted New York chorus girl. No other biographical data are necessary except that Growly-Dog-Gruff was a brawling, black, fat-faced mongrel whose complete sense of humor had been slammed in the door at a very early age. For some inexplainable reason, he seemed to hold all the rest of the crowd responsible for the catastrophe, but was wildly devoted to me. He showed this devotion by never biting me so hard as he bit the others.

Yet even with Growly-Dog-Gruff included among our assets, we had always considered ourselves an extremely superior crowd.

There were seven of us, I said, who *used* to tryst there together every autumn. But now, since the year before, three of us had *gone*, Alrik's Wife, Alrik's Dog, and the Blue Serge Man. So the four of us who remained huddled very close around the fire on that stormy, dreary, ghastly first night of our reunion, and talked-talked-talked and laughed-laughed-laughed just as fast as we possibly could for fear that a moment's silence would plunge us all down, whether or no, into the sorrow-chasm that lurked so consciously on every side. Yet we certainly looked and acted like a very jovial quartet.

The Pretty Lady, to be sure, was a black wisp of crape in her prim, four-footed chair; but Alrik's huge bulk tipped jauntily back against the wainscoting in a gaudy-colored Mackinaw suit, with merely a broad band of black across his left sleeve—as one who, neither affirming nor denying the formalities of grief, would laconically warn the public at large to "Keep Off My Sorrow." I liked Alrik, and I had liked Alrik's Wife. But I had loved Alrik's Dog. I do not care especially for temper in women, but a surly dog, or a surly man, is as irresistibly funny to me as Chinese music, there is so little plot to any of them.

But now on the hearth-rug at my feet the Partridge Hunter lay in amiable corduroy comfort, with the little puff of his pipe, and his lips throbbing out in pleasant, dozy regularity. He had traveled in Japan since last we met, and one's blood flowed pink and gold and purple, one's flesh turned silk, one's eyes onyx, before the wonder of his narrative.

No one was to be outdone in adventurous recital. Alrik had spent the summer guiding a party of amateur sports along the Allagash, and his garbled account of it would have stocked a comic paper for a month. The Pretty Lady had christened a war-ship, and her eager, brooky voice went rippling and churtling through such major details as blue chiffon velvet and the goldiest kind of champagne. Even Alrik's raw-boned Old Mother, clinking dirty supper dishes out in the kitchen, had a crackle-voiced tale of excitement to contribute about a floundering spring bear that she had soused with soap-suds from her woodshed window.

But all the time the storm grew worse and worse. The poor, tiny old house tore and writhed under the strain. Now and again a shutter blew shrilly loose, or a chimney brick thudded down, or a great sheet of rain sucked itself up like a whirlpool and then came drenching and hurtling itself in a perfect frenzy against the frail, clattering window-panes.

It was a good night for four friends to be housed together in a red, red room, where the low ceiling brooded over you like a face and the warped floor curled around you like the cuddle of a hand. A living-room should always be red, I think, like the walls of a heart, and cluttered, as Alrik's was, with every possible object, mean or fine, funny or pathetic, that typifies the owner's personal experience.

Yet there are people, I suppose, people stuffed with arts, not hearts, who would have monotoned Alrik's bright walls a dull brain-gray, ripped down the furs, the fishing-tackle, the stuffed owls, the gaudy theatrical posters, the shelf of glasses, the spooky hair wreaths, the really terrible crayon portrait of some much-beloved ancient grandame; and, supplementing it all with a single, homesick Japanese print, yearning across the vacuum at a chalky white bust of a perfect stranger like Psyche or Ruskin, would have called the whole effect more "successful." Just as though the crudest possible room that represents the affections is not infinitely more worth while than the most esoteric apartment that represents the intellect.

There were certainly no vacuums in Alrik's room. Everything in it was crowded and scrunched together like a hard, friendly hand-

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shake. It was the most fiercely, primitively sincere room that I have ever seen, and king or peasant therefore would have felt equally at home in it. Surely no mere man could have crossed the humpy threshold without a blissful, instinctive desire to keep on his hat and take off his boots. Alrik knew how to make a room "homeful." Alrik knew everything in the world except grammar.

Red warmth, yellow cheer, and all-colored jollity were there with us.

Faster and faster we talked, and louder and louder we laughed, until at last, when the conversation lost its breath utterly, Alrik jumped up with a grin and started our old friend the phonograph. His first choice of music was a grotesque *duo* by two back-yard cats. It was one of those irresistibly silly minstrel things that would have exploded any decent bishop in the midst of his sermon. Certainly no one of us had ever yet been able to withstand it. *But now no bristling, infuriated dog jumped from his sleep and charged like a whole regiment on the perfectly innocent garden.* And the *duo* somehow seemed strangely flat.

"Here is something we used to like," suggested Alrik desperately, and started a splendid barytone rendering of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." *But no high-pitched, mocking tenor voice took up the solemn velvet song and flirted it like a cheap chiffon scarf.* And the Pretty Lady rose very suddenly and went out to the kitchen indefinitely "for a glass of water." It was funny about the Blue Serge Man. I had not liked him overmuch, but I missed Not-Liking-Him with a crick in my heart that was almost sorrow.

"Oh, for heaven's sake try some other music!" cried the Partridge Hunter venomously, and Alrik clutched out wildly for the first thing he could reach. It was "Give My Regards to Broadway." We had practically worn out the record the year before, but its mutilated remains whirred along, dropping an occasional note or word, with the same cheerful spunk and unconcern that characterized the song itself:

"Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square,
Tell all the—whirry—whirry, whirrrrry—whirrrrrr
That I will soon be there."

The Partridge Hunter began instantly to beat muffled time with his soft felt slippers. Alrik plunged as usual into a fearfully clever and clattery imitation of an ox shying at a street-car. *But what of it? No wakened, sparkling-eyed girl came stealing forth from her corner to cuddle her blazing cheek against the cool, brass-colored jowl of the phonograph horn.* An All-Goneness is an amazing thing. It was strange about Alrik's Wife. Her presence had been as negative as a dead gray dove. But her *absence* was like scarlet strung with bells!

The evening began to drag out like a tortured rubber band getting ready to snap.

It was surely eleven o'clock before the Pretty Lady returned from the kitchen with our hot lemonades. The tall glasses jingled together pleasantly on the tray. The height was there, the breadth, the precious, steaming fragrance. *But the Blue Serge Man had always mixed our nightcaps for us.*

With grandiloquent pleasantry, the Partridge Hunter jumped to his feet, raised his glass, toasted "Happy Days," choked on the first swallow, bungled his grasp, and dropped the whole glass in shattering, messy fragments to the floor.

"Lord!" he muttered under his breath, "one could stand missing a fellow in a church or a graveyard or a mournful sunset glow—but to miss him in a foolish, folksy—hot lemonade!—Lord!" And he shook his shoulders almost angrily and threw himself down again on the hearth-rug.

The darkening room was warm as an oven now, and the great, soft, glowing pile of apple-wood embers lured one's drowsy eyes like a flame-colored pillow. No one spoke at all until midnight.

But the clock had only just finished complaining about the hour when the Partridge Hunter straightened up abruptly and cried out to no one in particular:

"Well, I simply can't bluff this out any longer. I've just *got* to know how it all happened!"

No one stopped to question his meaning. No one stopped to parry with word or phrase. Like two tense music-boxes wound to their utmost resonance, but with mechanism only just that instant released, Alrik and the Pretty Lady burst into sound.

The Pretty Lady spoke first. Her breath was short and raspy and cross, like the breath of a person who runs for a train—and misses it.

"It was—in—Florida," she gasped, "the—last—of March. The sailboat was a dreadful, flimsy, shattered thing. But he *would* go out in it—*alone*—storm or no storm!" She spoke with a certain strange, fierce, new pride in the shortcomings of her Man. "He

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must have swamped within an hour. They found his boat. But they never found his body. Just as one could always find his pocket, but never his watch—his purse, but never his money—his song, but never his soul." Her broken self-control plunged deeper and deeper into bitterness. "It was a stupid—wicked—wilful—accident," she persisted, "and I can see him in his last, smothery—astonished—moment—just—as—as—plainly—as—though—I—had—been—there. Do you think for an instant that he would swallow even—Death—without making a fuss about it? Can't you hear him rage and sputter: '*This* is too salt! *This* is too cold! Take it away and bring me another!' While all the time his frenzied mind was racing up and down some precious, memoried playground like the Harvard Stadium or the New York Hippodrome, whimpering, 'Everybody'll be there except—*me*—except M-E!"

The Pretty Lady's voice took on a sudden hurt, left-out resentment. "Of course," she hurried on, "he wasn't exactly sad to go—nothing could make him sad. But I know that it must have made him very *mad*. He had just bought a new automobile. And he had rented a summer place at Marblehead. And he wanted to play tennis in June——"

She paused for an instant's breath, and Alrik crashed like a moose into the silence.

"It was lung trouble!" he attested vehemently. "Cough, cough, cough, all the time. It came on specially worse in April, and she died in May. She wasn't never very strong, you know, but she'd been brought up in your wicked old steam-heated New York, and she would persist in wearing tissue-paper clothes right through our rotten icy winters up here. And when I tried to dose her like the doctor said, with cod-liver oil or any of them thick things, I couldn't fool her—she just up an' said it was nothin' but liquid flannel, and spit it out and sassed me. And Gruff—Growly-Dog-Gruff," he finished hastily, "I don't know what ailed him. He jus' kind of followed along about June."

The Partridge Hunter drew a long, heavy breath. When he spoke at last, his voice sounded like the voice of a man who holds his hat in his hand, and the puffs of smoke from his pipe made a sort of little halo round his words.

"Isn't it nice," he mused, "to think that while we four are cozying here to-night in the same jolly old haunts, perhaps they three—Man, Girl, and Dog—are cuddling off together somewhere in the big, spooky Unknown, in the shade of a cloud, or the shine of a star—talking—perhaps—about—*us?*"

The whimsical comfort of the thought pleased me. I did not want any one to be alone on such a night.

But Alrik's tilted chair came crashing down on the floor with a resounding whack. His eyes were blazing.

"She *ain't* with him!" he cried. "She *ain't*, she AIN'T, she A-I-N-'T! I won't have it. Why, it's the middle of the night!"

And in that electric instant I saw the Pretty Lady's face set rigidly, all except her mouth, which twisted in my direction.

"I'll wager she *is* with him," she whispered under her breath. "She always did tag him wherever he went!"

Then I felt the toe of my slipper meet the recumbent elbow of the Partridge Hunter. Had I reached out to him? Or had he reached back to me? There was no time to find out, for the smooth, round conversation shattered prickingly in the hand like a blown-glass bauble, and with much nervous laughter and far-fetched joke-making, we rose, rummaged round for our candles, and climbed upstairs to bed.

Alrik's Old Mother burrowed into a corner under the eaves.

The Pretty Lady had her usual room, and mine was next to hers. For a lingering moment I dallied with her, craving some tiny, absurd bit of loving service. First, I helped her with a balky hook on her collar. Then I started to put her traveling coat and hat away in the closet. On the upper shelf something a little bit scary brushed my hands. *It was the Blue Serge Man's cap, with a ragged gash across it where Growly-Dog-Gruff had worried it on a day I remembered well.* With a hurried glance over my shoulder to make sure that the Pretty Lady had not also spied it, I reached up and shoved it—oh,'way,'way back out of sight, where no one but a detective or a lover could possibly find it.

Then I hurried off to my room with a most garish human wonder: How could a *man* be all gone, but his silly cap *last?*

My little room was just as I remembered it, bare, bleak, and gruesomely clean, with a rag rug, a worsted motto, and a pink china vase for really sensuous ornamentation. I opened the cheap pine bureau to stow away my things. *A trinket jingled—a tawdry rhinestone side-comb. Caught in the setting was a tiny wisp of brown hair.* I slammed the

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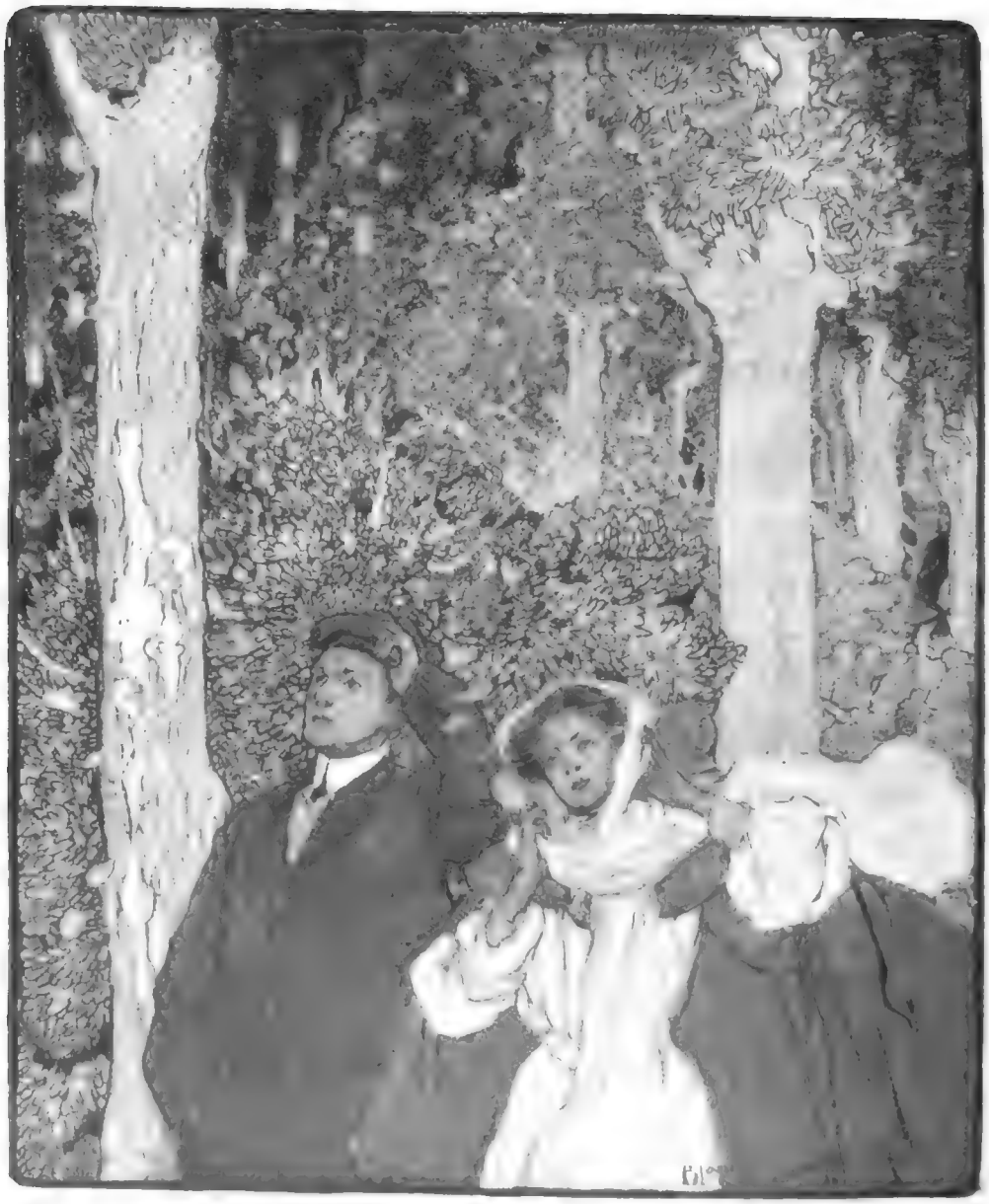

"THE LEAVES BEGAN TO SHIVER AND SHUDDER AND CHATTER AND ALL THE GORGEOUS REDS AND GREENS DULLED OUT OF THE WORLD"

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drawer with a bang, and opened another. *Metal and leather slid heavily along the bottom.* It might have been any beast's collar, if distinctly across the name-plate had not run the terse phrase "Alrik's Cross Dog." I did not like to have my bureau haunted! When I slammed that drawer, it cracked the looking-glass.

Then, with candle burning just as cheerfully as possible, I lay down on the bed in all my clothes and began to *wake up*—wider and wider and wider.

My reason lay quite dormant, like some drugged thing, but my memory, photographic as a lens, began to reproduce the ruddy, blond face of the Blue Serge Man beaming across a chafing-dish; the mournful, sobbing sound of a dog's dream; the crisp, starched Monday smell of the blue gingham aprons that Alrik's Wife used to wear. The vision was altogether too vivid to be pleasant.

Then the wet wind blew in through the window like a splash of alcohol, chilling, revivifying, stinging as a whip-lash. The tormented candle flame struggled furiously for a moment, and went out, hurtling the black night down upon me like some choking avalanche of horror. In utter idiotic panic I jumped from my bed and clawed my way toward the feeble gray glow of the window-frame. The dark dooryard before me was drenched with rain. The tall linden trees waved and mourned in the wind.

"Of course, of course, there are no ghosts," I reasoned, just as one reasons that there is no mistake in the dictionary, no flaw in the multiplication table. But sometimes one's fantastically jaded nerves think they have found the blunder in language, the fault in science. Ghosts or no ghosts—if you *thought* you saw one, wouldn't it be just as bad? My eyes strained out into the darkness. Suppose —I—should—*think*—that I heard the bark of a dog? Suppose—suppose—that from that black shed door where the automobile used to live, I should *think*—even T-H-I-N-K that I saw the Blue Serge Man come stumbling with a lantern? The black shed door burst open with a bang-bang-bang, and I screamed, jumped, snatched a blanket, and fled for the lamp-lighted hall.

A little dazzled by the sudden glow, I shrank back in alarm from a figure on the top stair. It was the Pretty Lady. Wrapped clumsily like myself in a big blanket, she sat huddled there with the kerosene lamp close beside her, mending the Blue Serge Man's cap. On the step below her, smothered in a soggy lavender comforter, crouched Alrik's Old Mother, her dim eyes brightened uncannily with superstitious excitement. I was evidently a welcome addition to the party, and the old woman cuddled me in like a meal-sack beside her.

"Naw one could sleep a night like this," she croaked.

"*Sleep?*" gasped the Pretty Lady. Scorn infinite was in her tone.

But comfortably and serenely from the end of the hall came the heavy, regular breathing of the Partridge Hunter, and from beyond that, Alrik's blissful, oblivious snore. Yet Alrik was the only one among us who claimed an agonizing, personal sorrow.

I began to laugh a bit hysterically. "Men are funny people," I volunteered.

Alrik's Old Mother caught my hand with a chuckle, then sobered suddenly, and shook her wadded head.

"Men *ain't* exactly—people," she confided. "Men *ain't* exactly people—at all!"

The conviction evidently burned dull, steady, comforting as a night-light, in the old crone's eighty years' experience, but the Pretty Lady's face grabbed the new idea desperately, as though she were trying to rekindle happiness with a wet match. Yet every time her fretted lips straightened out in some semblance of Peace, her whole head would suddenly explode in one gigantic sneeze. There was no other sound, I remember, for hours and hours, except the steady, monotonous, slobbery swash of a bursting roof-gutter somewhere close in the eaves.

Certainly Dawn itself was not more chilled and gray than we when we crept back at last to our beds, thick-eyed with drowsy exhaustion, limp-bodied, muffle-minded.

But when we woke again, the late, hot noonday sun was like a scorching fire in our faces, and the drenched dooryard steamed like a dye-house in the sudden burst of unseasonable heat.

After breakfast, the Pretty Lady, in her hundred-dollar ruffles, went out to the barn with shabby Alrik, to help him mend a musty old plow harness. The Pretty Lady's brains were almost entirely in her fingers. So were Alrik's. The exclusiveness of their task seemed therefore to thrust the Partridge Hunter and me off by ourselves into a sort of amateur sorrow class, and we started forth as cheerfully as we could to investigate the autumn woods.

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Passing the barn door, we heard the strident sound of Alrik's complaining. Braced with his heavy shoulders against a corner of the stall, he stood hurling down his new-born theology upon the glossy blond head of the Pretty Lady, who sat perched adroitly on a nail keg, with two shiny-tipped fingers prying up the corners of her mouth into a smile. One side of the smile was distinctly wry. But Alrik's face was deadly earnest. Sweat bubbled out on his forehead like tears that could not possibly wait to reach his eyes.

"There ought to be a separate heaven for ladies and gentlemen," he was arguing frantically. "'Tain't fair. 'Tain't right. I won't have it! I'll see a priest. I'll find a parson. If it ain't proper to live with people, it ain't proper to die with 'em. I tell you I won't have Amy careerin' round with strange men. She always was foolish about men. And I'm breakin' my heart for her, and Mother's gettin' old, and the house is goin' to rack and ruin, but how—*how* can a man go and get married comfortable again when his mind's all torturin' round and round and round about his first wife?"

The Partridge Hunter gave a sharp laugh under his breath, yet he did not seem exactly amused. "Laugh for *two!*" I suggested, as we dodged out of sight round the corner and plunged off into the actual Outdoors.

The heat was really intense, the October sun dazzlingly bright. Warmth, warmth, warmth steamed from the earth and burnished from the sky. A plushy brown rabbit lolling across the roadway dragged on one's sweating senses like overshoes in June. Under our ruthless, heavy-booted feet the wet green meadow winced like some tender young salad. At the edge of the forest the big pines darkened sumptuously. Then, suddenly, between a scarlet sumach and a slim white birch, the cavernous wood-path opened forth mysteriously, narrow and tall and domed like the arch of a cathedral. Not a bird twittered, not a leaf rustled, and, far as the eye could reach, the wet brown pine-needles lay thick and soft and padded like tan-bark, as though all Nature waited hushed and expectant for some exquisitely infinitesimal tragedy, like the travail of a squirrel.

With brain and body all a-whisper and a-tiptoe, the Partridge Hunter and I stole deeper and deeper into the Color and the Silence and the Witchery, dazed at every step by the material proof of autumn warring against the spiritual insistence of spring. It was the sort of day to make one very tender toward the living just because they were living, and very tender toward the dead just because they were dead.

At the gurgling bowl of a half-hidden spring, we made our first stopping-place. Out of his generous corduroy pockets the Partridge Hunter tinkled two drinking-cups, dipped them deep in the icy water, and handed me one with a little shuddering exclamation of cold. For an instant his eyes searched mine, then he lifted his cup very high and stared off into *Nothingness.*

"To the—*All-Gone People,*" he toasted.

I began to cry. He seemed very glad to have me cry. "Cry for two," he suggested blithely, "cry for two," and threw himself down on the twiggy ground and began to snap metallically against the cup in his hand.

"Nice little tin cup," he affirmed judicially. "The Blue Serge Man gave it to me. It must have cost as much as fifteen cents. And it will last, I suppose, till the moon is mud and the stars are dough. But the Blue Serge Man himself is—quite *gone.* Funny idea!" The Partridge Hunter's forehead began to knit into a fearful frown. "Of course it *isn't* so," he argued, "but it would certainly seem sometimes as though a man's *things* were the only really immortal, indestructible part of him, and that Soul was nothing in the world but just a composite name for the S-ouvenirs, O-rnaments, U-tensils, L-itter that each man's personality accumulates in the few years' time allotted to him. The man himself, you see, is wiped right off the earth like a chalk-mark, but you can't escape or elude in a million years the wizened bronze elephant that he brought home from India, or the showy red necktie that's down behind his bureau, or the floating, wind-blown, ash-barrel bill for violets that turns up a generation hence in a German prayer-book at a French book-stall.

"And isn't Death a teasing teacher? Holds up a personality suddenly like a map—makes you learn by heart every possible, conceivable pleasant detail concerning it, and then, when you are fairly bursting with your happy knowledge, tears up the map in your face and says, 'There's no such country any more, so what you've learned won't do you the slightest good.' And there you'd only just that moment found out that your friend's hair was a beautiful auburn instead of 'a horrid red'; that his blessed old voice was hearty, not 'noisy'; that his table manners

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THE WHOLE EARTH TEEMED WITH THE EXQUISITE SLEEPY NESTLING DOWN SOUND OF FUR AND FEATHERS AND TIRED LEAVES

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were quaint, not 'queer'; that his morals were broad, not 'bad.'"

The Partridge Hunter's mouth began to twist. "It's a horrid thing to say," he stammered, "but there ought to be a sample shroud in every home, so that when your husband is late to dinner, or your daughter smokes a cigarette, or your son decides to marry the cook, you could get out the shroud and try it on the offender, and make a few experiments concerning—well, *values*. Why, I saw a man last week dragged by a train—jerked in and out and over and under, with his head or his heels or the hem of his coat just missing Death every second by the hundred millionth fraction of an inch. But when he was rescued at last and went home to dinner—shaken as an aspen, sicker than pulp, tongue-tied like a padlock—I suppose, very likely, his wife scolded him for having forgotten the oysters."

The Partridge Hunter's face flushed suddenly.

"I didn't care much for Alrik's Wife," he attested abruptly. "I always thought she was a trivial, foolish little crittur. But if I had known that I was never, never, never going to see her again—while the sun blazed or the stars blinked—I should like to have gone back from the buckboard that last morning and stroked her brown hair just once away from her eyes. Does that seem silly to you?"

"Why, no," I said. "It doesn't seem silly at all. If I had guessed that the Blue Serge Man was going off on such a long, long, never-stop journey, I might even have kissed him good-by. But I certainly can't imagine anything that would have provoked or astonished him more! People can't go round petting one another just on the possible chance of never meeting again. And goodness gracious! nobody wants to. It's only that when a person actually *dies*, a sort of subtle, holy sense in you wakes up and wishes that just once for all eternity it might have gotten a signal through to that subtle, holy sense in the other person. And of course when a youngster dies, you feel somehow that he or she must have been different all along from other people, and you simply wish that you might have guessed that fact sooner—before it was too late."

The Partridge Hunter began to smile. "If you knew," he teased, "that I was going to be massacred by an automobile or crumpled by an elevator before next October—would you wish that you had petted me just a little to-day?"

"Yes," I acknowledged.

The Partridge Hunter pretended he was deaf. "Say that once again," he begged.

"Y-e-s," I repeated.

The Partridge Hunter put back his head and roared. "That's just about like kissing through the telephone," he said. "It isn't particularly satisfying, and yet it makes a desperately cunning sound."

Then I put back my head and laughed, too, because it is so thoroughly comfortable and pleasant to be friends for only one single week in all the year. Independence is at best such a scant fabric, and every new friendship you incur takes just one more tuck in that fabric, till before you know it your freedom is quite too short to go out in. The Partridge Hunter felt exactly the same way about it, and after each little October play-time we ripped out the thread with never a scar to show.

Even now while we laughed, we thought we might as well laugh at everything we could think of, and get just that much finished and out of the way.

"Perhaps," said the Partridge Hunter, "perhaps the Blue Serge Man was *glad* to see Amy, and perhaps he was rattled, no one can tell. But I'll wager anything he was awfully mad to see Gruff. There were lots of meteors last June, I remember. I understand now. It was the Blue Serge Man raking down the stars to pelt at Gruff."

"Gruff was a very—nice dog," I insisted.

"He was a very growly dog," acceded the Partridge Hunter.

"If you growl all the time, it's almost the same as a purr," I argued.

The Partridge Hunter smiled a little, but not very generously. Something was on his mind. "Poor little Amy," he said. "Any man-and-woman game is playing with fire, but it's foolish to think that there are only two kinds, just Hearth-Fire and Hell-Fire. Why, there's 'Student-lamp' and 'Cook-stove' and 'Footlights.' Amy and the Blue Serge Man were playing with 'Footlights,' I guess. She needed an audience. And he was New York to her, great, blessed, shiny, rackety New York. I believe she loved Alrik. He must have been a pretty picturesque figure on that first and only time when he blazed his trail down Broadway. But *happy* with him —H-E-R-E? Away from New York? Five years? In just green and brown woods where the posies grow on the ground instead of on hats, and even the Christmas trees are trimmed with nothing except real snow and

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live squirrels? G-L-O-R-Y! Of course her chest caved in. There wasn't kinky air enough in the whole state of Maine to keep her kind of lungs active. Of course she starved to death. She needed her meat flavored with harp and violin; her drink aerated with electric lights. We might have done something for her if we'd liked her just a little bit better. But I didn't even know her till I heard that she was dead."

He jumped up suddenly and helped me to my feet. Something in my face must have stricken him. "Would you like my warm hand to walk home with?" he finished quite abruptly.

Even as he offered it, one of those chill, quick autumn changes came over the October woods. The sun grayed down behind huge, windy clouds. The leaves began to shiver and shudder and chatter, and all the gorgeous reds and greens dulled out of the world, leaving nothing as far as the eye could reach but dingy squirrel-colors, tawny grays and dusty yellows, with the far-off, panting sound of a frightened brook dodging zigzag through some meadow in a last, desperate effort to escape Winter. As a draft from a tomb the cold, clammy, valley twilight was upon us.

Like two bashful children scuttling through a pantomime, we hurried out of the glowery, darkening woods, and then at the edge of the meadow broke into a wild, mirthful race for Alrik's bright hearth-fire, which glowed and beckoned from his windows like a little tame, domesticated sunset. The Partridge Hunter cleared the porch steps at a single bound, but I fell flat on the bruising door-mat.

Nothing really mattered, however, except the hearth-fire itself.

Alrik and the Pretty Lady were already there before us, kneeling down with giggly, scorching faces before a huge corn-popper foaming white with little muffled, ecstatic notes of heat and harvest.

The Pretty Lady turned a crimson cheek to us, and Alrik's tanned skin glowed like a freshly shellacked Indian. Even the Old Mother's asthmatic breath purred from the jogging rocker like a specially contented pussy-cat.

Nothing in all the room, I remember, looked pallid or fretted except the great, ghastly white face of the clock. I despise a clock that looks worried. It wasn't late, anyway. It was scarcely quarter past four.

Indeed, it was only half past four when the company came. We were making such a racket among ourselves that our very first warning was the sudden, blunt, rubbery *m-o-o* of an automobile directly outside. Mud was the first thing I thought of.

Then the door flew open peremptorily, and there on the threshold stood the Blue Serge Man—not dank and wet with slime and seaweed, but fat and ruddy and warm in a huge gray 'possum coat. Only the fearful, stilted *immovability* of him gave the lie to his reality.

It was a miracle! I had always wondered a great deal about miracles. I had always longed, craved, prayed to experience a miracle. I had always supposed that a miracle was the supreme sensation of existence, the ultimate rapture of the soul. But it seems I was mistaken. A miracle doesn't do anything to your soul for days and days and days. Your heart, of course, may jump, and your blood foam, but first of all it simply makes you very, very sick in the pit of your stomach. It made a man like Alrik clutch at his belt and jump up and down and "holler" like a lunatic. It smote the Partridge Hunter somewhere between a cramp and a sob. It ripped the Old Mother close at her waist-line, and raveled her out on the floor like a fluff of gray yarn.

But the Pretty Lady just stood up with her hands full of pop-corn, and stared and stared and *stared* and STARED. From her shining blond head to her jet-black slippers she was like an exploded pulse.

The Blue Serge Man stepped forward into the room and faltered. In that instant's faltering, Alrik jumped for him like a great, glad, loving dog, and ripped the coat right off his shoulders.

The Blue Serge Man's lips were all a-grin, but a scar across his forehead gave a certain tense, stricken dignity to his eyes. Very casually, very indolently, he began to tug at his gloves, staring all the while with malevolent joy on the fearful crayon portrait of the ancient grandame.

"That's the very last face I thought of when I was drowning," he drawled, "and there wasn't room enough in all heaven for the two of us. Bully old face, I'm glad I'm here. I've been in Cuba," he continued quite abruptly, "and I meant to play dead forever and ever. But there was an autumn leaf—a red autumn leaf in a lady's hat—and it made me homesick." His voice broke suddenly, and he turned to his wife with quick, desperate, pleading intensity. "I'm not—much—good," he gasped. "But I've—*come back!*"

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I saw the flaky white pop-corn go trickling through the Pretty Lady's fingers, but she just stood there and shook and writhed like a tightly wrung newspaper smoldering with fire. Then her face flamed suddenly with a light I had never, never seen since my world was made.

"I don't care whether you're any good or not," she cried. "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! You're *alive!* You're—ALIVE!

I thought she would never stop saying it, on and on and on and on. "You're alive, you're alive, you're alive." Like a defective phonograph disk her shattered senses caught on that one supreme phrase, "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! You're alive!"

Then the blood that had blazed in her face spread suddenly to her nerveless hands, and she began to pluck at the crape ruffles on her gown. Stitch by stitch I heard the rip-rip-rip like the buzz of a fishing-reel. But louder than all came that maddening, monotonous cry, "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive!" I thought her brain was broken.

Then the Blue Serge Man sprang toward her, and I shut my eyes. But I caught the blessed, clumsy sound of a lover's boot tripping on a ruffle—the crushing out of a breath—the smother of a half-lipped word.

I don't know what became of Alrik. I don't know what became of Alrik's Old Mother. But the Partridge Hunter, with his arm across his eyes, came groping for me through the red, red room.

"Let's get out of this," he whispered. "Let's get out of this."

So once again, amateurs both in sorrow and in gladness, the Partridge Hunter and I fled fast before the Incomprehensible. Out we ran through Amy's frost-blighted rose-garden, *where no gay, shrill young voice challenged our desecration*, out through the senile old apple orchard, *where no suspicious dog came bristling forth to question our innocent intrusion*, up through the green-ribbon roadway, up through the stumbling wood-path, to the safe, sound, tangible, moss-covered pasture-bars, where the warm, brown-fur bossies, sweet-breathed and steaming, came lolling gently down through the gauzy dusk to barter their pleasant milk for a snug night's lodging and a troughful of yellow mush.

A dozen mysterious wood-folk crackled close within reach, as though all the little day-animals were laying aside their starched clothes for the night; and the whole earth teemed with the exquisite, sleepy, nestling-down sound of fur and feathers and tired leaves. Out in the forest depths somewhere a belated partridge drummed out his excuses. Across on the nearest stone wall a tawny marauder went hunching his way along. It might have been a fox, it might have been Amy's thrown-away coon-cat. Short and sharp from the house behind us came the fast, furious crash of Alrik's frenzied young energies, chopping wood enough to warm a dozen houses for a dozen winters for a dozen new brides. But high above even the racket of his axe rang the sweet, wild, triumphant resonance of some French Canadian *chanson*. His heart and his lungs seemed fairly to have exploded in song.

And over the little house, and the dark woods, and the mellow pasture, and the brown-fur bossies, broke a little, wee, tiny prick-point of a star, as though some celestial being were peeping down whimsically to see just what the Partridge Hunter and I thought of it all.

THE EXILE

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE great canella swings its blooms
  Like censers down the languid air:
—More dear to me the purple plumes
  New England lilacs wear

The sun strides—an exulting god—
  Too glorious above the plain:
—I crave gray skies and April sod
  Green from the last long rain.

AT night the stars are wonderful—
  Remote they blaze—aloof—apart:
—Oh, northern night-sky, far and cool,
  Your stars shine in my heart.

I want the hills of home again:
  And aye my heart is yearning—yearning
To feel the hill-road up the glen
  Caress my feet returning.

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VENICE AND ITS VICTIMS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Illustrations by Albert Levering

THERE was a fat and titled Italian lady in one of the royal hotels in Venice. All hotels in Venice and elsewhere in Italy are royal or grand or splendid, you know. It helps out when they are searching for something more, some supplement, to put in the bill. It generally appears about the sixth item from the bottom: "To hotel being royal," a handful of lire.

The fat Italian lady was in what passes for a lobby in this royal hotel, where they hang the names of dukes and kings and others of the ruling classes, written on neat little cards, in a frame on the wall. That is another charming Italian hotel custom. You stroll up and look at the names. "Gee," you say, "the Crown Prince of Germany is stopping here!" or "Well, I declare, if the Duchess of Teck and Tuckinfest isn't a guest at this house!" and it makes you contented, in a measure, when you go away, after your struggle with the cashier. You are not expected to know the crown prince was there nine years before, and the duchess nine years before that. And nobody tells you. Still, like the "royal" in the title, it helps out the manager when he comes to tot up your account.

THEY—THE LIONS—HAVE INSISTED ON WINGS.

To return to the fat Italian lady: She was in the lobby and she was walking about, restlessly, pacing up and down like a caged lioness, minus the wings that always appear on the Venetian brand of lions; they—the lions—having insisted on wings probably because they are proverbially poor swimmers and anxious to have some means of transportation out of the place. Like as not they were there in the mosquito season—the lions. Anyhow, the fat Italian lady was pacing up and down like a caged lioness, and she was smoking a cigarette.

It was a good, thick cigarette, and she had it in a long, ornate holder, but something seemed to be lacking. She was perturbed. She took great puffs, blew the smoke out vigorously, and gazed about as if she longed for something, with one of those strange, indefinable longings the poets write about.

A wayfarer watched her. It was worth coming to Venice to see a fat, titled Italian lady pace up and down, smoking a cigarette. Besides, up to that time it was free, although the wayfarer rather expected somebody in a green coat to come around and sell tickets to the show. The impression that the lady was in distress grew on the wayfarer. He was sympathetic. He thought over all the troubles fat Italian ladies with titles might have, and concluded, after careful study, there wasn't enough smoke in the cigarette to satisfy her. That was it! The cigarette was too puny, too ephemeral, too mild for so distinguished and substantial a personage. She needed more tobacco.

Stepping politely across, the wayfarer racked his mind for sufficient language of the country to express the concern that weighed him down.

"Madam," he said, "you seem dissatisfied."

"Ah," she replied, emitting a cloud of smoke that obscured her for the moment, "I am"; and, taking the cigarette from the holder, she cast it into a corner with a superb and queenly outcurve.

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"I had thought as much," continued the stranger. "Cigarettes are poor substitutes when the soul craves tobacco. Have a cigar?"

And she took it!

Whereby the fat Italian lady typed Venice and all Italy. She took it. That is what Italy is for—to take things. As the inhabitants have nothing to take from one another, they take everything they can from those outside who have been lured there by the Sunny-Italy line of press notices handed out since time began. It is hard to tell who first hitched the "sunny" designation to Italy, but like as not it was an Englishman who, fleeing from his own desolate and fog-bound country, struck the peninsula when it wasn't raining, saw the sun, and, happy as an Englishman can be at the unwonted sight, exclaimed: "This is Sunny Italy!"

SHE TOOK IT.

It has so remained. Italy is sunny to all comers—before they get there. It is sunny all right, when the sun shines—so sunny you are reminded of the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, on a July day. There are moments, moments that stretch imperceptibly into weeks, when there isn't so much sun that anybody is overcome by the heat. However, these are matters of no consequence. To dismiss the subject with one concrete thought, it may be said the climate of Italy is Italian climate, versatile, various, and among the worst.

Venice, you understand, sits enthroned on a hundred isles. There is ample authority for that statement. Moreover, Venice rises from the sea. Putting aside the temptation to remark that if Venice had stayed under the sea longer, with the waves surging back and forth across her, and had not risen for a century or two more, she would have been cleaner—there is one impression that cannot fail to make a dent in even the most superficial observer: You may say what you please about Venice as an ancient, non-progressive, decayed municipality, may rail at damp cellars and moldy architecture, may decry the lack of automobiles and other necessities of the life of to-day, but there is one municipal essential wherein Venice has every superintendent of public works, every board of aldermen, every city government in the world lashed to the mast and screaming for mercy: Venice has solved the problem of sprinkling the streets.

After several tumultuous centuries, during which time the most flourishing Venetian industry was decapitation, Venice was put on the map in a decent and orderly fashion by Lord Byron, John Ruskin, Robert Browning, and William Dean Howells, a most impeccable bunch of publicists, although they do say Lord Byron was quite a gay blade in his way. Moreover, a gondolier who is on his job can show you any one of half a dozen palaces in which Wagner wrote part of "Tristan and Isolde," and the list of literary lights who have gazed over the rippling waters of the Grand Canal and had emotions is as long and varied as the emotions superinduced. It is impossible not to be emotional in Venice. If the recollections of the glorious past do not swamp you when you reflect on the storied greatness of the place, if you are so callous that the Bridge of Sighs does not get a rise, you are sure to give voice to a few fervent feelings when you crawl out from under your mosquito-netting in the morning and find yourself spotted like a red raspberry tart, and muse—one never thinks in Venice; one muses—over the patent truth that a netting that will keep mosquitoes out will also keep them in—a verity that, seemingly, has escaped the notice of the Venetian landlords.

When John Ruskin wrote "The Stones of Venice," he said the last word about the architecture of that moist town, discovering many things, undoubtedly, the men who built it did not know themselves. Only one work remains to be written. That should be on the mosquitoes of Venice and should be done by one of Secretary Wilson's bug men. The mosquitoes deserve a bulletin, at least, with one of those illuminating titles like: "A Short Survey of the Mosquitoes of the Canals of Venice, with Some Account of their Structure and Biology and their Relation to Romance and Art."

They are industrious and earnest little workers. Unlike our old friends of New Jersey and Long Island, they do not bite and flee to new biting-places. The Venetian mosquito

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lingers lovingly at his task. He plants in you all the venom he has with him. He raises lumps that remain, richly red, for weeks. Those lovely canals, upon which you glide while the gondolier sings—or does not sing—a low, plaintive melody, wondering the while how much he will be able to extract from you over and above the tariff, do much for the Venetian mosquito. They furnish an abiding-place that may be said to be perfect for his purposes.

Still, you can buy at the drug-stores pastilles that afford relief. You go into a room, close it hermetically, and light a few. If the fumes of the pastilles do not suffocate you in fifteen minutes, you win. The mosquitoes remain inactive until such time as you open the windows to let out the smell. Then they float up from the carpet in swarms. You see, the Venetian mosquitoes are scientifically educated. They know the smoke will rise, and get down below it. That is more than you know, which is just as well, because if you should lie down on the carpet to get away from the smudge, the mosquitoes, having no notion as to sportsmanship, would grab you there, as they are single-minded insects and fond of tourist blood.

But there is nothing romantic about the mosquito, and you are expected to be romantic when you get to Venice, romantic from the moment of your arrival, when the hotel porter throws you into a gondola at the railroad station and piles your baggage on you, until the same porter snatches you out of a gondola at the station and leads you to your departing train, with both hands outstretched and an appealing look in his brown eyes.

All Italians are poets, especially all Venetians. They do not work at it regularly, but they are poets just the same, and the only way to get them to relax into prose is to refuse to tip them. They have a soft and musical language, the language of love and poesy. When your gondola rounds a corner suddenly and bumps into another, you are reminded of this. Both gondoliers speak poetically then. It sounds like a conversation between a truck-driver and a motor-man on Broadway, when the truck is stalled across the tracks.

The gondoliers are picturesque. When you are abroad, everything is picturesque. On this side, one would say the gondoliers are not so picturesque as they are dirty, but that would be heresy in Venice. It adds much to the interest of the Grand Canal to hire a gondolier who has not cut off his black-and-tan beard in a week, and whose shirt has not been washed since the last time he fell into the water. If you can get one with brass earrings, and a red sash around his waist, you have reached the limit of picturesqueness.

You can liken this somewhat soiled brigand

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO BE EMOTIONAL IN VENICE.

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to those others in the days of real romance who used to propel the doges and princes and poets and lovers through the shimmering water to their trysts or to their plotting-places. You can shut your eyes and hear the wild, weird songs of other years echoing softly over the rippling canals. You can see passing before you that great procession of stern and gallant men, those sorrowing ladies, those brave young blades who fought and loved and died for the sake of a woman's smile, those princes of the Church, those grim old sea fighters who upheld so long the glory of Venice. You can dream of the gory deeds that were done behind those mysterious walls, can think of the intrigue, the plot and the counter-plot, the centuries of conspiracies, of amours, of murders, of great achievements by great men, of the rise of that splendid art, of the domination of that splendid people, of all the span when Venice was great and glorious, "the pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy"—but you will invariably wake up when the gondolier gets alongside the fish-market. Poetical, romantic, picturesque as he is, he seems to like the smell of that institution, and he goes as close to it as he can. Whereupon, romance vanishes for the nonce, and you come back to a rapid perusal of your "Italian in Fifteen Easy Lessons" to find words to enable you to tell the gondolier your present-day opinion of him.

It is pleasant to glide along the Grand Canal and listen to your trusty gondolier, the picture of grace and supple strength, recite the names of the famous palaces that are lapped by the tiny waves of that famous thoroughfare as well as rapped by the accumulated débris that has been thrown from the windows of said palaces from time to time. . . . "Pal' Con-tarini-Fasan—Desa-d-mon— Housa Desa-d-m-o-o-on—Pal' Rezzonico—ver' fin'—B-r-r-owna-in' died—ver' fin'—Pal' Foscari—ver' fin'—Ah-h-h——"

And the gondolier goes off into an ecstasy that makes you think he has seen a double tip somewhere. He sculls you in close to the walls of a palace that has a few winged lions, in various states of moldy disrepair, on the landing, and stops. "Fi' minuto," he begs. You shake your head. "Ple-e-es-a—fi' minuto—ver' fin'—Ah-h-h—pl-e-e-e-es—ah-h—fi' minuto." You are breaking his heart by refusing.

You are firm. He weeps bitterly and proceeds: "Pal' Pisano—ver' fin'—Pal' Loredan—ver' fin'," and he artfully shoves you up against another landing on which are some more lions, in moth-eaten sandstone, and an urn or two. "Fi' minuto," he implores. "Pl-e-es—fi' minuto—ver' fin'—Pl-e-e-es—ah-h."

Again you refuse. He is dissolved in woe. He talks at you in Italian. You gather you are losing the opportunity of a lifetime. The man with the boat-hook, who stands on the landing and has hooked your gondola, weeps, too. It is most affecting. Apparently, you have grieved these simple sons of Venice in a manner that should cause you sorrow all the remainder of your life. "P-l-e-e-es—ver' fin'." No.

The gondolier recovers his wonted spirits. "Pal' Pesaro—ver' fin'." And in you go again to another landing, where there are some more badly frazzled relics of a dead civilization. This time the gondolier kneels down on the *poppa* and stretches forth his hands in supplication. "Fi' minuto—ah-h-h—pl-e-e-es—ah—Signore—pl-e-e-es—ah-h—fi' minuto." It is the last stand. The brigand on the landing has your gondola fast. The gondolier is crying as if his heart would break. You can refuse no longer. You think they want you to visit some shrine of the boatman's or to rescue some maiden in distress. You step ashore. The gondolier grins happily. You are landed. He has performed his proper function and has steered you into an antique-shop where you may find many genuine antiques—warranted antique, the proprietor tells you.

Why was the gondolier so interested? He gets a commission. It is one of his perquisites; and who would deprive a hard-working gondolier, a hard-working, picturesque gondolier, to be exact, of a few lire? Anyhow, you must, just naturally must, bring back a few antiques when you go to Italy. How would any of the neighbors know you had been there? And if you want to buy antiques, you can pay more money and get less in Venice than in any other place on the globe. That's something, isn't it?

If there were no visitors to Venice, there would be few gondolas, for the Venetian, the person who lives there all the year round, goes about the main thoroughfares in the fussy little steamboats that snort back and forth. The Venetian doesn't think the gondola is romantic and the gondolier picturesque. That is the visitor's part. Next to riding in one, the greatest fun is trying to understand the tariff. Long years of dealing with travel-

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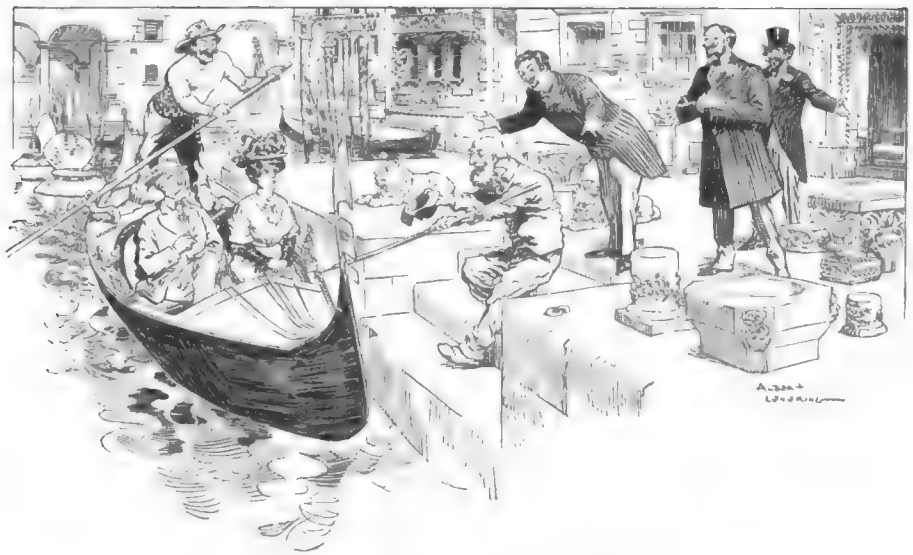

HE HAS STEERED YOU INTO AN ANTIQUE-SHOP.

ers has developed a highly scientific scale of petty larceny. It is so much for half an hour for two persons, and so much more for four, and double for so many more, and double that for the next half hour, and extra at night, and double that if there are two rowers. You need a table of logarithms. Besides, there is always a tip to be paid, and the hookers at the landing expect a few coppers.

They are simple souls, these sons of Sunny Italy who sing so happily as they bend to the oar. "*O sole mio!*" they warble. "I wonder if he knows what I am going to do to him. *O sole mio!* I'll pick him clean before I let him land." If you are looking for trouble, real, gummy trouble, you can get it by having a row with a gondolier. If you take two of them, you will be pleased for a week—if you hate peace. They are so ingenuous about it—crafty as a person who hits you with a club. Two most dignified and austere ladies from Iowa, Thomas-Cooking, went out in a gondola. On the way back the gondolier said something about pay.

"We shall pay at the hotel," asserted one of the ladies, severely.

The rower took off his ragged hat and held it out: "Pl-e-e-es," he said ingratiatingly. "Drink-a—pl-e-e-es."

"He wants something for a drink!" exclaimed the other lady, horrified.

"We do not approve of the liquor habit," they reproved sternly.

The rower made a wide circle with his oar. The gondola almost tipped over.

"Here, Henrietta," screamed the older lady, "give him a dollar and let him drink himself to death."

Civilization is doing its fearful work, even among the gondoliers. The gondolier who sings love-songs as he rows you down the moonlit canals exists, but a good many gondoliers take out phonographs with them. It is very comfortable and twentieth-century-like to sit in a gondola under a star-spangled sky and have the phonograph play "Love Me and the World is Mine."

In addition to being the abiding-place of Romance, Venice is the Home of Art. Those who know their galleries may dispute this, but tens of thousands of American parlors, from Maine to California, bear pink-and-purple testimony to the fact. Show me the tourist who landed in Venice and got away without a water-color he hoped to slide by the customs, a water-color depicting a gondola, with a graceful gondolier on the stern, gliding down a canal; a background of vine-covered, salmon-colored palaces; a sky with a handful of impossible colors in it, all blue and hazy pink and yellow.

Venice the Home of Art? It is also the Manufactory of Art. They produce art there while you wait. If you do not like one water-color of a view in the lagoons, they can get you another in an hour's time. There are so many water-colors of Venice on sale and

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so many have been sold, it is my opinion there are studios in the city where they make them with stencils. There must be. Not all the water-colorists alive could make the vast number of Venetian water-colors on exhibition in the picture-shops, to say nothing of those that have been sold. After visiting the European galleries, the feeling seeps into one that the Old Masters were the most industrious people the world has ever known. To produce the number of paintings they did, they must have worked with brushes in each hand, between the toes of each foot, and with a couple held in their teeth, and could have taken no time for sleep or recreation. But the Old Masters were tyros when compared to the Venetian water-colorists. They *must* use stencils. There is no other explanation.

The Roman artists are reasonably busy, too. If you do not care for a water-color of a "Scene on the Grand Canal" or "A Picturesque Nook in Old Venice," if these do not appeal to you, perhaps because it has rained all the time and you think the artist dreamed the sunshine, the dealer can let you in on a rare bargain by a famous Roman artist. The Roman artists run to cardinals. They paint these princes of the Church in their red robes —notice particularly the close imitation of the weave of the silk. By chance, a Roman artist has dropped in that day and left a couple of pictures. You can get one for $125, a mere bagatelle. You move along to another shop. The Roman artist has dropped in there, too, and you can pick up one of his cardinals. The Roman artists undoubtedly also use stencils.

Venice is supreme not alone in modern art. The Queen of the Seas crowds the other art centers of Europe hard for first place in ancient art also—not that she has so much of it on exhibition, but that she has a great deal of it for sale. Italy has been robbed of her art treasures by almost every country on earth for centuries, but the supply always seems to equal the demands of the robbers. One of the chief industries of the country is the making of new antique art treasures to be robbed of, and Venice is a principal mart. You can get relics of the dead past there big enough to fill the hold of a ship or small enough to wear in a ring. Art, you understand, never dies. They have found the fountain of perpetual youth for it in Italy.

There are no houses in Venice. Every habitable building is a palace. So is every uninhabitable building. Whenever a doge had no murdering on hand he built a palace. They are large, imposing palaces, consisting mostly of front door, courtyard, and stairway. If there were any fish in the canals it would be fine to live in one of these palaces, for you could drop a line out of the window and angle while surrounded with all the comforts of home.

The canals are lined with palaces—all liberally restored. That is one of the best things the Italians do—liberally restore their palaces and churches and statues and paintings and all the wondrous heritage of their ancestors, who were not so much concerned in getting money as they were in spending it. We weep over the luckless patriots who were yanked across the Bridge of Sighs to meet a fearful fate, and then we wake up and discover the Bridge of Sighs we are weeping over is a fake, "liberally restored." The Palace of the Doges, the most interesting building in Venice, has been restored many times, but it is still exhilarating to visit it on a gloomy afternoon. They point out to you the places where the decapitations were staged, the two red pillars where the verdicts of death were announced, the private beheading plant for political prisoners, and all the shivery accompaniments. Killing was such a prevalent pastime in those old days you wonder how any citizen of Venice came through with his neck intact and raised a family.

This Palace of the Doges is one of the *pièces de résistance* of the water-colorists. By taking an angle by the Church of St. Mark an artist can get a fine set of stencils for innumerable pictures. He can work in a side of the Palace of the Doges, the two granite columns, one bearing the winged lion of St. Mark and the other St. Theodore on a crocodile—he looks a good deal like our Theodore, although the crocodile plainly is a tame and housebroken animal and not at all the kind of crocodile our Theodore would ride—and the lagoon, not forgetting a gondola or two. Artists abound at this spot, painting industriously.

When the hotel keepers seized on Venice as their own, they found their hotel raw material on the ground. All they had to do was to rent a couple of adjoining palaces, knock out the walls, and install seventeen servants for every expected guest, said servants to be paid by the guests, of course. Most of the hotels are old palaces, largely façades and stairways. In several of them the elevator starts from the second floor—when it isn't out of order—which is a novel Italian idea.

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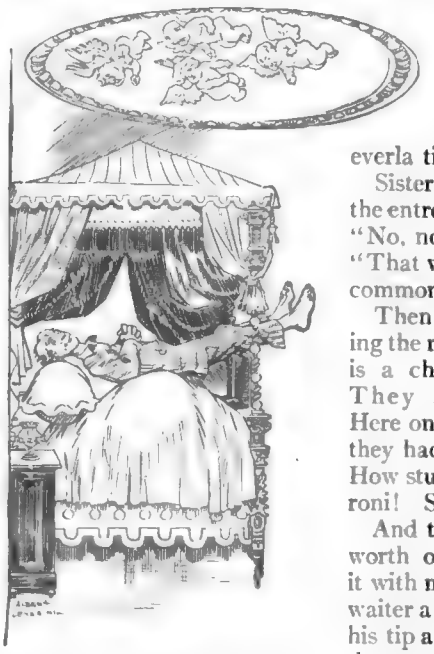
Once the hotels get you in their clutches, they do not let go of you until they have squeezed out the last possible cent. Europe's greatest benefactor was the man who invented the word "supplement." Italy should be, and probably is, especially grateful. There is no charge in a Venetian hotel to which a supplement cannot be added. If by chance there should be such an item in the bill, the error is always remedied by a supplement of a few lire because there is no supplement. One of the first signs you read, along with the information that there is a "Hairs Cutter" in the hotel and that "Wales Rabbits"—Venetians think English-speaking people live on "Wales Rabbits"—can be secured if a proper negotiation is made, is a neat line in good-sized type informing you that the management of the hotel will be pleased to add a supplement to the price of the room unless you take what is considered a proper proportion of your meals in the restaurant of the hotel. If you do not take your meals there, you are not paying due heed to the honor of being allowed to stop in the hotel, and are fined whatever the management thinks the profit on your meals would have been. If you behave yourself properly and do not demand too many towels nor insist on clean sheets too often, they may permit you to eat your luncheon outside in some other restaurant, but that is about as far as they will go.



YOU CANNOT REST MUCH, BUT . . . YOU SHOULD BE SATISFIED.

Nothing grieves an Italian so much as to spend money. The restaurant keepers are aware of this, and they safeguard themselves against the crafty natives in every possible way. When they put a plate of rolls on the table they count and tab each roll. That is necessary, for if they didn't the Italians would eat all the rolls and nothing else, and consider it a good stroke of business. "How many breads?" is always a searching inquiry when the bill is being made up, and woe be unto the eater if he forgets one that has been devoured. It is an education to see an Italian family come into a restaurant—papa, mama, a daughter or two, and a cousin or a niece or a nephew. They take the best table available, and papa gravely hands around the bill of fare.

"What do you see that interests you?" he inquires of mama.

Mama runs an inquiring eye down the menu and mentions a dish that costs two dollars.

"Ah," exclaims one of the sisters, "we have had that so often! Let us try something else."

Papa takes a crack at it. He thinks a little game would be to his liking.

"Game!" explodes mama. "Impossible! The family is tired to death of this everla ting grouse."

Sister finds a fancy dish in the entrées. It would suit her. "No, no!" shouts the cousin. "That will never do. It is so common."

Then they all fall to studying the menu. Suddenly there is a chorus of "Excellent!" They have discovered it. Here on the bill is something they had not thought about. How stupid of them! Macaroni! Spaghetti! Bravo!

And they order forty cents' worth of macaroni, and eat it with much noise, giving the waiter a sixteenth of a cent for his tip and taking an hour for the gustatory exercises.

Meantime you have had your dinner and received the bill. If you have been in Italy more than a week you study the bill carefully. There is always something wrong. An Italian would die of shame if he handed you a bill that did not contain an overcharge. That would be such coarse work it would stamp him as no respecter of the traditions of his race. Usually there are about three overcharges. It takes long and expert examination to detect them all. If you get one you are doing well. You point out your discovery, and it is corrected with vast ejaculation as to the unfortunate error, but no chagrin. The only time an Italian is chagrined is when you get all the errors. That is enough to humiliate any loyal son of the House of Savoy.

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The Italian hotel keeper's idea of luxury for the traveler is to put him in a room that has a painting on the ceiling showing three plump mermaids pulling Neptune's whiskers, but has no carpet on the floor. The more decoration there is on the ceiling, the more the room costs. When you are resting on one of those old dogal beds, handed down from the seventeenth century and still densely populated, you cannot rest much, but you can observe a fine ceiling painting of fat Cupids turning flipflaps in a flower-bed, which, in the landlord's opinion, should satisfy you. It is better to have paintings on the ceilings than mats on the floor. Very few guests walk on the ceilings, and most of them would walk on the mats, which would wear out in the course of a decade or two. Thrift, you know.

When an Italian patriot has nothing to do in the line of stenciling water-colors, or chiseling priceless marbles just dug up from the ruins of some ancient city, or rubbing dust into Old Masters, or shooting worm-holes in antique furniture, he goes out and makes a little counterfeit money just to keep his hand in. If you tried to bite all the counterfeit silver and gold you get, you would wear your teeth down to the gums in two weeks. The counterfeiters do not use all their talents on bogus silver and gold coins. They make bad paper money also. That must be a simple operation, for the usual paper money you get, especially the little five- and ten-lire things, is about as crude currency, next to clam-shells and brass rings, as the world affords. Moreover, it is always so dirty no one can tell whether it is bad or not, and it is passed from hand to hand on the theory that although it may be good, it is probably bad, and the right thing to do is to get rid of it as soon as possible.

You ask the gentlemanly hotel cashier to change some gold pieces for you into silver so you can be prepared for the resistless swarms who want tips. He looks at you suspiciously, weighs each coin, and throws each one down ostentatiously on his desk to see if it rings true.

A cashier did that in Venice to a large, crass American person, and shoved back some silver coins. The American blocked the window to the cashier's coop and threw down one silver coin after another, with just as much scornful ostentation as the cashier had used on the gold that had been handed in.

The cashier exploded. "Do you mean to insult me?" he shouted.

"Not any more than you did me," the American replied calmly, "but here are four bogus coins out of the ten you gave me. Please replace them."

The shops around the Piazza of St. Mark look like the shops along the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. English is spoken at all of them. They have to speak English, for the Italians do not patronize these merchants, but go to the shops in the center of the town, back on the streets that wind away from the Piazza. Most of the shops have signs proclaiming that their wares are offered at a "fixed price." That bluffs a good many of the unwary. The real basis of merchandising in Venice is to offer fifty per cent. of the first price asked, whether the price is advertised as fixed or not. Then you will get the article for about seventy-five per cent. of what was asked, which will be too much, of course, but you will have saved something. The fixed-price merchant may refuse the first time, but there is nothing on sale in Venice at any shop that cannot be obtained at another shop, probably a better one.

"This," said a man in one of the book places, referring tenderly to an illuminated book that he swore was two hundred years old and that, undoubtedly, had been made that year, "is a priceless heirloom of our family. We have it here merely to show the gorgeousness of the coloring, the beauty of the rubrics, the exquisite workmanship of it all. We would not think of selling it. It is beyond treasure. Nothing could tear it from us. It would be like parting with our heart's blood."

"If that is the case," said the man who was looking, "there is nothing more to be said."

"But," continued the bookseller hastily, "although we would weep for years after disposing of this treasure, although it would bring shame and humiliation on our family to dispose of it, if we should thus bow ourselves to the dust we could let you have it for twenty-five dollars."

"Far be it from me," protested the inquirer, "to deprive any ancient Italian family of such a pearl of great price, to bring down to sorrow any of the heads of a noble house, but, if I should descend to such a sordid undertaking, I would give you a dollar and a half for the book."

And the upshot of it was he got the book, after much weeping and wailing, for five dol-

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lars and fifty cents, and when he went out into the light he discovered he had paid three dollars too much for it.

It is all a part of the game. Nobody need complain, for nobody need buy unless he wants to. The shopkeepers are there to cheat you, and you are there to be cheated. If you can escape, you are lucky. People back home can exist without coral necklaces and water-colors and all that sort of thing, you know.

After a bargain is concluded and the shopkeeper has wrung all he can out of you, there is one more pitfall. The article you have bought is taken away to be wrapped up. "Step back this way," said a man who had sold a little marble statuette— And that is another marvelous thing, that marble industry. They must make those winged lions and those Venuses and Adonises and all the rest of that junk by machinery, just as they stencil the water-colors. There are not enough sculptors in the universe to make by hand all they have for sale.

"Step back this way," the shopkeeper said.

"What for?" asked the purchaser.

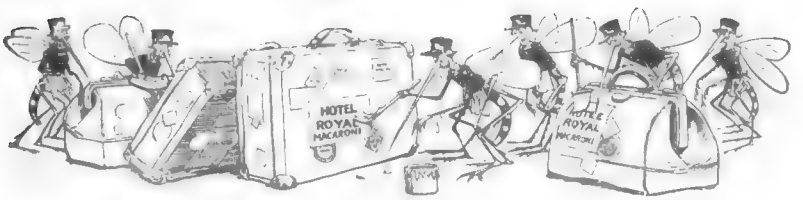
"Why," he replied, surprised at the question, "to watch that we do not substitute in the wrapping-room something inferior for your purchase."

He knew about himself.

There is plenty of fun to be had in Venice, although most of the visitors are inclined to take their visit seriously. You can muse over the dead past until your head is numb, if you like that sort of thing, and can spend days in exploring, and exclaiming over, spotted historical spots. If you go in for art, there is no end of it. Still, by the time he gets to Venice, Old Masters and liberally restored churches and mildewed palaces have rather palled on the ordinary tourist. They have concerts at night on barges out on the lagoon, and it is romantic enough for the most fastidious to be rowed out and recline lazily in a gondola while the Grand Royal National Italian Concert Company tinkle on guitars and mandolins and sing Italian songs. Everybody you know who is in Europe when you are there will get to Venice sooner or later, for Venice, next to Paris, is the best advertised spot on the globe.

And the people—the people are a joy. Nice, smiling little twenty-cent brigands, who can't help trying to rob you; funny wee soldiers, who walk as if their feet were sore; swarthy gondoliers, who grin at you amiably, and curse you with abandon when you spring the tariff on them; hordes of merchants with useless souvenirs to sell you at extortionate prices; interesting inhabitants of the crooked streets in the middle of the city; haughty hotel-keepers who condescend to entertain you; monks, priests, singers, artists, guides, high-born Italian ladies out for an airing; bands playing, festivals on the canals, illuminations, spoony moonshine: and you the legitimate prey of everybody in the place —except your fellow travelers, and sometimes of them—from the highest to the lowest, from the aristocrats of the Venetian-glass industry to the hookers at the steps of the quays.

"Across the Alps lies Italy," said Napoleon. 'Twas hard indeed to fool the Little Corporal: and nowhere, under those sunny skies, are they more economical of the truth than in Venice—Venice rising from the sea.



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THE MAN AT KEY WEST

By CARTER GOODLOE

Author of "At the Foot of the Rockies," etc.

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

I SAT with the vicomte in the doorway of the Jockey Club and watched the *enfilade* of carriages move slowly and luxuriously by in San Francisco Street between the long lines of interested masculine onlookers. No one was more surprised than myself at my being found thus familiarly—and I may confess, pleasantly—associating with my brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Lamennais. I had always entertained an amiable contempt for Raoul as the frivolous descendant of an old and decayed aristocracy, tempered, since his marriage to my well-dowered sister, by an unwilling admiration for him as an astute business man.

But in spite of our widely different viewpoints and the jaded nerves that had sent me down to Mexico on a visit, de Lamennais and I got on surprisingly well. In fact, I even came to enjoy the hour spent daily in his society at the Jockey Club. His two years' residence in the Mexican capital had resulted in an astonishingly wide acquaintance with the fashionable world, and his mind—which reveled in biographical data and should have been devoted to editing a society paper—retained a multitude of diverting and intimate bits of information concerning every one worth while. It was therefore sufficiently amusing to sit with him at the Jockey Club and listen to his comments on the occupants of the carriages that rolled by.

It was on one of these occasions that I noticed for the first time a low victoria, in a corner of which sat huddled up a white-haired man, old and devastated-looking. He sat in melancholy silence and inactivity, apparently unrecognized and unrecognizing in the gay throng. The halting gait of the horse and the shabby gentility of the coachman's livery added a touch of pathetic decadence to the equipage.

I noticed with unaffected surprise that, as the victoria stopped before the club for an instant—a seller of flowers had thrust his wares into the Chilian minister's carriage and the whole line had come to a standstill as a consequence—Raoul bowed to the gray, bent figure and signaled him with his fingers in Mexican style. The brooding eyes brightened and the lax hand went up perfunctorily to the brim of the silk hat. The recognition was over in an instant and the victoria passed slowly on with its melancholy occupant.

"Who is he?" I asked involuntarily. De Lamennais's acquaintance lay so conspicuously among the happy rich that I thought my curiosity pardonable. A reminiscent look crept into his brown, ruminant eyes. He leaned forward slightly, dangling his monocle on its silk cord, and gazing after the disappearing carriage.

"That," he said slowly, "is one of the most interesting men in Mexico—Don Luis de Monterilla."

"Why interesting?" I demanded, somewhat impatiently—for it was a new and not particularly agreeable sensation to be kept waiting on de Lamennais's mental processes. Usually one was rather more occupied in stemming the exuberant flow of information.

He turned a pitying eye on me.

"Ah! then you have never heard of the great Barcelona Lottery scandal!" It was as though I had confessed to having never heard of Helen of Troy, or the Wars of the Roses, or the destruction of Pompeii!

"My dear fellow, what time has a busy American engineer for lotteries and their scandals?" I began, testily enough.

"True, true, *mon cher*," murmured de Lamennais with irritating suavity. (I was beginning to discover that it was impossible to disagree with Raoul.) "But this was the

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talk of two continents. It happened back in the early nineties—Don Luis was a comparatively young man and had just been made president of the newly established *Banco de España* here. The great lottery scandal nearly broke the bank and quite ruined the financial reputation of the young president. It made him what you see him to-day—a disappointed, broken-down old man."

Raoul's eyes were no longer ruminant—they sparkled with an anticipatory pleasure of spicy revelations, of thrilling narrative. He leaned forward interestedly, and I perceived that the torrent of words for which I had waited in vain a few minutes before was about to descend upon me, cutting off retreat. I felt a sudden irritation. To be pitied for one's ignorance and then to be deluged with information, *nolens volens*, was too much. I determined to forestall de Lamennais, and, rising with an indifference that I was far from feeling—for I confess my curiosity was piqued and I should have enjoyed nothing more than hearing the history of Don Luis de Monterilla and the Barcelona Lottery scandal—I lit a cigar with elaborate nonchalance.

"Not now, my dear de Lamennais," I murmured between puffs. "Another time I shall be enchanted—I have a fancy for a stroll in the Alameda before dinner," and I sauntered off. Five minutes afterward I was intensely sorry for my momentary irritation, and was regretting the loss of what promised to be an interesting story. I even determined to lead up to the subject again on the earliest possible occasion and pay Raoul the double compliment of inviting and listening to his reminiscences. Fate had better things in store for me, however.

The Alameda was one of the things that made life in Mexico City possible for me. Its exquisite beauty soothed my tired nerves inexpressibly, and that beauty never appealed to me more than in the late afternoon, just before the short, fragrant twilight. As I turned into the park from the Plazuela de Guardiola, I thanked Heaven and Porfirio Diaz for the hundredth time for such a spot of loveliness in the center of that great city.

It was delightful, strolling around under the big eucalyptus and cypress trees. The last strains from the military band vibrated softly; troops of children, marshaled by their nurses, passed by; beautiful women, laughing and chattering with their escorts, sauntered gaily down the flower-scented paths. I sank upon one of the wide stone benches that encircled a *glorieta*, adorned with a fountain whose nymph dashed a silver spray over the water-lilies sleeping in the basin, and puffed luxuriously at my Havana cigar. Even to a man as hard-worked as I had been the mere joy of living appeals irresistibly at times. I reflected that, given a little longer leisure in this delightful Mexican capital, I might develop into as gay a hedonist as de Lamennais himself!

I was aroused from this amusing speculation by the sudden sharp movement of a man who sat a few feet from me on the stone bench. I had barely noticed him at first—had seen only a sullen-looking figure with a soft hat pulled down over the eyes. Now as I looked I saw his face, which had turned quite pale despite his dark and tanned skin. He was gripping the bench hard with fingers that whitened at the knuckles, and was staring at a figure just entering the *glorieta* from the opposite side. I followed his gaze and started a little, too, as I recognized the bent, white-haired man whom I had seen half an hour before in his victoria. Evidently he had dismissed it and come for a stroll in the gardens.

He walked slowly, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes on the ground. As he neared us I thought the man beside me would have risen and moved away, but Don Luis passed by, oblivious of our presence, and the man sank back upon the bench with what I fancied was a sigh of relief. He gazed after the departing figure with a curiously intense interest.

I waved a hand toward the retreating Mexican. "You know him?" I asked.

"*Cómo no?*" he replied with an ungracious enough shrug of the shoulders.

"Why not, indeed?" I echoed lightly.

"Every one in Mexico City recognizes Don Luis de Monterilla."

"So I understand," I replied gravely. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me why."

The man moved uneasily on the seat again and glanced at me a little suspiciously, I thought.

"It concerns the great scandal of the *Real Loteria de Barcelona*. Perhaps you will not be interested, señor?" he said carelessly.

I passed him a cigar.

"On the contrary," I assured him, "I feel that I shall be much interested. I am a stranger here—I saw Don Luis for the first

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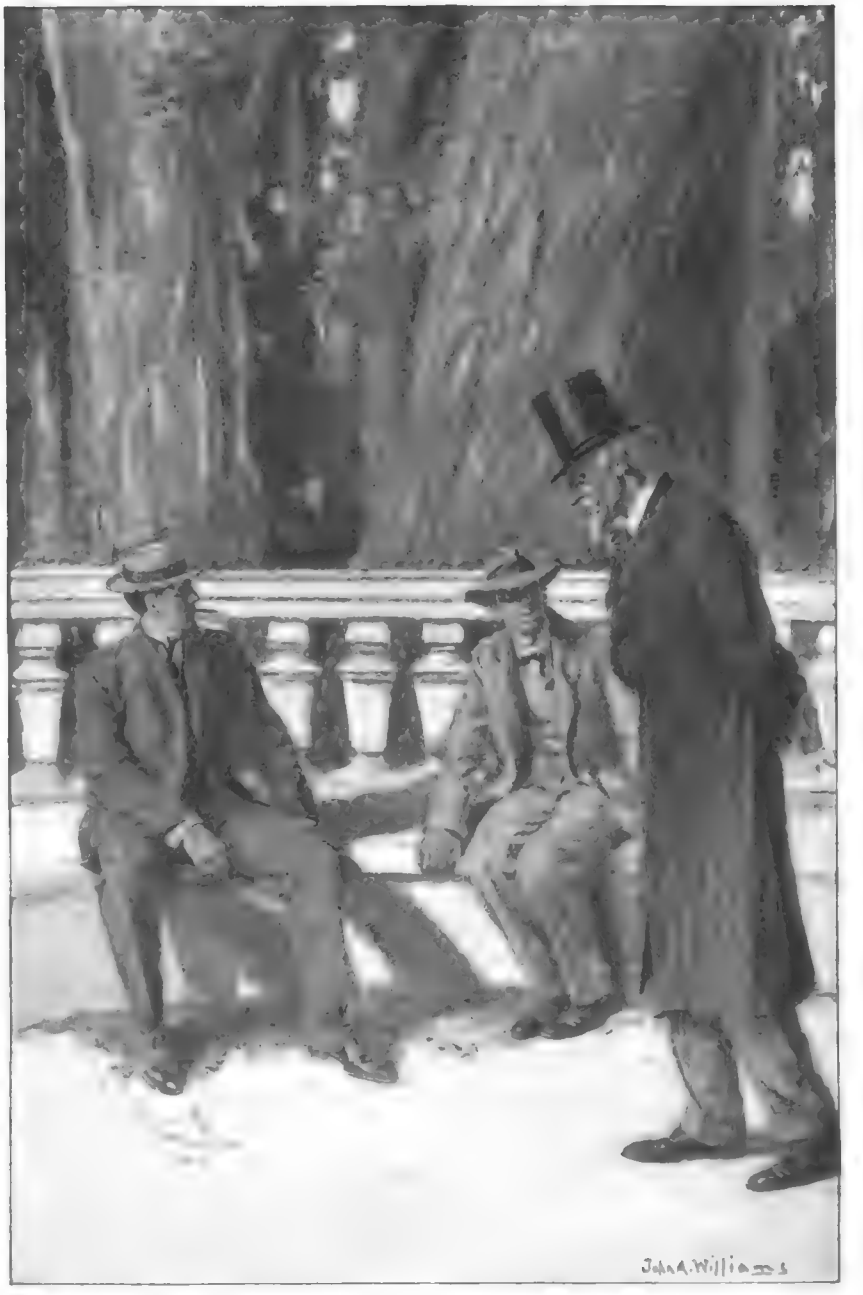

I WAS AROUSED BY THE SUDDEN SHARP MOVEMENT OF A MAN WHO SAT A FEW FEET FROM ME.

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time this afternoon. His personality interests me immensely."

"A stranger, señor? And you will be leaving soon?" He was rolling the cigar meditatively between his thumb and forefinger.

"Unfortunately, yes," I replied. "My enforced vacation is almost at an end. I have been ill, but am so far recovered now that I have no excuse for lingering in your very beautiful city."

The man bowed slightly, while to my surprise an ironical smile distorted his lips for an instant.

"*Mil gracias*, señor! Of course I have Don Luis's story only from hearsay. I was not in Mexico at the time." He struck a match and lit his cigar. "But the whole affair was so much talked about then, and indeed for long afterward, that I dare say, although I have never tried to tell it before, I could piece the story together, if you care to hear it, señor."

Although his Spanish was perfectly idiomatic and interlarded with a profusion of slang, quite untranslatable, there was something intangibly foreign now and then in his accent. I couldn't for the life of me decide what tongue it reminded me of. The whole man puzzled me a little, for I could not quite make out to what class he belonged. I had a good look at his face now, for he had thrust his hat far back on his head and, stretching out his legs, rammed his hands into his pockets. The cigar hung on his lower lip as he spoke. He was hardly a laboring man, for an air of leisure had settled down on him, but assuredly a leisure grafted on a working foundation. He did not give me much time for speculation, however, for after a few preliminary puffs at his cigar, he plunged into his story.

"It was back in '90. Don Luis was probably a man of forty. What? Yes—I know he looks sixty-five, but he is nothing like so old. I myself look older than I am—I was but a young man—a boy—of twenty when it happened." He paused an instant and knocked the ash from his cigar. "You would have thought me older, is it not so, señor?"

I looked at the lines in the thin face, at the hair whitened at the temples.

"Without offense, yes," I assented. He shook himself a little and laughed shortly.

"I am not a woman, señor, to mind such things. To continue. It was the summer of '90, and Don Luis had just been made president of the newly established *Banco de España*. It was a great honor for such a young man. He had come up from the southern country at twenty-five, a poor, unknown youth, and in fifteen years he had risen to the top of the pot. Some say that President Diaz took an interest in him because he was from his own town, Oaxaca. However that may be, his success was extraordinary—and perhaps that made his failure seem the blacker."

He paused a moment and drew at his cigar, which was going gray.

"I am beginning very awkwardly, I fear," he said at length, "but you will please remember that though I have heard the story of the Barcelona Lottery fraud over and often, this is the first time I have ever tried to tell it—and I am no born story-teller.

"Perhaps I should have told you that the *Real Loteria de Barcelona* immediately appointed the new *Banco de España* its financial agents in Mexico—a piece of great good fortune, so the directors thought, for they saw visions of a good commission from the lucky winner, should he happen to be a Mexican.

"The drawing was to be the tenth of July—you see how well the story has been impressed upon my mind, señor—and every town of any size both in Spain and over here in Mexico was agog with excitement, for the first prize was colossal—five hundred thousand pesetas, if you please. The Louisiana Lottery found itself eclipsed, and the Barcelona prize was the talk of the States as well as of Mexico. It was a big sum, was it not, señor? It sounds big even in American money—$100,000! A man might work a lifetime and not save a quarter as much."

He ceased speaking for an instant and puffed at his cigar with a curious far-away look in his eyes, which were blue and went strangely with his dark hair and skin.

"A large sum," I assented. "Quite enough to interest a man in lotteries who had never been interested before."

"It seemed to interest two of your compatriots at least, señor—the señor is American, I take it?" I bowed. "Ah, I thought so! But I must go back a little.

"About the middle of the afternoon of June fifteenth, a little tramp steamer from New Orleans slopped her way into the harbor at Key West and rubbed her nose along the rickety wharf. She was disreputable-looking even for a coastwise tramp, and her passengers scrambled ashore fast, as though glad

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to get away from her. They were not a very good-looking lot themselves—in fact, there seemed to be but two cabin passengers, two well-dressed gentlemen who strolled up the street making polite inquiries as to where the cable office was. They had been detained beyond their expectations by the slowness of the trip and were obliged to send some business messages at once to Paris and Barcelona in consequence. Those were the old days when cables were sent by way of Key West. Have you ever been to Key West, señor?"

I shook my head. "Never," I said.

"It's a nice enough place, as coast towns go. A bit hot, you understand, and the fever cuts loose there now and again—or so I've heard. The relay station is not a bad hole at all. It has a corrugated iron roof and stands far out on the point, where it can catch the breeze from the Gulf. But it's infernally *triste* out there, and the pay is small, and the cable operator has too much time to think.

"On a hot afternoon in June, with the iron roof beginning to sizzle over one's head, and a heaving, tepid ocean stretching away indefinitely before one's eyes, and the fever raging in the town at one's back—the fever was pretty bad that summer of '90—you can understand that a lonely cable operator might be tempted to think his lot a hard one, to wish himself back in the cool northern places, to be desperate enough to curse the poverty that chained him to his table with its ceaseless tapping hammers—" He stopped suddenly. He was leaning forward and beating a nervous tattoo on the stone bench.

I looked down at his long, thin fingers. He followed my gaze.

"Yes," he said, with a slight shrug, "I have done many things for a livelihood—I was a telegraph operator, too—for a short while. *Cómo no*, señor?"

"*Naturalmente*," I observed courteously.

"It's a dog's life," he complained. "I was stationed at a lonely post once myself, señor, and I can imagine just how glad the little chap in the Key West cable station was when the two strangers walked in and woke him up from his afternoon nap. The mere sight of them brought back interest and excitement into his life. It was a call from the outside world."

He pulled his hat down over his eyes and tossed away the burnt-out end of his cigar.

"Perhaps the little devil's loneliness worked on their sympathies, perhaps they had many messages to send; at any rate, it was afterward remembered that they spent at least two hours in the cable station. What they talked about, what took place there only those three have ever known.

"In the late afternoon, as luck would have it, the Campeche was to sail for Galveston and Vera Cruz, and the two strangers disappeared from Key West as suddenly as they had come.

"A week later they registered at the Iturbide here in Mexico City. They had brought letters of introduction to several prominent business men, and in another week Señor Forster and Señor Alden, two gentlemen from New York, representing a colossal hardware firm there, were well-known figures at the Jockey Club, on the Paseo, and at the bull-ring. They were greatly fêted, as much for their agreeable personalities as for the large business interests they claimed to represent. From no one did they receive greater attention than from Don Luis, to whom they had first presented their credentials. The discussion of several business undertakings, involving mutual financial benefit, drew them together, and it was looked upon as a fitting acknowledgment of the consideration shown them when on the first of July they tendered Don Luis and several of his bank officials a luncheon in the Casino Español.

"As was inevitable, the conversation turned on the great Barcelona Lottery, the drawing for which was so near, and when a vender appeared crying out '*Boletas de la Real Loteria de Barcelona*,' and thrust his tickets upon the gentlemen, Alden good-naturedly bought one out of compliment to his guests, the financial agents of the lottery.

"There was much merriment over his purchase and many good wishes were floated in champagne, as you may understand, señor. It is not every day that one can have even the fraction of a chance at five hundred thousand pesetas! Señor Alden took their joking with great good-humor, and, thrusting the ticket carelessly in his pocket, led the conversation back to the discussion of the business affairs in which he and Forster were so deeply interested.

"Shortly after this it seemed as if the two *Americanos* and the officials of the *Banco de España* were about to come to a financial understanding, when unfortunately the two señores received messages from New York recalling them on matters of importance. This happened on the ninth of July, and they immediately informed Don Luis that negotia-

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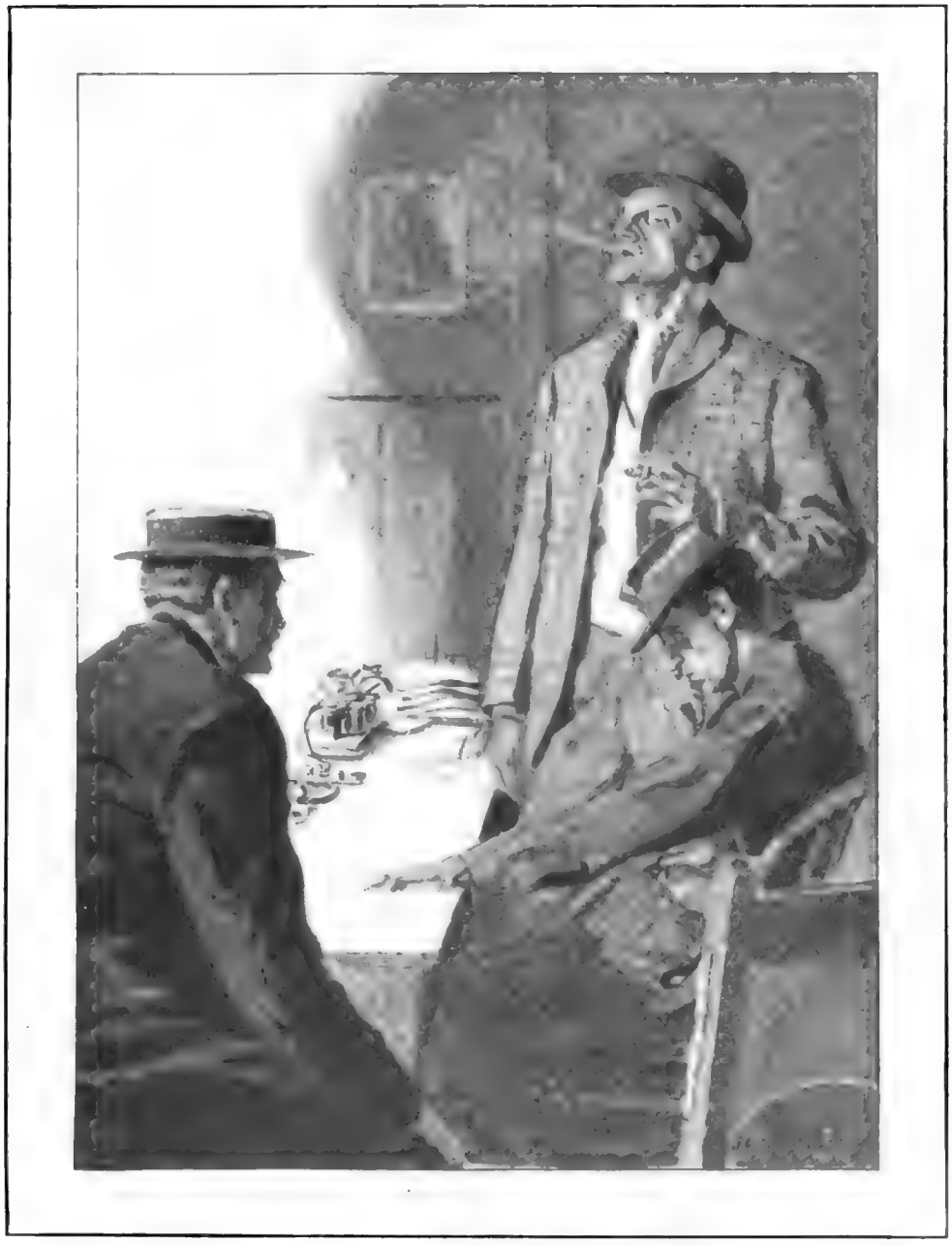

IT WAS A CALL FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

tions would have to be suspended temporarily until they could make the trip to New York, and invited him to a farewell luncheon the next day at the Casino Español."

"The day of the drawing," I commented.

"By a singular coincidence—yes, señor."

He ceased speaking and sat silent for a full minute, staring through the gathering darkness. I passed him another cigar, and he shook himself together with a little shiver.

"*Gracias*. Where was I? Oh, yes—perhaps you do not know, señor, that it is on the

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blackboard of the Casino Español that the lottery drawings are posted as they come in by wire. Well, the two American señores and their friends were just beginning on their *aguacate* salad when a shout went up all over the big restaurant, as the marker strode up to the board and posted the winning number of the Royal Barcelona Lottery, just cabled over. Every eye was fascinated by that number—627941, chalked up in big, unmistakable figures. It meant a fortune—a life of ease—the realization, perhaps, of dreams, of ambitions—to the man of destiny who had paid but a few lucky *reales* for it. The shout sank to a confused murmur as a hundred lips repeated mechanically, '627941.'

"At the table of the *Americanos* Forster was the first to speak. His face was pale. He turned and laid a hand on Alden's arm.

"'My dear fellow, where is that lottery ticket you bought the other day? I can't remember the number exactly, but I would be willing to swear it was something very like 627941——'

"Don Luis leaned forward excitedly. 'I think the señor is right—it was something very like that number——'

"But Alden only smiled. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'I was never a lucky devil, and moreover I haven't the ghost of an idea where the ticket is—' He was searching in all his pockets.

"Forster groaned. 'Oh, you careless idiot! You have probably left it on your *tocador* or given it to the laundress or——'

"'Hold on, old man!' cried Alden suddenly.

"From the depths of an inner pocket he drew forth a crumpled piece of paper and spread it out on the table before his guests. There, plain as day, señor, could be read the magic number 627941! The news ran like a tongue of fire through the restaurant, and a shout that threatened to shatter the glass roof went up. Toasts were drunk to the lucky *Americano* and his friends, and congratulations poured in upon them. In the midst of the excitement they made their escape to the Iturbide to talk the thing over.

"'I am sure there is a mistake,' laughed Alden. He was one of your jovial Americans—always ready for a laugh or a joke even on himself. 'You had better cable over yourself,' he said, turning to Don Luis, 'and see that no mistake has been made in the number. I wouldn't like to get your bank into trouble,' he said gravely.

"'Deposit your ticket with us for the night, señor,' replied Don Luis, 'and all proper precautions will be taken. I will cable at once to Barcelona for confirmation of the number.'

"'Blessed are those who expect nothing,' said Alden, still laughing. 'I shall not be disappointed if one or more of those little figures is wrong.'

"'Rest assured, señor, we shall satisfy ourselves thoroughly on that subject. The *Banco de España* will not give up five hundred thousand pesetas without good authority for doing so,' said Don Luis somewhat grimly. 'Glad as I am to believe you the lucky winner, I must protect my bank.'

"'Right you are,' said Alden heartily, in no wise offended by the banker's business-like tone. Indeed, he took the whole stupendous affair with a jovial light-heartedness, a careless pleasure that was nothing short of wonderful, even to Forster, who looked on at his friend's superb good fortune with evident enjoyment. Don Luis was far more excited over it and awaited the reply to his cable with the utmost impatience. It came direct and read, '627941—winning number.'

"Only then did Alden begin to believe in his good luck.

"'If it should be all right I'm confoundedly glad you will get the bonus, Don Luis,' he said. 'I only regret that this sudden trip to New York will prevent my spending some of the prize money right here. Forster and I will have to wait until we get back to share my good fortune with you.'

"'Ah, you wish to be paid the money at once?' There was an anxious note in the banker's voice.

"'Yes—you see this trip to New York makes it imperative—' Alden was speaking, but Don Luis scarcely heard him. He was busy with his own thoughts. He was to pay out $100,000 in gold and there were chances that looked horrible to him. Suppose there were some mistake?—but how was it possible?

"'Don Luis still seems a little dubious,' Forster's cold voice broke in on the banker's meditations.

"'By Jove, I don't blame him,' laughed Alden. 'It's a big sum. Isn't there some other way of making assurance doubly sure, señor?'

"Don Luis thought for a moment. 'Yes,' he said. 'With your permission I will cable to my confidential correspondent in the *Banco de Barcelona*. There can be no doubt after that.'

"And there was none even in Don Luis's

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mind when the next morning he received the reply direct, 'Winning number 627941.'

"Without further ado the lucky *Americano* was paid the gold, and the same night he and his friend took the train for El Paso, attended to the station by a troop of friends who showered congratulations, good wishes, fruits, and flowers on the *simpatico* strangers."

The man ceased speaking again and sat in the falling darkness, his thin, nervous hands clasped about his knee, his eyes peering into the night.

"Well?" I said. He started nervously.

"Well—it was two weeks later that the Spanish mail-steamer came in bringing the printed official drawing list of the Barcelona Lottery. It was opened in the *Banco de España*——"

"And number 627941?" I queried impatiently.

"There was no 627941." He leaned back against the stone balustrade and pushed his hat off his forehead. Even in the darkness I could see how pale he was. "The number was not on the drawing list at all."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Neither did Don Luis and the bank officials. They cabled their head bank in Barcelona, and the reply came back that they had received no inquiry on the subject of the winning lottery number and therefore could not have cabled that 627941 was the correct one. To the long and explicit cable sent the lottery office by Don Luis, half crazy by now with apprehension, the reply came that it had not advised him that any sold number had drawn the capital prize, for it had fallen to the lot of one of the unsold ones."

"And the explanation?" I demanded, leaning forward to see his face in the gathering darkness.

"There was but one, señor, and but one who could give it—the man at Key West."

He got to his feet suddenly, shaking down his trousers and settling the soft hat on his head. I laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Confound it, man, finish your story! What about him?—the man at Key West?"

"Oh, he? He had disappeared on the thirteenth—resigned on account of ill health. They never found him. Perhaps he is still wandering about in some alien land, a forlorn devil, poor in spite of his ill-gotten riches—at any rate he vanished as utterly as the two *Americanos*, señor."

"Our countrymen are clever, undoubtedly," I said, flicking the ash from my cigar.

The man raised his eyes inquiringly to mine. "*Our* countrymen, señor?" he hazarded.

I smiled. "*Cómo no?* as they say here—for if I am not greatly mistaken you are an American like myself," I said. I could see his lip twitch at my guess.

"Long ago—perhaps," he mumbled

"And Don Luis?"

"He never recovered from the blow to his business reputation. The bank made good in the course of time, but some of the directors forced him out, a new president was chosen, and Don Luis's career was ended."

"I can fancy how he must love the man at Key West!" I murmured, "for he was the *deus ex machina*. The other two could have done nothing without him."

"He would kill him, strangle him with his own hands, could he but see him once, eh, señor?" The evening air was cool by this time, but the man standing before me wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Undoubtedly," I replied composedly. "It would be but common prudence to keep out of his sight."

"*Evidentemente*," he said with a shrug. "I must be going, señor. *Buenas noches*."

"Good night, and a thousand thanks for your story." I smiled a little. "It's a good one, but I shall not tell de Lamennais," I said. He stared, not understanding, and then, turning away, moved rapidly off. I watched him as he went past the nymph in the silver spray, out into the fragrant darkness. "Perhaps we shall meet in the States some day," I called out to him.

He stopped an instant and threw me a look over his shoulder. There was a curious expression on his face.

"I shall never go back," he said.

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From the Pennsylvania Institution.

OUR BLIND CITIZENS

By JOHN MACY

Illustrated with photographs

BLIND men teach us that there is none so blind as those who see.

Once I was in a smoking-car playing whist with three blind men. We had an ordinary pack of cards with the denominations in raised points on the corners. The car was crowded and the passengers in our vicinity were pressed close about us. They were most courteous and kind, and overwhelmed us with cigars, until one of my friends, a cornetist, feared the effect of too much smoking on his "horn-lip," and another, a tenor, had to plead for his voice against further indulgence. In this group one could see exemplified the kindly ignorance of the public about the blind. For although we called our cards as we played them and discussed the plays, the spectators talked to one another and to me as if my blind friends were also deaf and could not overhear. And when one of the blind men made an unusually good play, our fellow passengers applauded as one would pat a child on the back or cry "Bravo!" to a one-armed acrobat performing a difficult trick on the vaudeville stage. Yet many blind men are adept in cards.

This incident explains what a blind man meant who said to me that it was not blindness that kept him down, but the prevailing assumption on the part of the seeing that the blind man cannot do what he *can* do.

If all the instruction of good schools is lavished on a blind man and he attains a

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high degree of skill, his labor is arid and his ambition is but sorrow unless his fellow men employ his skill, accord it the recognition without which no man has heart for effort, and give for it the wage which is the laborer's right. Perhaps the readers of EVERYBODY'S will submit to a mild lecture on the square deal for the blind man, if they remember that any one of us may be suddenly thrown into the night of blindness or see friend or kinsman slipping into the abyss, so deep and dark when we do not understand it, so full of brave possibilities when we look searchingly into it.

There have been schools for the blind in our older states for three quarters of a century and in the newer states for a generation. These schools are only for children, a small part of the blind. How well some of them do the work for which the public supports them may be suggested by the fact that the director of a famous institution, who held his position for thirty years, could not read any of the raised-point systems in which books are printed for the sightless; and in another school pupils have been primed in advance for the questions they were to be asked on the examination papers. This made an excellent showing of successful scholarship to the trustees—usually distinguished citizens who know little about the blind. Some of the state institutions are fuddled with politics. And in general the education of the blind suffers, as does much American education, from the lack of trained men in the teaching profession, from the prevailing third-rateness to which, by withholding social honor and adequate money recompense, we have forced the manly occupation of instructing the young.

From Mass. Commission for Blind.

A BLIND WORKER AT ART-FABRIC WEAVING, IN THE SHOP OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

Now, however, the worst of the old order is passing. Amateur associations, physicians, charity experts, women's clubs, have united to bring the true needs of the blind to public attention, to open wide certain institutions which have fostered sham and incompetence, and to uphold the work of sincere and enthusiastic teachers. That there are many such teachers united in hopeful labor no one can doubt who attended the convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind in Boston last year. There successful blind men and women from England, Canada, Massachusetts, California, and seeing teachers from a dozen American states met to survey new paths for the blind and to clear the rubbish from the old paths.*

What can blind men do?

I have before me the report of the Royal Glasgow Asylum for the Blind in Scotland. In three years the average annual sales of work done by the blind in that institution amounted to nearly £30,000. The variety of occupations shown in the report is astonishing to one who does not know what to expect of sightless men. Here is pictured a class of twelve boys operating typewriters in conjunction with phonographs. Blind men are operating circular saws, band-saws, and grindstones. A class of girls is working at power sewing-machines. The picture of the blind workers' swimming-club

* The best record of the current achievements of the sightless and of work in their behalf is to be found in *The Outlook for the Blind*, a quarterly magazine published in Cambridge by the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Blind.

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From the Pennsylvania Institution.

BLIND CHILDREN IN A ROCKING-BOAT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

This romping group of blind girls suggests that the difference between the blind and the seeing may easily be exaggerated.

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From the New York Association for the Blind.

A BLIND BARBER WHO WORKS AT THE BROOKLYN HOME FOR BLIND MEN.

Shaving is a long distance from selling shoe-strings. It is one of the hundred occupations in which the blind engage.

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shows a group of sturdy men who do not look as if they passed their days in selling shoestrings or playing a fiddle on the street corner. We see boys at work with carpenters' tools, learning basketry from a blind instructor, running foot-power turning-lathes; girls making brushes and twine netting; men making cork fenders and sieves.

Visitors to the Jamestown Exposition may have seen the beautiful rugs and curtains manufactured by blind men and women under the supervision of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind. Similar fabrics are being sold every day at the salesroom in Boston and at the new shop opened this summer at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Orders have come from other states and other nations, and some of the great stores in Boston and New York have put the goods on sale. The workmanship is excellent, and is all the product of hands not guided by sight, though done under the direction of seeing designers. The blind workers receive fair wages, and are happier than they have ever been before during their years of blindness. They are not geniuses, not "wonderful," but ordinary blind persons, properly trained.

A wire-worker in Massachusetts who lost his sight is enabled, with some assistance and instruction, to continue his old trade. Another Massachusetts man, stone blind, has invented a "Wunder mop" and the machinery for making it. A trade in this mop is being built up through Boston, and some day there ought to be blind agents out with it all over the country. The same man has invented an improved track broom for use on car rails.

The other day I saw at the rooms of the Massachusetts Commission a split-cane stool. The frame had been made by a blind man. The cane had been woven by another blind man. And a third blind man, the assistant superintendent employed by the commission, had taught the workers.

Blind men have proved their skill in many occupations. They have established their ability as musicians, teachers, repairers and tuners of pianos, cobblers, weavers, carpenters, basket-makers, mattress-makers, masseurs, typewriters, operators of private telephone exchange boards, farmers, poultrymen, merchants, sales-agents, shopkeepers. The United States Census Bulletin shows that the blind and their friends have reported over a hundred occupations in which one or more sightless persons are at present engaged. From this bulletin, of course, we cannot tell how well they succeed.

From N. Y. Ass'n for Blind.

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK BLIND MEN'S CLUB IN HIS OFFICE, TYPEWRITING FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.

The question of pecuniary success aside, there seems no limit to the variety and degree of the achievements of the blind. Some one has said that a blind man can do anything but paint a picture. If the picture has three dimensions, as in sculpture, he can attain high artistic skill. So low a relief as an embroidered design on cloth does not baffle his fingers. Several of the blind weavers in Massachusetts, after working on designs furnished by the seeing designers, have made excellent patterns themselves.

In intellectual pursuits blind men have attained distinction. Nicholas Saunderson, blind from childhood, was professor of mathematics at the Univer-

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From the Pennsylvania Institution.

BLIND BOYS IN THE PLAYGROUND AT OVERBROOK, PA., WHERE BLIND CHILDREN ARE TREATED, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, AS IF THEY WERE NORMAL.

sity of Cambridge in the first part of the eighteenth century. He lectured on optics and the theory of vision! Henry Fawcett, blind at twenty-one, became professor of political economy at Cambridge University, was a member of Parliament for twenty years, and, as postmaster-general in Gladstone's government, introduced the parcels-post. A blind man, Professor E. D. Campbell, holds the chair of chemistry at Ann Arbor. Professor Edward Crowell, who has taught Latin at Amherst for fifty years, has been blind for twenty years. Prescott, the American historian, was nearly blind. All the world has heard of the eloquence of the Hon. T. P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma. General Brayton, the blind boss of Rhode Island, lacks physical sight and perhaps some other kinds of vision. Chris Buckley, the blind boss of San Francisco, prospered for years on his discerning sense of "touch." (And speaking of San Francisco, the Japanese give their blind a practical monopoly in massage.) Dr. Campbell, an American blind man,—who, by the way, has climbed Mont Blanc,—is head of the Royal Normal College

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for the Blind in England. Homer, Milton, and Helen Keller are three wise ones whose paths through the dark have been lighted by the stars of poetry.

Blind men of genius and power stand out as exceptions, not in the kind of thing they have done, but only in the degree of their success. They prove that the brain and the skilfully managed hand are the instruments of human achievement. They force the seeing person to observe himself and discover that he does not depend, or need not depend, so much on his sight as the arrogance of the eye leads him to believe. A pig in the presence of a landscape has excellent vision. A blind man with brains can see, and by means of words make his reader see, an argument —or the battle in "Paradise Lost" between the angels and the fiends. The head and the hand make the human being. In factories you will see operators doing deft mechanical work and hardly looking at the process under their fingers. You will catch yourself letting your eyes wander idly without interrupting many of the ordinary acts of daily life. Blindness makes some things impossible, many other things difficult. But the blind man suffers not so much from the difficulties inherent in blindness as from the disposition on the part of the seeing to draw in the wrong place the line between the surmountably difficult and the impossible.

One of the chief aims of the new movement for the blind is to fix that line where the experience of the successful blind all over the world determines it. The second object is to diminish the difficulties by legitimate assistance. Another object, which is really first and fundamental, is to diminish blindness itself, to annihilate preventable blindness as we have all but annihilated smallpox, and as we shall soon annihilate tuberculosis.

From one third to two fifths of all the sightless have been blinded by avoidable ac-

From the New York Association for the Blind.

A COUNCIL OF FOUR IMPORTANT BLIND MEN AT THE ORIGINAL OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION. THE MAN AT THE RIGHT IS "LOOKING" AT A STATUE BY THE BLIND SCULPTOR, VIDAL.

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cidents, or by curable diseases which have been neglected or ignorantly treated. One of the commonest causes of blindness is *ophthalmia neonatorum*, a virulent germ disease in the eyes of the new-born. The advisable method of treatment by means of nitrate of silver should be known to every physician. Information on this subject is being spread abroad among the profession and the laity by boards of health, oculists, and the medical associations. Happily, we are coming out of our wrappings of hypocrisy and false modesty and can tell the public that *ophthalmia neonatorum* is due to venereal disease, that there are six or seven thousand blind persons in the United States who bear tragic witness to the prevalence of social sin. The moralist may find the evil as deep as he will in human conduct. The oculist is content to point out that almost every case of ophthalmia can be cured if taken in time; that every new-born child should be in the hands of a competent physician; that, in the words of the New York Commission, the continual blinding of babies in a civilized community is a crime.

A large number of cases of blindness result from accidents in factories and machine-shops. Of the safety appliances exhibited in New York a year or so ago many were specially designed to protect the eyes of workmen. The problem of preventing a considerable part of adult blindness belongs, therefore, to the general problem of securing better protection in the industries. Here again our problem comes back to the public. And with the public, the millions of parents entrusted by nature with the important business of bringing up children, lies the duty which the educator, the physician, the philanthropist, are powerless to assume, the duty of safeguarding the eyes of the young against sharp-pointed toys and other instruments of torture. There are optimists who believe that in time no mother in the land will allow her baby to play with the scissors, and no father will celebrate the birth of a great and free country by giving his little boy a life of blindness wrapped up in a cannon cracker.

Is it too much to hope that when our eighty millions of people shall have increased to a hundred and fifty million, the blind will not have increased commensurately to a hundred and fifty thousand?

It is true that we do not know exactly how many blind persons there are in the United States, nor how many there were when the last census was taken. The enumeration of the blind by the United States census is, like all vital statistics for the nation as a whole, unsatisfactory. Blind persons cannot be registered like sheep or bales of cotton. And the democratic United States government lacks the power of other governments to compel a proper report on such undemocratic matters as birth, death, and disease. The federal census cannot at present undertake to make a proper record of all the blind in the country, but it can mark out certain areas for exhaustive investigation, which will afford a better basis for educational and legislative action than a skimming enumeration which attempts to deal with the whole. And the sovereign states can each take up the work. So far Massachusetts and New York are the only states that have made anything like a thorough census. The New York State Commission has individual records of 5,300 blind, but the legislature did not appropriate money enough to finish the work. The Massachusetts Commission is empowered not only to know, but to do; to promote the welfare of all the blind in the state; and the legislature gives it $40,000 a year.

It is worth noting here that the commissions in New York and Massachusetts were appointed as the result of volunteer associations, which worked in the face of opposition on the part of established schools and recognized leaders of the blind; that women started both associations; and that those associations roused the schools and the legislatures of their own states and of other states. In Maine the new work for the blind, led by a blind man, received $20,000 from the legislature. Maryland, New Jersey, and Ohio have commissions. Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dayton, and other cities have new societies for the blind. This past summer the Illinois State Board of Charities appointed a commission to investigate the blind of the state. Chicago has taken the lead in the experiment of educating the sightless in schools for the seeing. Work for the blind has received a new start in many parts of the country. But the basis of all work is knowledge of the subject, and we do not yet even know how many blind there are.

The ratio of blind to seeing established by the commissions in New York and Massachusetts is about one in a thousand, so that there are a hundred thousand, more or less, in this nation. Of these, fully three fourths

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are totally blind or, if not in complete blackness, in a night where common objects are not distinguishable.

Divided according to age, the number of blind increases with advancing years. For the old blind, perhaps a third of all, nothing radical can be done. They must be cared for under the provisions for the maintenance of the aged. But they can be made happier by being taught simple occupations. Young persons, eager to do good, can visit them, read to them, entertain them with music. There has been provided for them a special type clear to aged and insensitive fingers, in which is a considerable library. This type was invented by a blind man, Dr. William Moon. His son, Dr. Robert Moon, is the secretary of the Pennsylvania Home Teaching Society and Free Circulating Library for the Blind. Dr. Moon's address is 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and, so far as the means of his society permit, he supplies to any aged blind person the inestimable consolation of books.

At the lower end of the seven ages is found the smallest number of blind. Of all the sightless only about one in thirty is under ten years. But the blind children under school age are an important, if small, class. Their education must be begun early. Nurseries for blind babies have been established in Brooklyn and Boston. Most blind babies, however, are kept at home, and at home the education must be carefully carried out if the children are to receive the best from the schools later in life. Blind children should be encouraged to romp, taught to dress themselves and eat properly at table.

False pity, which consigns a blind child to a life of inactivity, is in part responsible for the physical disabilities that we find in the blind of school age. The blind as a class are below the average in physique through want of activity and from the very diseases which destroyed their eyes. In the nursery, in the playground, is laid the foundation of a life of agility, dexterity, and self-dependence, or one of helplessness, morbidity, untrained muscles, and under-developed organs. Treat a blind child as if it were normal, let it mingle with other children, and encourage healthy naughtiness, meddlesomeness, and a tendency to explore. It is the child that "gives no trouble" and is content to lie in a corner for whom the mother has most cause to fear.

In any intelligent household the blind child can be taught the Roman letters, embossed on wooden playing blocks, and can learn to read Braille. All members of the family should learn Braille, not only for the sake of teaching him, but in order to write to him when he grows up and is separated from his relatives. Any one can learn the Braille alphabet in a day, read it rapidly (with the eye) in a week, and write it on a Braille machine (which costs only a few dollars) about as easily as one can learn to use a common typewriter.

When the child is of school age he should be sent to the nearest institution. Unless the parents are able to afford private teachers, they should stifle the desire to keep the afflicted child with them. I have a letter from the mother of a blind child living near one of our best schools for the sightless. She confesses, apparently without sense of wrongdoing, that she has kept her son at the age of ten in ignorance, because she feared he might be ill-treated at the institution. Unkindness is not among the faults of those who manage our schools for the blind.

The blind of school age, from six to nineteen years, include about one tenth of the total number of sightless. For this class more has been done than for any other. There are in America over forty institutions for the general education of blind youth. The curriculum is like that in schools for the seeing, with such special apparatus and instruction as are necessary to enable the blind to read and write and pursue the ordinary branches—history, geography, arithmetic, and so on. Like other public schools, some are good, some are not. The people see to it that schools for the seeing are as good as conditions allow. But the education of the blind, being regarded as a mysterious and special business, has been entrusted to a few institutions, which have been free from public scrutiny. The superintendents of one or two institutions have in times past pulled the wool over the eyes of their trustees and have dealt to the public what Huckleberry Finn calls "tears and flapdoodle." But most of the work in the schools is sincere, and it will become more intelligent and efficient the more widely the capacities and the needs of the blind are understood by the public.

It is found that not all the eligible blind children are in school. In New York state, of 600 blind minors over five years of age one half were not in school, and at least

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150 of these should have been. Even in Massachusetts several blind children who should have been in the Perkins Institution and were not there have been found by the commission. In Great Britain education for the blind between five and sixteen years of age has been compulsory for the past fourteen years, and it is also compulsory in Saxony. Compulsory education for every child will come in all American states some day. Meanwhile *it is the duty of the schools for the blind to seek out the children whom they were established to educate.*

The greatest shortcoming of the schools is difficult to remedy, for it lies in part in the nature of blindness. We who see find our work in the world by experience, with or without the help of schools. The blind child must be specially trained to be blind and to work as a blind man; his only time and chance for such training is in the schools; he cannot learn his work when he comes to it, as most of us do. Such training the schools do not adequately provide, as is proved by the records of the graduates. Not all failures, of course, are due to the institutions, but when a scofe of graduates of one institution who have passed the course in piano-tuning are found unable to tune pianos, and when intelligent graduates of another institution, on whom the state of Massachusetts has spent $300 a year, not to speak of the per capita expenditure which the endowed advantages represent, are found in almshouses, still a burden to the state, something is wrong.

The discovery of that wrong was one cause for the creation of the Massachusetts Commission and the New York Association. In Pennsylvania the Institution for the Blind went ahead itself, joining the new movement for the blind at the start. It reports that of the graduates of the new school only fourteen per cent. should be deemed failures.

No one knows what the conditions of the schools are in states where there are no associations, no commissions to get at the facts. Several of the state schools are combined institutions for the deaf and the blind. There is about as much reason in combining a school for the blind with one for the deaf as there would be in combining a hospital for consumptives with an old soldiers' home.

Even where the educational methods are good in kind, the schools have, with some recent exceptions, failed to make enough effort to place their competent graduates in positions they could fill. The graduation exhibition before an admiring public has been the last occasion on which the school has slapped the graduate on the back and praised him. After that the school has shut its doors and has disregarded, or, as a dozen blind men have told me, despised, its alumni. Several finely educated musicians from Massachusetts have told me that no official word was ever spoken for them to help them to opportunities to play in public. And those without talent for music have left school able to do nothing by which they could earn a living. The graduate all too often goes forth to join that great uncared-for group of the blind, those who have lost their sight in the midst of careers as seeing persons, and have not had even the training of a school for the blind.

Lose your sight to-day, what becomes of your business to-morrow? The nature of the problem and its darkest difficulties any one may imagine. The extent of the problem can be computed. The register of the Massachusetts Commission shows that out of 3,800 blind persons in the state there are 1,400 of a working age between twenty and sixty. Of these, after we have eliminated the successful, the well-to-do, the invalid, there are left 800 set down as able-bodied, dependent, and helpable, about a fifth of all the blind.

From the ratio of the Massachusetts register we compute that there are from fifteen to twenty thousand in the whole country able-bodied, dependent, idle. To turn to profit and happiness all this human waste too little has been done, and in thirty of our states nothing has been done.

There are in this country only ten or a dozen industrial workshops and homes that pretend to teach occupations to the adult blind. These shops employ about six hundred. In Great Britain, with less than half as many blind as we have in America, are fifty shops, which employ thirteen or fourteen hundred. The immediate, obvious need is for workshops and industrial schools in every large center. Enough has been done in the shops already established to furnish a model for any one who is ready to take the work up in his community.

The Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind, in Philadelphia, is the largest in the country. It was founded thirty years ago by a blind man. It employs a hundred and thirty men in making brooms, mattresses, rag carpets, and in chair caning. The Connecticut Institute at Hartford, started sixteen

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years ago, is successful in giving a few blind men and women occupation by which they can earn a living at home. It is noteworthy also for its printing establishment, where blind persons operate presses, and stitching- and folding-machines. The Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind makes a specialty of willow work. Everything from a toy basket to a willow cradle is beautifully made, and can be bought by whoever will send to 1323 Vliet Street, Milwaukee. Six years ago Michigan established, with an appropriation of over a hundred thousand dollars, a factory, an industrial home, an employment and information bureau for the blind. Two of the oldest shops are those connected with the state schools for blind children in Massachusetts and Maryland. Good work is being done in industrial homes for the blind in Oakland, California; in Brooklyn, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Cincinnati. A workshop has been opened recently in Colorado, and one will be opened soon in Maine.

The Massachusetts Commission is experimenting with new industries for the blind, extending established shop and home industries, such as the manufacture of mops, brooms, rugs, and curtains, and is canvassing factories for the seeing to find new processes where the blind can work side by side with the sighted.

In New York the new work is more remarkable because it has been carried forward without adequate aid from the state or from private charity. It shows what may be done by energetic and intelligent women in any city, though it may be fairly doubted if two such women as the secretaries and founders of the New York Association live in every great city. They turned their home into a school and information bureau pending the time when money-drenched New York should give them the salesrooms and shops which they needed. They have since moved into new quarters, but the income and the equipment of the Association are still insufficient for the work it has to do in a city where there are 2,300 blind.

New York is always violent in its extremes of goodness and badness, but it is representative of America in its contrasts of progress and stupidity in relation to the blind. The state appropriates money to help blind students in college, which is admirable and idealistic. The same state does not give its commission money enough to complete the investigation which it was appointed to make. The state school at Batavia finds that one quarter of its graduates are self-supporting. The Institution for the Blind in New York City, supported by private endowment, and city and state aid, shows less than ten per cent. of its graduates in gainful occupation. A New York lady, Mrs. Ziegler, endowed the free magazine for the blind, one of the most generous things ever done for the sightless. A New York audience representing several hundred million dollars and some cents gathers in the Waldorf to hear a choice company of bigwigs talk about the blind, and then shells out fewer thousands of dollars than the clothes and carriages for the evening cost. Not daunted, the brilliant association continues to attack a hoary problem with youth and enthusiasm, and proposes to do more good things than can be done in a lifetime. And side by side with all this is the Tammany of blinddom, long presided over by a politician who for revenue only bullies half of the institutions in the country into using New York Point, an illiterate vehicle which retards the education of the blind children on whom it is inflicted. New York is a wonderful place, even when viewed through such a dark glass as blindness.

Whether the new work for the blind be undertaken by state commissions, city boards of education, or private associations, the program is the same:

I.—*To register every blind person and keep the record continually revised.*

II.—*To establish a central employment agency and bureau of information, where blind persons may meet employers and the work of the blind may be kept on sale.*

III.—*To find out by experiment, and by comparing the work done in other countries, what occupations in each community will prove profitable for the blind.* This cannot be determined for all places by the experience of one place. In the old countries the blind make shoes. In this country, as early as sixty years ago Dr. Howe pointed out that "wherever the name of Lynn is known, the blind shoemaker must vacate his bench." But recently two blind cobblers have been established in business within a dozen miles of Lynn. The employment of the blind must be guided by the principles of business, by the conditions of the local markets, by all the factors which determine the profitableness of any occupation.

IV.—*To provide trained teachers of intel-*

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lectual and mechanical pursuits to visit the blind and teach them at home. It is better not to bring too many of the blind together into workshops and homes, but to keep them distributed throughout the community in which they must live. Besides, many of the adult blind, men and women, have domestic duties which make their absence from home for the whole of the day impossible or undesirable.

V.—*To establish trust funds or to secure regular state or municipal appropriations to provide blind workmen with materials for handiwork, or with capital to start a small retail business.*

VI.—*To enlist the interest of trades-unions and manufacturers in finding in factories processes at which the blind can work side by side with the seeing.* One great value of this is to make the workmanship and the capabilities of the blind familiar to all society. At present, for a blind man to go about the streets alone is so unusual as to warrant a newspaper paragraph. For a blind man to go to college furnishes a Sunday supplement with a page of misinformation and gasps of wonder. *Of course,* a blind man properly trained can walk down Broadway to his work. *Of course,* a blind man can go to college. And when we have secured for the majority of our blind honest labor at a living wage, then we shall be ready:

VII.—*To establish scholarships for blind students.*

VIII.—*To provide more books for the blind at lower cost,* including many books used in college courses.

All kinds of efforts to give the adult blind a fair chance have been carried further in France, Great Britain, and Germany than in this country. In Great Britain the intellectual and talented blind are selected for higher education, and when they have become competent as musicians or teachers, the schools and the associations stand behind them and persuade vestrymen and committees to give them a hearing. Dr. Campbell, of the Royal Normal College in London, tells a good story of going to a church committee to recommend a blind organist. The conversation ran something like this:

"But he cannot read music."

"Of course he can. Some of the music is printed in Braille. The rest can be read to him as you would read a book aloud."

"But that is difficult."

"The difficulties are his affair, not yours."

"But it is necessary for him to take charge of the choir and teach the boys. A blind man cannot teach music."

"Can't he? Do you know anything about music?"

"Not a note."

"Well, my five fingers are the staff and my walking-stick is the first line below. See? And this watch is a note. If I put it down there on the cane, that is 'C.' If I move it up just below the little finger, that is 'D.'"

And so the lesson continued rapidly for a few minutes. Finally Dr. Campbell said: "Now you have learned the elements of musical notation."

"Yes, I understand better than I ever did before."

"Well, then, I taught you, and I am a blind man."

Dr. Campbell's candidate got a hearing, and the hearing secured the position.

We need such agents to advance the competent blind, to compel simply a fair trial for blind candidates. It would seem that when good organists are found in so few churches and church choirs are so notoriously bad, the blind ought to be encouraged rather than forbidden to raise the general average of church music.

We also need organizations like the British and Foreign Blind Association to unite all the blind and find opportunity for them, day laborers as well as musicians. One of the agents of the new movement talked to the head of a large printing establishment about trying a blind man at one of the folding-machines. It turned out that the operator had to inspect the copies and throw out soiled ones, so that this process proved unavailable for a blind person, but neither the manager nor the agent knew that when they first talked together. The reply of the manager was that he would gladly help the blind with money, but that he didn't believe in mixing charity with business, and that in another department he had tried a *deaf girl* and she had proved slow and stupid. I suppose that if he had employed a one-legged messenger boy, he would have found in that another argument against the blind man.

Employers are not to blame for assuming that "defective" workmen will do defective work. But the American business man is generous, and if he is approached by an interesting and enthusiastic agent, he is Yankee enough to "want to know" all about the blind man. All that is necessary to secure a place for a competent blind person is to present his

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case to employers with tactful persistence. Miss Holt, of the New York Association, said recently:

"When I asked the head of our telephone company to give a switchboard for blind people to practise on, he thought I was crazy. That was a year ago. I had the pleasure of writing him the other day asking for the installation of a switchboard at our new office, and told him that there are now in the city of New York five blind switchboard operators: two in hospitals in positions of great responsibility, where they have the ambulance calls and other emergency work; two in business houses, and one in the editorial rooms of a great New York daily paper. Three of these switchboard operators are women."

As has been indicated, England leads us not only in organized, aggressive work for the blind, but in the number and the scope of workshops. This is, in part, due to the fact that industrial education for the seeing receives more attention in England than here. The system in the old countries of fitting children for trade operates beneficially for the blind, because it equips the human being for his life work; whereas in America we throw one vast door of common-school education open to everybody. After school days we who see find our places, but much energy is wasted, and the handicapped are left behind in the hot race, instead of being carefully fitted to go as far as possible at their slower rate. Equality of opportunity is a fine motto to carve above the door of a public school, but it does not help to arrange the curriculum of any school of life. For the blind, classification according to ability, and economical nurture of whatever capacities they have, are absolutely necessary.

In France the Association Valentin Haüy has had its employment bureau, the *Société de Placement*, for more than fifty years, and has placed more than sixty organists in French churches and cathedrals. It maintains workshops, libraries, salesrooms. I have seen scissors, knives, and beautiful lace made by its members.

In Germany the Saxon system of "After-Care" illustrates the marvelous unity and coordination of German life, and also its paternalism. The blind live at their homes. Even the small towns have workshops. And over them all is the directing genius of the superintendents of the institutions for the blind, who visit the individual workers, require constant reports from them, furnish materials at cost, and help the workers to sell their goods.

It would be wrong to suppose that the blind in Europe live in an economic paradise. The condition of the blind will always be hard enough everywhere, and in some European countries, in Italy, for instance, they are shamefully neglected. But the best work in Europe is in advance of the work in three quarters of our American states. And the best of our work has only recently become firmly established, though sporadic efforts of all kinds have been made for two generations. The American people, with their abundant means, their generosity, their love of fair play, and their peculiar Yankee delight in human ingenuity, are sure to encourage the blind workman once they understand his needs and capabilities. Whatever is done for him by the schools, by the legislatures, and others technically in authority, the blind man will be our neighbor, and we must see that he is helped to produce what he can, and that he sells the product. It is cheaper to teach him to earn his bread than it is to give it to him.

But the economic argument is a bloodless thing. This is a human problem. The history of the dependent blind is full of eloquent and heart-breaking arguments. Here are some living stories of what the new movement has done:

Several years ago a sensitive girl with the ink fresh on her diploma from the Perkins Institution in Boston was going to begin life in the almshouse. The director was warned that Massachusetts was looking with new interest into the careers of its blind. He found a place for this graduate in the shop connected with the institution.*

A blind man, seventy-seven years old, with a degree from Heidelberg, was sent to the New York Association. He announced his intention to kill himself, but was persuaded to defer suicide for a fortnight. He was set to work teaching English to three blind Germans who could not earn a living in this country until they knew the language. At the end of the fortnight he was telling the Blind Men's Club how useful a blind man can be to the community.

An educated blind man out of work for a year, dependent on a wife who earned seven dollars a week and had an aged mother to support, saw one of two courses open to him:

* The Perkins Institution has a new director and a new spirit.

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to kill his wife by going to the poorhouse or to kill himself. He went to the New York Association. Work was found for him, folding circulars and sealing and stamping envelopes. He was taught to use the typewriter, and he has not committed suicide yet.

Sometimes the association is too late. One of its agents went to visit a blind woman and found that she had killed herself. She had been alone in the world when she was suddenly stricken blind. A neighbor said to the agent: "Oh, if you had only come sooner and told her that she could learn to work and do something again, she would be alive now."

A woman who had been for years at a school for the blind but had learned to do nothing by which she could earn wages was one of those taught by the New York Association to operate a private telephone switchboard. She is now employed by a New York house, and receives the same wages as the sighted operators.

The story of an old soldier who is making brooms in the shop of the New York Association is worth telling. The son of a German ship-builder, he received a mechanical training, left school early, and traveled in the East. He was shipwrecked in the Yellow Sea, and arrived penniless at San Francisco. He started to walk to New York, arrived there in seven months, and sailed for Germany. There he volunteered in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. He joined the engineer corps, and in the Franco-Prussian War saw three hundred days of continuous service, including the battle of Sedan. The din of war made him deaf, and he retired from service to become a lockmaker. In 1884 he lost one eye from accident, and later came to America, leaving his wife in Germany. In New York he worked as a machinist. Soon the sight of his other eye was threatened, and he went to a hospital. All his savings were spent in the vain effort to save his sight. Unable to speak English, without friends, he drifted to an almshouse, and there he learned of his wife's death in Germany. He went to the New York Association for the Blind. The next day he entered the shop, learned broom-making, and is no longer wholly dependent on charity.

What of the thousands whose stories have not been told, in states where there are no associations to hear them? A woman in Iowa writes that she is forty-five years old, a graduate of a school for the blind. She is competent in housework, sewing, and embroidery. All her life she has been in a happy home. Now her kinsfolk are gone. She asks how she can find a place to work, to sell the product of her skill. From North Carolina comes the story of a woman educated in music and competent to teach. Livelihood and pleasure are denied her because she has no piano. Who will answer in Iowa and North Carolina?

Talk to the first blind man on the street corner degraded to beggary. If he is suspicious, whining, confirmed by habit in his life as a social parasite, remember that it is not his fault that his manhood has been debased. If he is ashamed of the label, "Pity the Blind," eager to tear it off his breast, he can be brought before the boards of trade, the women's clubs, any competent and powerful society, and his story can be laid at the foundation in your community of a "Society to Promote the Interests of the Blind."

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THE BIG WIND

By ZONA GALE

Author of "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

ON a day when the spring, hardly awake, had yet a manner of smiling in her sleep, Calliope Marsh told me the story. We sat for a little, resting from a racing walk up the hillside where the squat brick Leading Church of Friendship Village overlooks the valley pastures and the town. Calliope, who is sixty and more, walks like a girl, and with our haste and the keen air her wrinkled cheeks were as rosy as youth.

"Don't seem like March was a real spring month up north here," she had said. "Seems like a extry month that sort o' whims along doin' as it pleases—sometimes buds an' sometimes snow. But when it's snowin' an' a-blowin' the expression off our face it's still spring inside, kind o' hid, secret an' holy. That's the way with lots o' things, ain't it? That's the way," she added thoughtfully, "Abel feels about the Lord, I guess. Abel Halsey—you know him?"

I knew him well—Abel Halsey, that young itinerant preacher who had been ordained a minister of God but never installed pastor of any church. He was a devout man, but the love of far places was upon him, and he lived what Friendship called "a-gypsyin'" off in the hills, now to visit a sick man, now to preach in a country school-house, now to marry or to bury, or to help with the threshing. These lonely rides among the hills were the sole gratification of his *Wanderlust* —save, indeed, that when he could he would always watch a train come in or rush by, savoring the moment of some silent familiarity with distance. Perhaps, too, his little skill at the organ gave him, now and then, an hour resembling a journey.

"You wasn't here when the new church was built," said Calliope, looking up at the building lovingly. "That was the time I mean about Abel. You know before it was built we'd hed church in the hall over the Gekerjecks' drug-store; an' because it was his hall, Hiram Gekerjeck, he just about run the church—picked out the wall-paper, forbid 'em to set the heft of an organ on the floor, an' wouldn't leave his wife give the new hymnals without we'd hev a mortar an' pestle stamped on the covers. It was this last made Abel Halsey—him an' Timothy Toplady an' Eppleby Holcomb an' Postmaster Sykes, the three elders—set to to build a church. An' they done it, too. An' to them four I declare it seemed like the buildin' was a body waitin' for its soul to be born. From the minute the sod was scraped off they watched every stick that went into it. An' by November it was all done an' plastered an' waitin' its pews. It was a-goin' to be dedicated with special doin's—music from the city an' strange ministers. An' I guess Abel an' the elders had tacked printed invites to half the barns in the county.

"I rec'lect it was o' Wednesday, the one next before the dedication, an' windy-cold an' wintry. I'd be'n havin' a walk that day, an' 'long about five o'clock, right about here where we are, I'd stood watchin' the sunset over the Pump pasture there till I was chilled through. The smoke was rollin' out the church chimney because they was dryin' the plaster, an' I run in there to get my hands warm an' see how the plaster was doin'. An' inside was the three elders, walkin' round, layin' a finger on a sash an' a post—the kind o' odd, knowledgeable way men has with new buildin's. The Ladies' Aid had got the floor broom-clean an' the lamp-chandelier filled an' ready; an' the foreign pipe-organ that the Proudfits'd sent from Europe was in an' in workin' order, little lookin'-glass over the keyboard an' all. It seemed real homelike, with the two big stoves a-goin', an' the floor back of 'em piled up with chunks. Everything was all redded up, waitin' for the pews.

"Timothy Toplady was puttin' out his middle finger stiff here an' there on the plaster.

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"'It's dry as a bone,' he says, 'but what I say is this: Le's leave a fire burn here all night to-night, so's to be sure.'

"I rec'lect Eppleby Holcomb looked up sort o' dreamy—Eppleby always goes round like he'd swallowed his last night's sleep.

"'The house o' God,' he says over. 'Ain't that curious? Nothin' about it to indicate it's the house o' God but the shape—no more'n if 'twas a place where the Holy Spirit never come near. An' yet right here in this place we'll mebbe feel the big wind an' speak with Pentecostal tongues.'

"'Seems like,' says Postmaster Sykes, thoughtful—don't you always think he acts like he was weighin' his remarks fer first-class postage?—'seems like we'd ought to hev a little meetin' o' thanks here o' Sat'day night—little informal praise-meetin' or somethin'.'

"Timothy shakes his head decided.

"'Silas Sykes, what you talkin'?' he says. 'Why, the church ain't dedicated yet. A house o' God,' s'e, 'can't be used for no purpose whatso*ever* without it's been dedicated.'

"'So it can't, so it can't,' says the postmaster, apologetic, knowin' he was in politics an' that the brethern was watchin' him, cat to mouse, fer slips.

"'I s'pose that's so,' says Eppleby, doubtful. But he was one o' them that sort o' ducks under situations to see if they're alike on both sides, an' if they ain't, he up an' questions 'em. Timothy, though, he was differ'nt. Timothy was always goin' on about constituted authority, an' to him the thing was the thing, even if it was another thing.

"'That's right,' he insists, his lips disappearin' with certainty. 'I s'pose we hadn't really ought even to come in here an' stan' round, like we are.'

"He looks sidlin' over toward me, warmin' my hands real secular by the church stove. An' I felt like I'd be'n spoke up for when somebody says from the door:

"'You better jus' bar out the carpenters o' this world, brethern, an' done with it.'

"It was Abel Halsey, standin' in the entry, lookin' as handsome as the law allows. An' I see he happened to be there because the through express was about due, an' you can always get a good view of it from this slope here. You know how Abel never misses watchin' a fast train go 'long, if he can help himself.

"'What's the i-dea?' Abel says. 'How can you pray at all in closets an' places that ain't been dedicated? I shouldn't think they'd be holy enough,' s'e.

"'That,' says the postmaster, sure o' support, 'ain't the question.'

"'I thought it couldn't be,' says Abel, amiable. 'Well, what is the question?

"AN' INSIDE WAS THE THREE ELDERS."

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"IT WAS ABEL HALSEY, STANDIN' IN THE ENTRY, LOOKIN' AS HANDSOME AS THE LAW ALLOWS."

Whether prayer is prayer, no matter where you're prayin'?'

"'Oh, no,' says Eppleby Holcomb, soothin'. 'It ain't that.'

"'I thought it couldn't be that,' says Abel. 'Is it whether the Lord is in dedicated spots an' nowheres else?'

"'Abel Halsey,' Timothy tarts up, 'you needn't to be sacrilegious.'

"'But,' says Abel, 'the question is whether *you* 're sacrilegious to deny a prayer-meetin' or any other good use to the church or to any other place, dedicated or not. Well, Timothy, I think you are.'

"Timothy clears his throat an' dabs at the palm of his hand with his other front finger. But before he could lay down eternal law, we sort o' heard, almost before we knew we heard, folks hurryin' past out here on the frozen ground. An' they was shoutin', like questions, an' a-shoutin' further off. We looked out, an' I can remember how the whole slope up from the village there was black with folks.

"We run outside, an' I know I kep' close by Abel Halsey. An' I got hold o' what had happened when somebody yelled an answer to his askin'. You've probably heard all about that part. It was the day the through express went off the track down there in the cut beyond the Pump pasture.

"We run with the rest of 'em—me keepin' close to Abel, I guess because he's got a way with him that makes you think he'd know what to do, no matter what. But when he was two-thirds o' the way acrost the pasture he stops short an' grabs at my sleeve.

"'Look here,' he says, 'you can't go down there. You mustn't do it. We donno what'll be. You stay here,' he says; 'you set there under the cottonwood.'

"You kind o' *haf* to mind Abel. It's sort o' grained in that man to hev folks disciple after him. I made him promise he'd motion from the fence if he see I could help any, an' then I se' down under that big tree down there. I was tremblin' some, I know. It always seems like wrecks are somethin' that happen in other states an' in the dark. But when one's on ground you know like a book an' was brought up on—when it's in the daylight, right by a pasture you've been acrost always an' where you've walked the ties—well, I s'pose it's the same feelin' as when a man you know cuts up a state's-prison caper. Seem's like he *can't* of, because you knew him.

"Half the men o' Friendship run by me, seems though. The whole town'd been rousted up while we was in the church talkin' heresy. An' up on the high place in the road there I see Zittelhof's undertakin' wagon with the sunset showin' in its nickel rails. But not a woman run past me. Ain't it funny how it's the men that go to danger of rail an' fire an' water—but when it's nothin' but birth an' dyin' natural, then it's for women to be there?

"When I'd got about ready to fly away, waitin' so, I see Abel at the fence. An' he didn't motion to me, but he swung over the top an' come acrost the stubble, an' I see he

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hed somethin' in his arms. I run to meet him an' he run too, crooked, his feet turnin' over with him some in the hard ground. The sky made his face sort o' bright; an' I see he'd got a child in his arms.

"He didn't give her to me. He stood her down side o' me—a little thing of five years old or six, with thick, straight hair an' big, scairt eyes.

"'Is she hurt, Abel?' I says.

"'No, she ain't hurt none,' he answers me. 'An' they's about seventeen more of 'em her age, an' they ain't hurt, either. Their car was standin' up on its legs all right. But the man they was with—he's stone dead. Hit on the head, somehow. An',' Abel says, 'I'm goin' to throw 'em all over the fence to you.'

"The little girl jus' kep' still. An' when we took her by each hand an' run toward the fence with her, her feet hardly touchin' the ground, she kep' up without a word, like all to once she'd found out this was a world where the upside down is consider'ble in use. An' I waited with her, over there this side the cut, hearin' 'em farther down rippin' off fence rails so's to let through what they hed to carry.

"Time after time Abel come scramblin' up the sand-bank, bringin' 'em two 't once—little girls they was, all about the age o' the first one, none of 'em with hats or cloaks on; an' I took 'em in my arms an' set 'em down, an' took 'em in my arms an' set 'em down, till I was fair movin' in a dream. They belonged, I see by their dress, to some kind o' home for the homeless, an' I judged the man was takin' 'em somewheres, him that Abel said'd been killed. Some'd reach out their arms to me over the fence—an' some was afraid an' hung back, but some'd just cling to me an' not want to be set down. I can remember them the best.

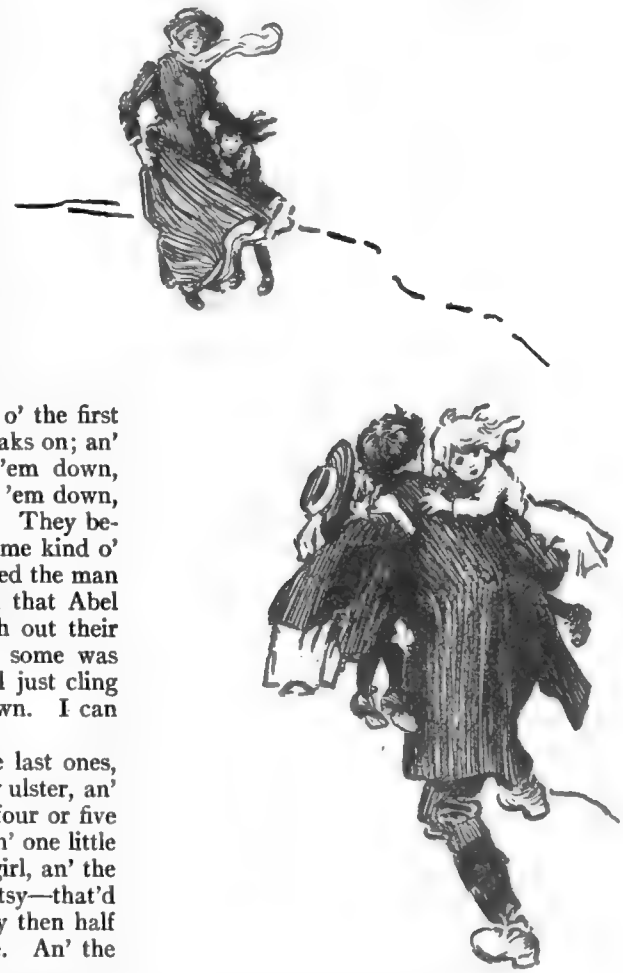
"Abel, when he come with the last ones, he off with his coat an' I with my ulster, an' as well as we could we wrapped four or five of 'em up—one that was sickly, an' one little delicate blonde, an' a little lame girl, an' the one—the others called her Mitsy—that'd come over the fence first. An' by then half of 'em was beginnin' to cry some. An' the wind was like so many knives.

"'Where shall we take 'em to, Abel?' I says, beside myself.

"'Take 'em?' he says. 'Take 'em into the church! Quick as you can. This wind is like death. Stay with 'em till I come.'

"Somehow or other I got 'em acrost that pasture. When I look at the Pump pasture now, in spring like this, or later with vi'lets, or when a circus shows there, it don't seem to me it could 'a' be'n the same place. I kep' 'em together the best I could—some of 'em beggin' for 'Mr. Middie—Mr. Middie,' the man, I judged, that was dead. An' finally we got up here in the road, an' it was like the end o' pain to be able to fling open the church door an' marshal 'em through the entry into that great, big, warm room, with the two fires roarin'.

"I got 'em round the nearest stove an'



"TIME AFTER TIME ABEL COME SCRAMBLIN' UP THE SAND-BANK, BRINGIN' 'EM TWO 'T ONCE."

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rubbed their little hands an' tried not to scare 'em to death with wantin' to love 'em —an' all the while, bad as I felt for 'em, I was glad an' glad that it was me that could be there with 'em. They was twenty—when I come to count 'em so's to keep track —twenty little girls with short, thick straight hair or soft short curls, an' every one with something babylike left to 'em. An' when we set on the floor round the stove, the coals shone through the big open draft into their faces, an' they looked over their shoulders to the dark creepin' up the room, an' they come closer round me—an' the closest-up ones *snuggled.*

"Well, o' course that was at first when they was some dazed. But as fast as their blue little hands was warm an' pink again, one or two of 'em begun to whimper, natural an' human, an' up with their arm to their face, an' then begun to cry right out, an' some more joined in, an' the rest pipes up askin' for 'Mr. Middie.' An' I thought, s'posin' they *all* cried, an' what if Abel Halsey stayed away hours! I donno. I done my best, too. Mebbe it's because I'm just use' to children with my heart an' not with my ways. Anyhow, most of 'em was cryin' prime when Abel finally got there.

"When he come in I see Abel's face was white an' dusty, an' he had his other coat off an' gone, too, an' his shirt sleeves was some tore. But he comes runnin' up to them cryin' children an' I wish't you could 'a' seen his smile—Abel's smile was always kind o' like his soul growin' out of his face, real thrifty.

"'Why, you little kiddies!' s'e. 'Cryin' when you're all nice an' warm! Le's see now,' he says, grave. 'Anybody here know how to play drop-the-handkerchief? If you do,' he tells 'em, 'stand up *quick!*'

"They scrambled round like they was beetles an' you'd took up the stone. They was all up in a minute an' stopped cryin', too. With that he catches my handkerchief out of my hand an' flutters it over his head an' runs to the middle o' the room.

"'Come on!' he says. 'Hold o' hands—every one o' you hold o' hands. I'm goin' to drop the handkerchief an' you'd better hurry up.'

"That was talk they knew. They was after him in a secunt an' tears forgot—them poor little things, laughin' an' hold o' hands an' dancin' in a chain an' standin' in a ring. An' when he hed 'em like that, an' still, Abel begun runnin' round to drop the handkerchief; an' then he turns to me.

"'Only two killed, thank God,' he says as he run, 'the conductor an' M-i-d-d-l-e-t-o-n' —he spells it, an' motions to the children with the handkerchief so's I'd know who Middleton was. 'An' not a scrap o' paper on him,' he goes on, 'to tell what Home he brought the children from or where he's goin' with 'em. Their mileage was punched to the city—but we don't know where they belong there, an' the conductor bein' gone, too—The poor fellow that hed 'em in charge never knew what hurt him. Hit from overhead, he was, an' his skull crushed.'

"It was so dark in the church by then we could hardly see, but the children could keep track o' the white handkerchief. He let it fall behind the little girl he'd brought me first—Mitsy—an' she catches it up an' sort o' squeaks with the fun, an' runs after him. An' while he doubles an' turns, 'They've telegraphed ahead,' he says, 'to two or three places in the city. But even if we hear right off we can't get 'em out o' Friendship tonight. They'll hev to stay here. The depot hotel's got all they can do for—five or six men an' a woman, hurt pretty bad. They couldn't take 'em in. . . .'

"Then he lets Mitsy catch him an' he ups with her on his shoulder an' runs with her on his back, his face lookin' out o' her blue-striped skirts.

"'We'll hev to house 'em right here in the church,' he says.

"'Here?' says I. 'Here in the church?'

"'You know Friendship,' he says, hoppin' along. 'Not half a dozen houses could take in more'n one extry, even if we hed the time to canvass. An' we ain't the time. They want their s-u-p-p-e-r right now,' he spelled it out, an' lit out nimble when Mitsy dropped the handkerchief back o' the little blonde girl. Then he let the little blonde girl catch them, and he took her on his shoulders, too, an' they was both shoutin' so he hed to make little circles out to get where I could hear him.

"'I've seen Zittelhof,' he told me. 'He was down there with his wagon. He'll bring up enough little canvas cots from the store. An' I thought mebbe you'd go down to the village an' pick up some stuff they'll need —bedding an' things. An' get the women here with some supper. Come on now,' he calls out to 'em, 'everybody in a procession an' *sing!*'

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"AN' WHILE HE DOUBLES AN' TURNS, 'THEY'LL HEV TO STAY HERE,' HE SAYS."

"He led 'em off with

"'King William was King James's son,'"

an' he sings back to me, for the secunt line:

"'Go *now*, go *quick*, I bet they're starved!'

"So I got into my coat, tryin' to think where I should go to be sure o' not wastin' time talkin'. Lots o' folks in this world is willin', but mighty few can be quick.

"I knew right off, though, where I'd find somebody to help. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality was meetin' that afternoon with Mis' Timothy Toplady, an' I could cut acrost their pasture"—Calliope motioned where the little Toplady house and the big Toplady barn stood—"an' that's what I done. An' when I got near enough to the house to tell, I see by the light in the parlor that they was still there. An' I know when I got into the room, all full as I was o' news o' them little children an' the wreck an' the two killed an' the seven hurt—there was the sodality settlin' whether the lamb's wool comforter for their bazaar should be tied with pink for daintiness or brown for durability.

"'*Dainty!*' says I, when I got my breath. 'They's sides to life makes me want to pinch that word right out o' the dictionary same as I would a bug,' I says.

"That was funny, too," Calliope added thoughtfully, "because I like that word, speakin' o' food an' ways to do things. But some folks get to livin' the word same's if it was the law.

"I guess they thought I was crazy," she went on, "but I wasn't long makin' 'em understand. An' I tell you, the way they took it made me love 'em all. If you want to love folks, just you get in some kind o' respectable trouble in a little town here in the West—an' you'll see so much lovableness that the trouble 'll kind o' spindle out an' leave nothin' but the love doin' business. My land, the sodality went at the situation head first, like it was somethin' to get acrost before dark. An' so it was.

"I remember Mis' Photographer Sturgis. 'There!' she says, 'most cryin', 'if ever I take only a pint o' milk I'm sure as sure to want more before the day's out. *Where* we goin' to get the milk,' she says, 'for them poor little things?'

"'Where?' says Mis' Timothy Toplady—you know how big an' comfortable an' settled she is—'*Where?* Well, you needn't to think o' where. I expect the Jersey won't be milked till I go out an' milk her,' she says, 'but she gives six quarts, nights, right along now, an' sometimes seven. Now about the bread.'

"Mis' Postmaster Sykes always sets sponge twice a week, an' she offered five loaves out o' her six baked that day. Mis'

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Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss hed three loaves o' brown bread, an' the other Mis' Holcomb—that's Mis' Eppleby—she hed a crock o' sour cream cookies. An' Libbie Liberty bursts out that they'd got up their courage an' killed an' boiled two o' their chickens the day before an' none o' the family'd be'n able to touch a mouthful, bein' they'd raised the hens from egg to axe. So Libbie said she'd bring the whole kettle along an' it could be het on the church stove an' made soup of. So it went on, an' in about four minutes everything was provided for, bedding an' all.

"Mis' Toplady had flew up-stairs, gettin' out bed-linen, an' she was comin' down the front stairs with her arms full o' sheets an' pillow-slips when through the front door walks Timothy Toplady, come in all excited an' lookin' every which way. Seems he'd barked his elbow in the rescue work an' laid off for liniment.

"'Oh, Timothy,' says his wife, 'them poor little children! We've be'n plannin' it all out.'

"HE TOOK HER ON HIS SHOULDERS, TOO."

"'Who's goin' to take 'em in?' says Timothy, tryin' to roll up his coat sleeve for fear the Sodality'd be put to the blush if he got to his elbow any other way.

"'They're all warm in the church,' Mis' Toplady says. 'We're goin' to leave 'em there. Zittelhof's goin' to take up canvas cots. We're gettin' the bedding together,' she told him.

"Timothy looked up, sort o' wild an' glazed.

"'Canvas cots,' s'e, 'in the house o' the Lord?'

"'Why, Timothy,' says his wife, helpless, 'it's all warm there, an' they're there now, an' we don't know what else. We thought we'd carry up their supper to 'em——'

"'Supper,' says Timothy, 'in the house o' the Lord?'

"Then Mis' Toplady spunks up some.

"'Why, yes,' she says, 'I'm goin' to milk the Jersey an' take up the two pails.'

"Timothy waves his barked arm in the air.

"'Never!' s'e, 'never. We elders'll never consent to that, not in this world!'

"Well, at that we all stood around sort o' pinned to the air. This hadn't occurred to nobody. But his wife was back at him, real crispy.

"'Timothy Toplady,' s'she, 'they use churches for horspitals an' refuges,' she says.

"'They do,' says Timothy, solemn, 'they do, in necessity. An' war. An' siege. But here's the whole o' Friendship Village to take these children in, an' it's sacrilege to use the house o' God for any purpose whatever while it's waitin' its dedication. It's stealin',' he says, 'from the Lord Most High.'

"I never see anybody more het up. We all tried to tell him. Nobody in Friendship has a warm spare room in winter, without it's the Proudfits, an' they was in Europe an' their house locked. Mebbe ten of us, we counted up afterwards, could 'a' took in one child to 'a' slep' with some member o' the family. But, as Abel said, where was the time to canvass round? An' what would we do with the other ten? But Timothy wouldn't listen to nothin'.

"'Amanda,' s'e in a married voice, 'I forbid you to carry a drop o' Jersey milk or any other kind o' milk up to that church.'

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"With that he was out the front door an' liniment forgot.

"Mis' Sykes spatted her hands.

"'He'll find Silas Sykes an' Eppleby,' she says to Mis' Eppleby Holcomb. 'Quick! Le's get our hands on my bread an' your cookies. Them poor little things—'way past their supper hour.'

"'An' none of 'em got mothers,' says Mis' Sturgis. 'Just left round with lockets on, I s'pose, an' wrecked an' hungry——'

"'An' one of 'em lame,' Mis' Eppleby Holcomb says, down on her knees tryin' to sort out her overshoes. The Sodality never could tell its own overshoes.

"Well, they scattered so quick it made you think o' mulberry leaves, some years, in the first frost, an' I was left alone with Mis' Toplady.

"'Here,' she says to me then, all squintin' with firmness, 'you take along all the linen an' comfo'tables you can lug. Timothy didn't mention them. An' *leave the rest to me.*'

"I turned that over in my mind while I stumbled along back to the church, loaded down. But I couldn't make much out of it. I knew Timothy Toplady, that he meant what he said, an' I knew he could run Silas Sykes—the postmaster's political strength, as I mentioned, makin' him kind o' wabbled in his own judgment o' other things. I didn't know how Eppleby'd be—it might turn out to be one o' the things he'd up an' question, civilized, but I wa'n't sure. Anyhow, the cream cookies wasn't so vital as them five loaves o' bread.

"When I got back to the church, here it was all lit up. Abel had lit the lamp chandelier on a secular scene. Bless 'em, it surely was as secular as it was sacred. Six or seven of the little things was buildin' a palace out o' the split wood, with the little lame girl for queen. The little blonde one an' the one that was delicate lookin' hed gone to sleep by the stove. Mitsy, she run from somewheres an' grabbed my hand. An' Abel had the rest over by the other stove tellin' 'em stories. Fairy stories. I heard him say 'dragon' an' 'blue velvet' an' 'golden hair.'

"I hadn't more'n got inside the door before Zittelhof's wagon come with the cots. An' Mis' Zittelhof was with him, her arms full o' bedclothes she'd gathered up around from folks. I never said a word to Abel about the trouble with Timothy. I donno if Abel really heard us come in, he was so excited about his dragon. An' Mis' Zittelhof an' I begun makin' up the cots. On the first one I laid the two babies that was asleep on the floor. They never woke up. Their little cheeks was warm an' pink, an' one of 'em hed some tears on it. When I see that, I clear forgot the church wasn't dedicated, an' I thanked God they was there, safe an' by a good fire, with somebody tendin' to 'em.

"The bed-makin' an' the palace-buildin' an' the story-tellin' went on, an' I kep' gettin' exciteder every minute. When the door opened I couldn't tell which was in my mouth, my heart or my tongue. But it was only Libbie Liberty with the big iron kettle o' chicken broth an' a basket o' cups an' spoons. She lifted the kettle up to the stove an' stirred up the fire under it, an' it was no time before the whole church begun to smell savory as a kitchen. An' then in walks Mis' Holcomb with her cream cookies, an' Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss with her brown bread an' more dishes. An' we fair jumped up an' down when Mis' Sykes come breathin' in the door with them five loaves o' wheat bread safe, an' butter to match.

"Still, we *was* without milk. There wasn't a sign o' Mis' Toplady. An' any minute Timothy might get there with Silas in tow. Mis' Sykes was nervous as a witch over it, an' it was her proposed we set the children up on the cots an' begin feedin' 'em right away. I run down the room to tell Abel, an' then I hed to tell him *why* we'd best hurry.

"Abel laughs a little when he heard about it.

"'Dear old Timothy,' he says, 'servin' his God accordin' to the dictates of his own notions. Wait a minute till I release the princess.'

"When he said that, I was afraid he must be tellin' a worldly story with royalty in. An' I begun to get troubled myself. But I heard him end it: 'So the princess found her kingdom because she'd learnt to love every living thing. She saved the lives of the hare, the dormouse, an' the goldfinch. An' don't you ever let anything living suffer for one minute an' mebbe you'll find out some o' the things the princess knew.' An', royalty or not, I felt all right about Abel's story-tellin' after that.

"Then we all brisked round an' begun settin' the children up on the cots—two or three to a cot with one of us to wait on 'em; an'

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both the little sleepy ones woke up, too. An' when we sliced an' spread the bread an' dished the hot chicken broth an' see how hungry they all seemed, I declare if one of us could feel wicked. The little things'd begun to talk some by then, an' they chatted soft an' looked up at us, an' that little Mitsy—she'd got so she'd kiss me every time I ask' her. An' I was perfectly shameless. I donno's the poor little thing got enough to eat. But sometimes when things go blue—I like to think about that. I guess we was all the same—our principal feelin' was how dear they was, an' to hurry up before Timothy Toplady got there, an' how we wish't we hed some milk.

"'AMANDA,' S'E IN A MARRIED VOICE, 'I FORBID YOU TO CARRY A DROP O' JERSEY MILK OR ANY OTHER KIND O' MILK UP TO THAT CHURCH.'"

"Then all of a sudden, while we was flyin' round, I happened to go past the front door, an' I heard a noise in the entry. I thought o' Timothy an' Silas, comin' with sheriffs an' firearms an' I didn't know what; an' I rec'lect I planned, wild an' contradictory, first about callin' an instantaneous congregational meetin' to decide what was right, an' then about telegraphin' to the city for constituted authority to do as we was doin', an' then about Abel fightin' Timothy an' Silas both, if it 'come reelly necessary.

"I got hold o' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Eppleby Holcomb, an' told 'em quiet. 'Somethin's the matter outside there,' I says to 'em, kind o' warnin', 'an' I thought you two'd ought to know it.' An' we all three come round by the entry door, careless, an' listened. An' the noise kep' up out there, kind o' soft an' obstinate, an' we couldn't make it out.

"'We'd best go out there an' see,' says Mis' Sykes, low; 'the dear land knows what men *will* do.'

"So we watched our chance an' slipped out—an' I guess, for all our high ways, we was all three wonderin' inside *was* we reelly doin' right. You know your doubts come thick when there's a noise in the entry. But Mis' Sykes acted as brave as two, an' it was her shut the door to behind us.

"An' there, right by the stone just outside the entry o' the church, set Mis' Timothy Toplady, *milkin' her Jersey cow.*

"We could just see her, dim, by the light o' the transom. She was on the secunt pail, an' that was two-thirds full. She hed her back toward us an' she didn't hear us. She set all wrapped up in a shawl, a basket o' cups 'side of her, an' the Jersey standin' there, quiet an' demure. An' beyond, in the cut an' movin' acrost the Pump pasture, it was thick with lanterns.

"But before we three'd hed time to burst out like we wanted to, we sort o' scrooched back again. Because on the other side o' the cow we heard Timothy Toplady's voice. He'd just got there, some breathless, an' with him, we see, was Eppleby.

"'Amanda,' says Timothy, 'what in the Dominion o' Canady air you doin'?'

"'I shouldn't think you would know,' says Mis' Toplady short. 'You don't do enough of it.'

"She hed him there. Timothy always *will* go down to the six-ten accommodation an' shirk the chores.

"'Amanda,' says Timothy, 'you've disobeyed me flat-footed.'

"'No such thing,' s'she, milkin' away like mad for fear he'd use force. 'I ain't carried a drop o' milk here. I've drove it,' she says.

"Timothy groaned.

"'Milkin' in the church,' he says.

"'No, sir,' says Amanda, 'I'm outside on the sod an' you know it.'

"An' then my hopes sort o' riz, because I thought I heard Eppleby Holcomb laugh soft—like he'd looked under the situation an' see it wasn't alike on both sides. An' 't the same time Mis' Toplady she changed

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her way, an', 'Timothy,' s'she, 'you hungry?'

"'I'm nigh starved,' says Timothy. 'It must be eight o'clock,' s'e. 'But I ain't no heart to think o' that.'

"'No,' s'she, 'so you ain't. Not with them poor babies in there hungrier'n you be an' nowheres to go.'

"'With that she got done milkin' an' stood up an' picked up her two pails.

"'Timothy,' s'she, 'the worst sacrilege that's done in *this* world is when folks turns their backs on any little bit of a chance that the Lord gives 'em to do good in, like He told 'em. Who was it, I'd like to know, said 'Suffer little children'? Who was it said 'Feed my lambs'? No 'When' or 'Where' about that. Just '*Do it.*' An' no occasion to hem an' haw about it, either. The least you can do for your share in this, as I see it, is to keep your silence an' drive the cow back home. The oven's full o' bake' sweet potatoes, an' they must be nearin' done.'

"I see Timothy start to wave his arms, an' I donno what he would 'a' said if it hadn't been settled for him. For then, like it was right out o' the sky, the church organ begun to play soft. For a minute we all looked up, like the shepherds must of when the voices of the night told 'em the Spirit o' God was in the world, born in a little child. It was Abel—I knew right away it was Abel—an' he was just gentlin' round soft on the keys, kind o' like he was askin' a blessin' an' rockin' a cradle an' doin' all the little nice things music can. An' with that Mis' Sykes, she throws open the church door.

"I'll never forget how it looked inside—all warm an' lamplit, an' them little things bein' fed an' chatterin' soft. An' up in the loft set Abel, playin' away on the foreign organ before it'd been dedicated. An' then he begun singin' low—an' there's somethin' about Abel 't you just *haf* to listen, whatever he says or does. Even Timothy hed to listen. An' Abel sung:

"'The Lord is my Shepherd—I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me—He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul. . . .'"

"An' at the first line, before we'd reelly sensed what it was he said, every one o' them little children in the midst o' their supper slips off the edge o' the cots an' kneeled down there on the bare floor—just like as if they'd been told to. Oh, wasn't it wonderful—wonderful! An' yet it wasn't. We found out, when folks come for 'em the next mornin', it was the children's prayer that they sung every day o' their lives at their Good Shepherd's Orphans' Home—soft an' out o' tune an' with all their little hearts, just as they sung it with Abel clear to the end. I guess they didn't know everybody don't kneel down all over the world when they hear the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Abel seen 'em in the little lookin'-glass over the keyboard. An' when he'd got done he set there perfectly still with his head down. An' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Holcomb an' Eppleby an' I bowed our heads, too, out there in the entry. An' so, after a minute, did Timothy. I couldn't help peekin' to see.

"An' then when the children was all a-rustlin' up, Mis' Toplady, she jus' hands her two milk pails over to Timothy.

"'You take 'em in,' she says to him, her eyes swimmin'. 'I've come off without my handkerchief.'

"Timothy looks round him kind o' helpless, but Eppleby stood there an' pats him on the arm.

"'Go in—go in, brother,' Eppleby says, gentle. 'I guess the church's been dedicated. I feel like we'd heard the big wind—an' I guess mebbe the Pentecostal tongues.'

"An' Timothy—he's an awful tenderhearted man in spite o' bein' so notional—Timothy just went on in with the milk without sayin' nothin'. An' Eppleby 'side of him. An' we 'most shut the door on Silas Sykes, comin' tearin' up on account o' Timothy's leavin' him a urgent word to come, without explainin' why. An' when Silas see the inside o' the church, all lit up, an' chicken supper for the children, an' the other two elders there with the milk, he just rubs his hands an' beams like he see his secunt term. I donno's it'd ever enter Silas Sykes's head 't there was anything wrong with anything, providin' somebody wasn't snappin' him up for it. I guess it's like that in politics.

"We took the milk around an', bake' sweet potatoes forgot, Timothy stood up by the stove, between Eppleby an' Silas, an' watched us—an' the Jersey must 'a' picked her way home alone. An' Abel, he just set there to the organ, gentlin' round soft on the keys so it made me think o' God movin' on the face o' the waters. An' movin' on the face o' everything else, too, an' of every place, dedicated or not. It was like we'd felt the big wind, same's Eppleby said. An' somethin' in it kind o' hid, secret an' holy."

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PENSIONERS OF PEACE

By WILLIAM HARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—During 1906, in the state of Illinois alone, a hundred men were killed or maimed by one little device called a "set-screw." An investment of thirty-five cents each, or a total of thirty-five dollars, would have saved those men. In Germany, under the Compulsory Insurance system, the widows and orphans would have been pensioned, the injured nursed and cared for. In America, under a species of Employer's Liability, they were fought through the courts, like criminals. Germany pays its injured, superannuated, and their dependents something like 126 million dollars a year. Of this sum the workmen furnish one half. American manufacturers spend about as much as this total out of their own pockets, but only thirty per cent. of it ever reaches the hands of the injured. On the one hand, the remedy for sightless eyes and maimed bodies and helpless widows and hungry children is long, expensive litigation. On the other, it is prompt and continuous medical service, and a regular weekly income. Which is the better victory for human beings made in the image of God? When shall we make each trade add the cost of its burned-out eye-sockets to the cost of its burned-out coal-grates? Read what Mr. Hard has to say, and then decide whether you are not about ready to enlist your services toward making this country a happier and a better place to live in.

A CURIOUS thing happened in Germany in the year 1900. In that year the German Chemical Industry Association offered a prize, in free public competition, for the following interesting object:

THE SAFEST SOAP-PRESS

It wasn't for the soap-press that would make the most soap. It was for the soap-press that would save the most limbs and the most lives. Real money was offered to inventors for designing a thing of that kind.

It was as if Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, instead of allowing all the safety regulations of the state of Illinois to be violated in his big coal-mine down at Ziegler in Franklin County, thereby producing an explosion of gases that killed some fifty of his workmen on the third day of April, 1905, should have obeyed all those regulations to the letter and should then have gone farther and inserted in a Chicago newspaper the following advertisement:

WANTED—A PERFECT SYSTEM OF DRIVING gases out of mines. The state regulations are not enough for me. I want something better. $2500. J. Leiter.

Herr L. Hertel of Bayreuth, royal inspector of factories, won the prize for the safest soap-press. Hundreds of Germans have won similar prizes in similar contests. The Elbe Navigation Association, for instance, has given a prize for the safest ship-winch. The union of all the German Trade Associations has given a prize for the best protective arrangement to go over the eyes of workmen who are exposed to flying chips and sparks. The German railways have given all kinds of prizes for all kinds of safety-devices.

Mr. Edgar T. Davies, factory inspector of Illinois (and one of the most practical and shortest-haired reformers in the country) says that in the year 1906 in the factories of Illinois a hundred men were killed, or crippled for life, by one little shop institution called the set-screw. The set-screw stands up from the surface of rapidly revolving shafts and, as it turns, catches dangerously at hands and clothes. It is no unchangeable provision of nature. For thirty-five cents, says Mr. Davies, this danger-device could be recast into a safety-device. For thirty-five cents the projecting top of the set-screw could be sunk flush with the rest of the whirling surface of the shaft, and then no sleeve could be entangled by it, no human body could be swung and thrown by it, no woman could be widowed by it.

What remote consequences of tears and lonely years may lie in a quarter and a dime! And what satire! More than once it must have happened that a widow has had her rent paid by a charity society to which yellow-backed

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bills are contributed by a manufacturer who could have kept her from being a widow by the expenditure of a quarter and a dime!

But why is it that German business men will offer prize-money for safety-devices, while American business men so generally fail to adopt them even when they have already been invented, even when they are well known and cheap, even when they are required by law?

The difference is not in personal character. If it were, it would be the Americans that would be buying the safety-devices. The individual American is the kindliest man living. He can't even keep his children out of the jam-closet (though he knows it's bad in the long run for their teeth), because the immediate sight of unhappiness makes him uncomfortable. He is soft-hearted to a fault with his family and his friends. Personally, individually, the American is charitable and humane beyond the charity and humanity of the inhabitants of any other country in the world. The fact that the particular country he owns and operates is the world's industrial slaughter-house is a paradox in international character.

And the heart of this paradox is in the law on the subject of Compensation for Accidents to Workmen.

The Germans have a law that makes them better than they naturally would be. We have a law that conceals the real, hideous nature and the real, appalling cost of industrial accidents from our eyes, and makes us blindly and artificially selfish and cruel and brutal.

Germany has a system of compulsory insurance to which both employers and employees contribute. Every injured German workman, no matter how he was injured, whether by his own fault, by the fault of his employer, or by nobody's fault, draws a regular weekly compensation either from the sickness-insurance fund or from the accident-insurance fund until he is able to go back to work again.

Whereupon the following profound reflection occurs to the Germans:

"The more accidents there are, the more injured workmen we shall have to support and the larger will be the premiums that we shall have to pay into our insurance funds. But the fewer accidents there are, the fewer injured workmen we shall have to support and the smaller our insurance premiums will be."

This thrifty consideration leads the Germans to address their workmen as follows:

"Here are safety-devices. We implore you to use them. We shall esteem it a favor if you will try not to get hurt. But if an accident *does* happen and you *do* get hurt, here are the best doctors and the best hospitals in the empire. Use them and get well as soon as you can. We sha'n't let you crawl away to your home and get good and sick, and good and poor, and then send a claim-agent to the side of your bed and offer you a month's rent, just about the time the landlord is coming round, and get you to sign your name to a release. We aren't interested in seeing your signature on a piece of paper. We are interested in restoring you to health. The sooner you are well, the sooner you can go back to work. And the sooner you can go back to work, the sooner we can stop paying you your weekly indemnity."

In pursuance of this wise thought, the employers and the employees of Germany, united in their insurance associations for the common welfare of both wage-earners and dividend-drawers, have spent $120,000,000 in the past twenty years on workmen's dwellings, workmen's baths, workmen's hospitals, workmen's sanatoriums, and workmen's convalescent homes. It was good business. It helped to decrease the insurance premiums. It was good Christianity. It helped to make sick people well.

A good law is a law that gets men and women into the habit of doing the helpful thing, the noble thing, the right thing. Nine tenths of every one of us is habit. The German Compulsory Insurance Law is a good law, not only because it hands out coin and medical supplies at convenient times to injured workmen, but because it sets the face of the whole German nation habitually toward preventing the crippling and mangling of human beings, toward healing the wounds of those who, in spite of all precautions, have been overtaken by the bloody misfortunes of peace, toward lessening pain, toward spreading happiness.

The difference between the German situation and the American situation is the whole difference between that modern, scientific, peace-making device called "Compulsory Insurance," and that medieval, unscientific, strife-breeding contrivance called "Employer's Liability."

Under Compulsory Insurance the remedy for an accident is to get the victim on his feet again as soon as possible, and to think up the best way of preventing all accidents of that particular kind in the future. Under

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Employer's Liability the remedy for an accident is to start a lawsuit.

The weapons of Compulsory Insurance are safety-devices and convalescent homes. The weapons of Employer's Liability are lawyers; judges; instructions to the jury; what-did-Blackstone-say? doctrine of contributory negligence; 17 south-by-east reporter 845; the-Supreme-Court-hasn't-spoken-on-that-point-and-probably-it-won't-speak-for-a-couple-of-years-yet; doctrine of fellow servant; error-in-allowing-the-doctor-to-say-how-much-the-man-said-his-head-hurt-him; *volenti non fit injuria;* I except; fifth amendment; appeal.

On the eleventh day of July, in the year 1890, the steamship Tioga made port at Chicago and came up the Chicago River as far as its dock at the foot of Randolph Street. It carried 320 barrels of benzine, naphtha, and gasoline in its fantail hold. On top of these barrels it had a lot of bales of cotton-waste. And just near the combing of one of the hatches, leading down into the hold, it had two lamps. There was an explosion, and twenty-five workmen were killed. That was in 1890.

Last year, in 1907, seventeen years afterward, Wirt E. Humphrey, commissioner for the federal courts in Chicago, handed in a preliminary report on the subject of the Tioga accident. Together with his report, he transmitted to the judges eleven volumes of testimony, six of which had been contributed by witnesses for the dependents of the dead men, and five by witnesses for the steamboat company.

THE IRONY OF THE LAW'S DELAYS

The verdict in the lowest federal court has not yet been given. After that there will be an appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals. And after that there will be an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

How have all these years been spent? Not in relieving the distress of the human beings who were impoverished by the accident, but in trying to find out just where the technical legal blame lay for the accident itself. Not in helping the widows and orphans, but in laboriously endeavoring to fix the personal responsibility for the character of the cargo and the location of the lamps.

The years when compensation was really needed have now passed. The widows who were forced to beg, they have begged. The children who failed to get an education, they have failed to be educated. The wrong of the case has been done. The human misery of the case has been endured. Everything is all over. Except in the courts. Everything connected with the case is finished. Except the case itself. The only thing that survives is that thin legal emanation from the dead body of a human problem long since resolved into its elements. The ghost of the Tioga affair still goes soft-footing along the corridors of the Federal Building, but the Tioga affair itself breathed its last warm, human breath many years ago.

A VISION OF WORKMEN'S INSURANCE IN CHICAGO

Let us now see what Compulsory Insurance would have done with the same set of facts. Let us translate the whole tremendous social vision called "Workingmen's Insurance," first seen by German economists like Winkelblech and Schaeffle, afterward obeyed and written into law by German statesmen like Emperor William the First and Prince Bismarck, and now rising in light over every European country of any importance; let us take that bold, sweeping conception, in which the misfortunes of men in their millions are averaged to form a composite social policy, and translate it into the every-day details of the little life-drama of some individual workman who happened to be rolling a barrel on the decks of the Tioga on July 11, 1890.

We will suppose his name was Smith. And we will suppose he wasn't instantly killed. He was only frightfully burned, especially about the eyes. They weren't so much afraid at first that he would die as they were that he would go blind.

The question is: What happened to Smith under a system of Compulsory Insurance like the system they have in Germany?

The first thing that happened was that Smith was at once removed to a hospital by the officers of his local sick-club. Smith belonged to a club of that kind. He had to belong to one. It was the law.

His club was called "The Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association." All the men who worked on boats or on docks along the Chicago River belonged to it. And all the employers of those men belonged to it, too. The men paid two thirds of the expenses of the club. The employers paid the other third. The total amount of those expenses

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depended on how many cases of disease and accident happened along the Chicago River.

Smith lay in the hospital a day, and then the doctors decided that they could cure him just as well at home. So they sent him home and put him to bed there, and came every day and treated his eyes. These doctors were paid by the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association.

On the morning of the fourth day, Smith began to get not only medical attention, but a regular money compensation. It was called his sick-pay. It amounted to just one half his regular wages. It was paid by the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association.

Smith began to be glad that a cruel and oppressive government had forced him to pay weekly premiums to a sick-club.

For four weeks Smith lay on his bed and writhed with the pain in his eyes, and his wife took his half-pay and fed him and the children. It wasn't very sumptuous eating. Not much porter-house. Mostly potatoes. But it was their own.

WHAT A SICK-CLUB DOES

They didn't have to slink into the office of the county poor agent. They didn't have to take the price of a week's food for hungry stomachs from the claim agent of the owners of the Tioga and sign a waiver of all legal claims and say: "Thank you. The courts might give us $200 in a year or in five years or in a decade or two, but we need $5 now." They didn't have to live on advances from some ambulance-chasing lawyer who had taken up their case against the Tioga company as a speculative investment in legal futures. They didn't have to send in their name to the editor of a yellow journal in order to be able to eat on Thanksgiving. They didn't have to become Case Number 11,896 in the records of the bureau of charities. What they had was little. But it was coming to them rightfully, legally, honorably. It saved them from the unforgettable humiliation, the ineradicable degradation, of benevolence.

If Smith had been suffering with rheumatism or pneumonia or appendicitis, he would have got his doctors and his sick-pay just the same. In fact, the sick-clubs, as their name implies, exist mainly for the purpose of relieving the distress caused by disease. It is only incidentally that they relieve the distress caused by accidents. They take care of accident cases for only thirteen weeks, at the most.

The sick-clubs, therefore, are only a temporary feature in the German scheme of dealing with accidents. But diseases are just as much a part of every-day industrial life as accidents. And the sick-clubs of Germany are worthy, accordingly, of a little paragraph of their own in any article devoted to the pensioners of peace.

Here is that little paragraph:

In Germany in the year 1904 (the last year for which full, accurate figures are available) there were 22,192 sick-clubs. They had nearly 12,000,000 members. And they provided medical care and money compensation for more than 100,000,000 days of sickness! In one year!

What a saving of human misery lies in those figures! And more than that. What a saving of human self-respect!

But let us go back to Smith, who is still lying on his back, with his eyes horribly hurting him. He can't even open them. And by this time his wife is crying because she thinks Smith will never see again. *There* is something no human device can ever cure. For ever and ever workmen will be blinded by the accidents of modern industry, and for ever and ever women will cry for those sightless eyes. We can't stop their crying. But we *can* prevent them from being hungry and from begging. And some day we shall do it just as effectively in Pittsburg and in St. Louis as in Hamburg and in Berlin.

WHERE THE EMPLOYER COMES IN

Along toward the end of Smith's fourth week in bed he had a visitor. It was the local agent of "The Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association." This association included all the owners of all the boats plying on Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Superior, and Michigan. It included, therefore, the owners of the Tioga.

No workman belonged to the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. Only employers. It was entirely an employers' organization. The employers paid all the premiums and elected all the directors.

The local agent sat down at Smith's bedside and addressed him as follows:

"You look pretty bad to me. These doctors that have been coming to you from the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association don't seem to be helping your eyes much.

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Can't see a bit, can you? Well, it's up to them by law to take care of you for thirteen weeks. But I guess we'll have to step in right now and take you off their hands. We can't afford to let you go blind. If you lose your eyes, we'll have to pay you a pension all the rest of your life. I guess it's you to our hospital."

So spoke the agent, after the brutal manner of his kind. And the next morning the ambulance came and took Smith to a big hospital on the West Side.

THE COMPULSORY INSURANCE IDEA

This hospital had been built by a kind of Union of Employers' Accident Insurance Associations. "The Western Building Contractors' Accident Insurance Association" was in it. And "The Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association." And "The Illinois Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Association." And a lot of others.

These associations were not run from Washington by the government. They were run by their own members. The idea that the German insurance associations are managed by bureaucrats sitting in heavily upholstered and red-tape-embroidered offices in Berlin is completely wrong. All that the government does under the German system is this (and here is the gist of the whole Compulsory Insurance idea):

The government takes each industry and each trade in the empire and says to the people who own it:

"You must form an accident-insurance association which will include all the employers in your industry and in your trade. And you must pay compensation to all your injured workmen according to a fixed scale. We won't stop to try to divide the blame for accidents between you and your workmen. We will assume for practical purposes that you weren't trying to commit murder and that they weren't trying to commit suicide. We will assume that accidents are accidents. And we will make each trade bear the burden of its own accidents. We will make each trade add the cost of its burned-out eye-sockets to the cost of its burned-out coal-grates in computing the market-price of its product. So you *must* form your accident-insurance association in your industry and in your trade, and you *must* pay your injured workmen the compensation fixed by law. But that's where we stop. Everything else rests with you. Go ahead and elect your own officers and fix your own details to suit yourselves. Invent your own safety-devices. Adopt your own shop rules. Employ your own factory inspectors. Engage your own doctors. Build your own hospitals. Do all, or none, of these things, as you please. Profit by your own wisdom and your own humanity in preventing accidents and in curing their consequences. Lose money by your own inefficiency and your own cruelty in letting accidents happen and in neglecting injured workmen. All that we insist upon is that your trade shall carry its own load of the wounded and the slain. This is not bureaucracy. This is not paternalism. It is trade responsibility. It is trade self-government."

But what about Smith's wife while Smith lay in a dark room in the hospital? Well, Smith didn't need to worry about her. She wasn't as well off, of course, as if he had been at home and at work. But she was at least three fifths as well off. She was drawing, every week, sixty per cent. of the wages Smith used to earn on the Tioga. This weekly compensation was paid to her by the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. It was enough to keep Smith's home intact till Smith could get back to it.

Meanwhile the officers of the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association had been looking into the Tioga accident. And the more they looked, the more irritated they became. Bales of cotton-waste on top of barrels of gasoline! Amazing! Frightful! A clear violation of the by-laws of the association! And now, in consequence, here were all these workmen, including Smith, who had to be compensated.

So the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association tried the owners of the Tioga and fined them one thousand dollars, and said: "We earnestly regret that the law doesn't allow us to fine you any more."

PRIVATE FACTORY INSPECTORS

And two lamps standing near the combing of the hatch leading down into the hold! Somebody must have put those lamps there. Who was he? The officers of the Great Lakes Association had become so peevish about it by this time that they had their inspector spend a whole week in finding out who that man was. And, fortunately, when they found him, he was a man who had left the boat to go on the dock for a minute or two, just before the explosion occurred, and so he wasn't dead or in the hospital. He was per-

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fectly eligible to be fined, and they fined him a month's pay.

Disciplinary measures of this kind are granted by the German law to the trade insurance associations. Each insurance association may make rules and regulations to govern its members and it may discipline its members, or its members' employees, for disobeying those rules and regulations.

That is to say, under Compulsory Insurance the government makes private individuals do much of its work for it. Which is just the reverse of paternalism.

In the year 1904, the German trade insurance associations, in order to make their rules and regulations effective, employed 217 factory inspectors. These private factory inspectors did virtually the same kind of work that is normally done by public factory inspectors. They went about from place to place, within their trades, and saw to it that all possible safety-devices were adopted, and that all possible safety regulations were observed. And their salaries were paid out of the insurance funds of private employers.

Think of that! Private factory inspectors! It doesn't sound much like paternalism, does it? It sounds a good deal like personal responsibility and private initiative. There must be some vigor in a system that sends Germans to a heartless extreme of that kind.

FUNERAL EXPENSES AND PENSION

After six weeks in the West Side hospital Smith died. His death surprised the doctors, because his eyes were getting better; but his constitution had been eaten away by hot days and damp nights on the Chicago River, and he had no vitality. The long confinement and the agony of his burns finished him.

His funeral expenses, amounting by law to twenty times his daily wages, were paid by the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. And that association also began immediately to pay a pension every week to Smith's family. It was sixty per cent. of the wages Smith used to earn, and it was due to keep on coming as long as the widow didn't marry somebody else, and as long as the children were too young to earn their own living.

The Smith family was part of the Great Lakes carrying trade, and its misfortunes, so far as they were caused by the trade, had to be borne, at the least to the extent of sixty per cent., by the trade itself. Not by the bureau of charities; not by the tax-payers; not by Smith's six-months-old baby. But by the trade.

Is there some sense in that idea?

LEGAL VS. MEDICAL TRIUMPH

But we will suppose Smith didn't die. He simply lost both his eyes. In that case the situation, at first, was worse than if he had been carried to the graveyard. Smith, being blind, couldn't earn a living any more than if he were dead, and yet he had to wear clothes and eat food. So, as long as he remained completely helpless and as long as he needed special care, the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association had to pay him full wages.

Perhaps after a while, however, Smith, though he was blind, was able to weave baskets. Then his pension was decreased in proportion to his earnings.

Again, perhaps Smith neither died nor lost his eyes. Perhaps he came through all right. Perhaps the specialist in that West Side hospital cured him. Perhaps his wife came to the hospital and he saw her for the first time in three months, and they both laughed, although they were both pretty thin and pale; and they went home together and Smith started back to work. What then?

Why, then the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association was quit of the troubles of the Smith family, not because it had got Smith to scratch his name on a release, not because it had hired a better lawyer than Smith could hire, not because it had proved Smith guilty of being a fellow servant of the man who had misplaced the lamps, not because it had appealed the case from court to court till Smith could hold out no longer, not because it had defeated Smith in a legal battle, but because it had made Smith well in a medical triumph.

Which was the better victory for human beings made in the image of God?

GERMANY AS AN OBJECT-LESSON

And now for a few paragraphs of statistics!—An honorable writer always gives fair warning on such an occasion. But these statistics won't be hard to read, anyway. They are about people. And, besides, they deal with a subject that is bound to become a pressing public question in this country within the next few years.

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"It is a reproach to us as a nation," said President Roosevelt in his message of last March, "that in both state and federal legislation we have afforded less protection to both public and private employees than any other industrial country in the world."

A situation of that kind cannot long be permitted to continue. It is not only a reproach, but it is also a source of internal social discontent and danger. And when we come to legislate about it, the country that will give us the best lessons will be Germany.

In Germany, in the year 1904, there were 114 employers' trade accident-insurance associations built along much the same lines as the association we have imagined existing among the owners of the carrying trade on our Great Lakes. The members of these German employers' trade accident-insurance associations, in the year 1904, employed some 17,500,000 workmen. In other words, 17,500,000 German workmen, in the year in question, were protected (to the extent outlined above in Smith's case) against the consequences of industrial accidents.

Compensation was awarded, in the year 1904, to some 150,000 employees who had been injured in the course of the year.

Compensation was also awarded to some 600,000 employees who had been injured in previous years, and who still remained totally or partially incapacitated.

And, finally, compensation was awarded to some 65,000 widows and to some 100,000 children of dead accident victims.

All this cost money, although, of course, in multitudes of cases the accident was so slight and the resulting incapacitation so trifling that the compensation awarded was almost nominal. However, the total amount of compensation, in the year 1904, reached $30,500,000.

INVALIDITY-INSURANCE

So much for accident-insurance. Now to go back for a minute to sickness-insurance.

In 1904 the German sick-clubs (the nature of which has already been illustrated by our imaginary "Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association") awarded compensation to the extent of just about $60,250,000.

But the Germans have a third form of Compulsory Insurance, which has not yet been mentioned. It is called invalidity-insurance. It provides small pensions (very small) for workmen who have become permanent invalids through sickness, and for workmen who have reached the age of seventy. The employers pay half the premiums of the invalidity-insurance funds, and the employees pay the other half. And the imperial government adds a small bonus. The amount of compensation awarded by the invalidity-clubs in 1904 was, approximately, $35,500,000.

The total cost of accident-insurance, sickness-insurance, and invalidity-insurance to the German empire in the year 1904 was, in round numbers, $126,250,000.

Half of this cost, roughly speaking, fell on the employers of Germany and the other half fell on the workmen. The proportion of expense assigned to employers and workmen, respectively, varied from one kind of insurance to another, but when all three kinds were added together and averaged, the burden was just about equally divided.

THE COST TO A GERMAN EMPLOYER

Let us now see how the triple insurance idea works out in the case of some particular firm. Let us take the big Krupp Company at Essen. This famous industrial enterprise handles the heaviest and most disastrous kind of iron-and-steel work. Its insurance premiums might be expected to be quite high. And they are. From 1885 to 1902, inclusive, the insurance premiums paid by the Krupp Company amounted to more than $2,000,000.

It was an enormous sum. But it was an enormous company. The real test is to take the amount paid in any one year and compare it with the total pay-roll of that same year.

Applying this test to the Krupp Company, it will be found that in the year 1902 the total insurance premiums paid by the Krupp Company amounted to just 2.7 per cent. of the total wages paid by the Krupp Company to its employees. In other words, if a Krupp workman was earning ten dollars a week, the Krupp Company had to pay twenty-seven cents every week in insurance premiums for him, and he had to pay, roughly speaking, twenty-seven cents for himself.

A charge of that kind is not likely to ruin the industries of a nation nor to drive its workmen to armed and desperate revolt.

And that twenty-seven cents weekly on every ten dollars of wages included all three kinds of insurance. It paid for sickness, accidents, and invalidity. If the calculation be restricted to accidents alone, a precise estimate, with present figures, cannot be fur-

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nished, because, as has already been explained, accidents are paid for out of both the sickness funds and the accident funds, and their true cost is difficult to disentangle.

By no stretch of liberality, however, could it be computed that in the year 1902 the Krupp Company paid as much as two per cent. on total wages for the accident victims who were compensated out of the sickness funds and the accident funds to which the Krupp Company contributed.

THE COST TO AMERICAN EMPLOYERS

But let it go at two per cent. That means two dollars on every hundred dollars of wages for accidents alone out of the funds of the company. Was it a large charge or a small one? Well, call it large. No employer likes to add two per cent. to his pay-roll.

It should be remembered, however, that if Compulsory Insurance costs money, Employer's Liability costs money, too.

Just look at the records of the American Employer's Liability companies! They insure employers against having to pay damages to injured workmen under our American Employer's Liability laws. The employers pay premiums to the liability companies. The liability companies then defend the suits and satisfy the verdicts. The employers themselves are saved unharmed.

Many employers are too big to need to insure themselves in this way. The railroads and most of the "trusts" can look after themselves. They would not be financially crippled by even the biggest kind of accident, involving hundreds of workmen.

Many other employers are too small to be sued successfully. Or else they are engaged in light work that doesn't cause accidents. Or else they are too stupid to see that they need insurance.

But from the remainder, in the year 1906, the Employer's Liability companies of America collected almost $20,000,000 in premiums.

That was not a negligible sum of money.

And the rates charged the individual employers were not negligible, either.

A well-known Chicago manufacturer, in response to an inquiry from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, gives his rates as follows:

For men employed in his machine-shop: 57 cents on every $100 of wages.

For millwrights engaged in outside work: $1.25 on every $100 of wages.

For teamsters: $2.40 on every $100 of wages.

Just observe that last rate. For teamsters, driving horses on the streets, 2.4 per cent. of their total wages! Every time that manufacturer paid a teamster ten dollars he had to pay his liability company twenty-four cents!

And that didn't include sickness. It didn't include invalidity. It was just for accidents.

Nor was that manufacturer engaged in a particularly hazardous line of business. If you want to see what the really hazardous businesses cost, just get the official "Manual of Liability Insurance." In that interesting book you will find the official rates, and if you knock off 33⅓ per cent. (which is the discount allowed in many states), you will be left with the following charges:

For men employed in building street-railways: $3.00 on every $100 of wages.

For men employed in quarries: $3.60 on every $100 of wages.

For men employed in cellar-excavation: $4.00 on every $100 of wages.

For men employed in steel-work on high buildings: $9.00 on every $100 of wages.

These four illustrations will be enough. The rest can be found in the book, and they are worth reading as a highly emotional picture, done in statistics, of the relative danger of modern occupations.

Nine dollars on every $100 of wages! It is a terrific charge. And yet the industry isn't ruined. The high buildings keep on going up. And they would keep on going up just the same if the money were spent in compensating the injured workmen instead of in trying to prevent them from securing compensation.

EVERY ACCIDENT A LEGAL BATTLE

For why does Employer's Liability cost so much? There are many reasons, but the main one is that we make every accident a legal fight.

In the eleven years from 1894 to 1905, inclusive, the Employer's Liability companies of America took in $99,959,076 in premiums from American employers.

How much did they pay out in compensation to injured workmen?

Just $43,599,498.

Just 43.6 per cent. of what they took in.

And they didn't make excessive profits, at that. Their business is highly competitive. The money was spent in getting the business

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and in fighting pitched legal battles against the injured workmen's lawyers.

The injured workmen's lawyers! Don't forget them. They have to be paid. Sometimes they get ten per cent. of the proceeds. Sometimes they get twenty-five per cent. Sometimes fifty per cent. Sometimes seventy-five per cent. If, on the average, they leave the injured workman two thirds of the final verdict, they are leaving him more than most practical students of the subject think they are.

And *they* aren't making excessive profits, either. They have to fight long fights to get those verdicts.

Nobody is personally to blame. They are all creatures of the system. But the sad fact remains that out of almost $100,000,000 paid by the employers of America to protect themselves against the consequences of accidents in the eleven years from 1894 to 1905, not more than $30,000,000, after the injured workmen had paid their lawyers, reached the pockets of the injured workmen themselves.

Seventy per cent. for expenses! Thirty per cent. for compensation!

It would take an ingenious man to devise a more wasteful system.

UNITED STATES BEHIND EUROPE

Compare it with the cost of administering the German system. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York banker, after studying Compulsory Insurance as practised in Germany, says that the expenses of administration over there amount to less than ten per cent. The German system of Compulsory Insurance spends ten per cent. on expenses and ninety per cent. on compensation! It gets ninety out of every hundred dollars spent in insurance premiums right to the place where it is needed. We are lucky if out of every hundred dollars we spend in liability premiums we get thirty dollars to the men who endured the accidents in their flesh and bone.

The substitution of the idea of insurance for the idea of liability, of the idea of co-operation for the idea of litigation, has been most completely effected in Germany. But it has been at least partially effected in many countries.

Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, all have insurance systems, some of them compulsory, others voluntary, full-grown and well-developed in some cases, in other cases merely embryonic, but always and everywhere officially recognized and earnestly encouraged by the national law.

The idea of Employer's Liability is a dying idea in Europe. In some countries its obsequies have already been performed, and in all the others the pains of dissolution have begun.

AND OUTDISTANCED BY ENGLAND

In Great Britain the situation is somewhat different. The English haven't taken up Compulsory Insurance. Their method is what they call Compulsory Compensation. And their experience is particularly interesting because of the general similarity between their legal institutions and ours.

They used to have the same kind of Employer's Liability that we have now. In fact, they invented it. We simply imported it. There is nothing dazzlingly original, there is nothing endearingly native, about our present system. An American who suggests changing it is not guilty of an unpatriotic preference for foreign institutions. It was the English who thought up the doctrines of assumed risk, contributory negligence, fellow servant, and all the rest of it. What we have now is simply a legal fashion that they originated and that they thought was very beautiful until 1897, when they put it up on the top shelf back because it was *passé*, and something more modern in effect was needed.

It was in 1897 that the first British Workmen's Compensation act was passed. This act (subsequently confirmed and expanded by the acts of 1900 and of 1906) established a principle that at first sight seems to be harder on the employer than the Compulsory Insurance system of Germany.

The German sick-clubs, it will be remembered, are obliged to take care of accident victims for a period varying from four to thirteen weeks. Now, these sick-clubs, since two thirds of their expenses are borne by the workmen themselves, act as a kind of temporary cushion between the employer and the ultimate cost of the accident. Two thirds of the cost of each accident, for from four to thirteen weeks after it happens, is borne by organizations to which the employer contributes only one third of the premiums.

In England, the law does not save the employer to this extent. It requires no contributions of any kind on the part of the workmen. It makes the employer pay the whole

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bill. It gives him, at most, a week of grace. If an accident results in an incapacitation of less than a week there is no compensation to be granted; but as soon as the second week begins, compensation must begin, too, and if the incapacitation lasts for two weeks or more, then the compensation becomes retroactive and must be paid for the first week as well.

The scale of compensation is that as long as a workman is kept away from work by the consequences of an accident, he shall get half-pay, and if he dies his dependents shall get a sum amounting to three times his annual earnings.

And compensation must be paid no matter how the accident was caused. All accidents must be paid for. And they must be paid for by the individual employer himself. He is personally responsible for all accidents that happen to his men. This hideous assault on property was accomplished in the Parliament of 1897 by a trio of political adventurers, consisting of that unbridled visionary, Joseph Chamberlain, that ruthless revolutionist, Arthur Balfour, and that red-handed proletarian, the Marquess of Salisbury.

Mr. Chamberlain was the author of the bill. He spoke of the legal situation then existing (namely, the same situation that now exists in the United States), and called it a "great scandal."

Mr. Balfour observed that in his opinion the only way to "diffuse the shock" of accidents, which fell with crushing weight on the poorest and weakest part of the community, was to put it bodily on the employer and let him add it to the cost of his commodities, and so pass it on to consumers at large.

PROTECTION FOR ENGLISH WORKMEN

But it was left, as usual, to Lord Salisbury to infuse solid argument with a light of satire. Most English manufacturers, said Lord Salisbury, were calling the bill socialistic. They seemed to him to be mistaken in their use of terms. Clearly it was the present system that was socialistic. Under the present system, when a railroad killed one of its engineers it passed his children over to the community to be supported in a poorhouse by the tax-payers. That seemed to him to weaken the sense of personal, private responsibility that a railroad company ought to have. It seemed to him to cultivate too great a readiness to fall back on the state. He was in favor of a change that would call on the state to do less, and on private employers to do more.

The government of 1897, which passed the first Workmen's Compensation act, was a Conservative government. The government of 1906, which passed the third and final act on the subject, was a Liberal government, strongly supported by a large Labor group in the House of Commons.

It may safely be said that the policy of Workmen's Compensation has been definitely and finally accepted by both the great English parties.

English workmen, like German workmen, are now able to get precisely calculated and immediately available compensation for their injuries as long as those injuries deprive them of their earning power. Unlike German workmen, however, they are not yet protected, as a body, against sickness.

TRADE-DISEASE COMPENSATION

But even in this matter a start has been made.

Connected with the Workmen's Compensation act of 1906, there is a "Schedule of Occupational Disease." The workman who is incapacitated by any of the diseases in that schedule has the same right to compensation that he would have had if he had met with an accident.

But the man's disease, under the English law, must be one that is directly caused by his trade. A caisson-worker who just happened to get typhoid fever wouldn't be entitled to compensation. He could get typhoid fever in any trade. It must be a disease for which the trade itself can be held responsible. And it must be a disease mentioned in the "Schedule of Occupational Diseases."

There are now twenty-four entries in that schedule. British workmen are now entitled to compensation for caisson disease, for lead poisoning, for mercury poisoning, for arsenical poisoning, for phosphorous poisoning, for nystagmus (a disease of the eyes caused by work in mines), for poisoning by anilin in dyeing establishments, and so on through a list of twenty-four specific bodily ailments caused specifically by certain modern industrial occupations.

The English trade-disease compensation scheme manifestly accounts for only a small corner of the whole broad field of sickness in general, so comprehensively covered by the German sickness-insurance system.

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But even under the English scheme no such case could happen as recently came under the observation of the New York Charity Organization Society.

That society was appealed to for help by a family for which, in place of the charity-society card-catalogue number, we will imagine the equally effective disguise of the name of Jones.

Mr. Jones was dead and the Jones family was destitute. How did it happen? It is a short story, very simple, very ordinary, very commonplace, and therefore very instructive.

Mr. Jones had been, first, a printer. In the printing-shop where he worked for a big publishing firm an accident happened to him, and he lost a hand. It was an ordinary, commonplace accident, and there was no legal claim to compensation. Jones simply walked out, less one hand.

He had to stop being a printer, but finally he got odd-job work as a painter. His one-handedness made it very difficult for him to keep himself clean of the white-lead paint. He got lead poisoning and died.

How was he killed? The process was begun by the printing trade and finished by the painting trade.

And how was his destitute family supported? By the contributors to a charity society.

It seems like a weird piece of logic, doesn't it, when you look at it with eyes not of established convention but of disencumbered common sense?

Jones's children are pauperized at the very outset of their lives because the printing trade crippled their father and the painting trade poisoned him.

THE AMERICAN WAY

The cost of that accident has not been escaped simply because neither the printing trade nor the painting trade was under any legal liability for it. The cost is borne by a number of people who, most of them, have nothing to do with either trade. What a poor way of bearing it! What a foolish, indirect, unjust, expensive, humiliating, degrading way!

Under any rational system the Jones family would continue to be an independent, self-respecting family, and their legal, honorable indemnity would be paid to them by the trades that had caused their misfortunes.

It is time, in America, for the community to stretch out a strong right arm and readjust the American Law of the Killed and Wounded.

There is some reason to believe that America is beginning to realize. There are many evidences that the conscience of the nation is already stirred.

One of the most striking of these evidences is to be found in the numerous sickness-benefit clubs and accident-benefit clubs promoted by individual American employers among their employees. A whole article could be filled with an account of clubs of this kind.

THE SOLE REMEDY

But they suffer from many radical defects. They will not solve the question. They depend on the individual good-will of an individual employer. Or else, sometimes, on his desire to advertise himself. Or else, occasionally, on an unscrupulous, underhanded hope that by means of contributions by employees to a mutual insurance fund, the employer himself may be relieved of a large part of his legal obligations for all accidents that may happen.

Most private accident-insurance schemes are regarded with deep distrust by the employees who are ordered, by a rule of the firm, to contribute to them. Those schemes are not a part of the law of the land. They are not officially sanctioned by public policy. They smack of philanthropy, at the best; and of sneaking self-seeking, at the worst.

And even if the best possible interpretation be placed on all of them, they remain, in their total, nothing but an unusually small drop in an unusually large bucket. The main mass of American workmen, whose employers are just average employers, remain totally unaffected.

The only avenue through which a broadly satisfactory reformation can be accomplished is the community itself; that is, the federal government and the state governments.

The timorous reluctance with which most American employers still regard the enactment of a public law on this subject is in itself a confession of weakness. And like most weakness, like most cowardice, it comes off worse among human beings than strength and courage would come off.

An abominable system of accident compensation is only one of many causes of social discontent in this country, but that discontent waxes apace. And, mostly, it is blind, angry, resentful, unconstructive. It is just discontent. And therefore doubly dangerous!

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A nerveless, palsied, fear-stricken refusal on the part of any national community to put its hand to the root of social disorders and absolutely remove the ground from which they grow will always bring with it its own punishment in the way of unintelligent, though understandable, violent, and perhaps successful revolutionary agitation.

This cowardice, this fear, is what Emerson was talking about in his essay on "Compensation" when he said·

"One thing Fear teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over Government and Property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs that must be revised."

And among the wrongs that must be revised there are few that go more deeply into the marrow of industrial life than the method now existing in America for compensating the men and women taken out of industrial life and stretched on beds of pain and poverty by the antics of the physical, material machinery through which modern civilization is perpetuated.

When that wrong is revised, a long step will have been taken toward social peace and mutual social unembarrassed fearlessness (which is the greatest gift modern national life can hold) between those that own and operate property and those that own and sell labor.

EMPLOYERS WHO SEE

Here and there, among American employers, there arises one who sees through the complicated color-plates of the present along the converging lines of the picture cast by social forces on the screen of the future.

Among such employers Mr. T. K. Webster, of the Webster Manufacturing Company, spoke perhaps the noblest, as well as the simplest and most unstudied and unaffected, words ever spoken on the subject of industrial accidents by any American employer when, in a little impromptu speech late one afternoon, before the City Club of Chicago, after the regularly appointed speakers of the day had taken their seats, he rose impulsively and said:

"It is a matter of depreciation in men, just like depreciation in machinery. I presume there is not a manufacturer in Chicago but what, when he figures up his condition at the end of the year, charges off a certain amount for depreciation. It is the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. His tools wear out in from ten to twenty years, and if he keeps them on the books all that time he is simply fooling himself.

"Last year, I remember, our balance-sheet showed that we charged off something like $20,000. Do I go grumbling around and saying that it is an awful thing to thus charge off $20,000? Why, no! It is the depreciation. Now, friends, in God's name, why should we not allow for the depreciation in men?

DEPRECIATION IN MEN

"We know that every thousand pounds of lead we manufacture costs somebody something. The man who is breathing that poison into his lungs, it costs him something. Now, should he and his children bear that burden or should we charge it up against the industry? Let us add an eighth of a cent a pound. Let us distribute it. Who will know it?

"When it is presented to the American people, I believe they will say it is just as fair to charge up every year the depreciation in men as it is to charge up the depreciation in machinery and buildings. And when we have done that, we will not only have done our duty to the great body of laborers, but we will not pay, in my judgment, a single cent more than we are paying now.

"We pay it all now just the same. Don't think for a minute we aren't paying it. We are paying it in the hospitals, in the poorhouses, in the degradation, in the pulling down of all these people, where they are swept under and become the submerged tenth simply because we aren't doing justice to them. Let us put upon every industry the cost of the depreciation of its own men. And let us pay it as we would any other honest bill."

This speech, like General Grant's memoirs, has the inimitable simplicity of the man. As for its style, let it stand. It presents, beyond improvement, the full power of the argument for compensation for the misfortunes of industrial life. And as for its logic, are there any challengers?

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A NEW ROAD TO THE ALTAR

By HARRISON RHODES

Author of "The Adventures of Charles Edward," etc.

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

WHEN Johnny Fairchild arrived in New York, it was three years since Mary Allyson had been there. Not that in a certain spiritual sense she could ever be absent—almost every Sunday Johnny found a strange, distorted portrait of her in his morning newspaper and some account of her triumphant career in the capitals of Europe. And when he had penetrated circles in which first-hand and unpublished information about her was to be secured, he discovered that here, too, Miss Allyson, her loveliness, her distinction, her charm, and her successes were becoming almost legendary in character.

Standing on the American shores of the Atlantic one seemed to see her through golden and rosy mists. Was she not indeed constantly lunching with Royalty and taking the air with Princes of the Blood? Was she not incarnate the American girl we all love, holding her fresh, fair young head high, and proudly exacting the full tribute of admiration from those old countries across the sea? They missed her in New York; they would have thought it pleasant, perhaps, that she should come home some day to live, but they resigned themselves to the inevitable. Anything that a still great and powerful continent like Europe wanted so much, it was but natural it should keep. It was left for Johnny Fairchild, ready in most matters to find an original point of view, to hazard a new suggestion.

"If she is all that everybody says she is," he remarked, somewhere, "she is the girl for me."

"For you, my poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Morpont, who happened to be there. "In what sense, please?"

"Oh," said Johnny, quite simply, "I only meant that I believe I'll marry her."

The company fairly rocked in their chairs with derisive laughter; then, speech finally becoming possible, attempted to annihilate their young friend with the long list of foreigners of distinction who had sought Miss Allyson's hand, who continued to seek it, who would not take "No" as an answer. To this imposing array they added the names of the richest New Yorkers, the best-born Philadelphians, and the most cultivated Bostonians. Some of these lovelorn young men, it appeared, had during the three years past ventured abroad in pursuit of their inamorata; others perhaps meant to be found waiting on the dock, whenever Miss Allyson should land in New York, ready with bouquets of welcome and proposals of marriage. Mary Allyson, well-born, rich, beautiful, flattered and loved in two or three continents—was she not at the moment just the most desirable *partie* in the whole world? Who, indeed, they put it to him, was a young man from Akron that he . . . etc., etc.?

"All right, all right!" cried Johnny, blushing a little, and speaking quite unpretentiously and ingenuously. "I don't mean anything except that I believe I'll marry her."

They laughed again, seeing that it was just Johnny's little joke, though from the beginning Mrs. Morpont, oddly enough, seemed to have thought it a poor one. The young man's alleged aspirations were made the object of occasional good-humored bantering attacks, and then there would have been an end of it all, had not New York been thrilled by the news that Mrs. and Miss Allyson were returning to their native land within the month.

This was indeed "furiously," as the French would say, matter for thought. It had been ascertained that by the same or the next boat there would also come to America

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two young men of the most eligible description: the Duke of Elderminster and the Marquis de la Rochechonaun. The Allyson house in Fifth Avenue was in the hands of painters and decorators, and it looked as if, having reduced the candidates to these possible two, Miss Allyson was now, in her native town, to its glory and for its delight, to lead one of them to the altar. It is no exaggeration to say that there was in the best New York society no other topic than the Allyson alliance. Discussion was hot as to the relative merits of the English and the French nobility. No one now even spoke of an American husband.

Certainly none thought seriously of Johnny and his little joke. Mrs. Morpont once or twice twitted him with it, a little acidly, and seemed to suggest the lesson that young Mr. Fairchild's privilege of being her friend should have proved sufficient to satisfy the most vaulting ambition. And Johnny himself, who was not in the least conceited, and always took a humorous view of his position in the world, quietly smiled a little at the idea of this wonderful Mary Allyson's wasting even a thought on him. And so the little joke would have ended altogether, had Mary Allyson not been what she was and had Johnny not seen her come into a box at the opera at about nine o'clock, the evening of the very day she landed.

Perhaps if one goes more deeply into the matter, one might add that had she not had that wonderful blue-black hair shading her violet eyes, had she not had that wonderful skin with the richness of ivory in it, had she not stood for an instant with that lithe, vigorous grace of Diana poised on the crescent of the young moon, there would, so far as Johnny Fairchild is concerned, have been no story to tell. Still, there was something else. As Johnny, in the stalls, gazed admiringly, suddenly within him began to stir strange, vague memories. In the dusk of the great crimson-and-gold place where they both were, he felt moving feebly the long arm of coincidence. Suddenly he realized how little all the newspaper pictures and photographs had told him how this girl above him really looked. Time had worked its changes, brought with it a rich splendor in her beauty. But Johnny, while the music throbbed with the love duet of the first act of *Madam Butterfly*, could see a blue lake, the clipped trees on the quay at Lucerne, and the slender figure of a girl with blue-black hair and violet eyes who had walked there in a wonderful gown of pale yellow muslin one morning eight years before, and then out of the world, as Johnny knew it in those days, forever.

It was a simple memory, yet one that he had never brought out for the public to gaze at. He had been a mere boy, she just a slip of a girl. He had never talked to her, never known who she was. Indeed, he had seen her only that one morning; it must have been her last there. But he had never forgotten; and there was somewhere hidden away a dry and dusty spray of blue flowers she had dropped by the lake's side that day so long ago. All this explains why that night at the Metropolitan a young man sat with shining eyes, and a heart pounding against his shirt-front. The curtain fell, and as Miss Allyson retired a little into the box Johnny rose and, in a confused and excited state of mind, rushed out into the corridor.

Here two fashionable and immaculate youths of his acquaintance seized upon him, and even before cigarettes and matches could spring from their golden and jeweled cases, began to talk of Miss Allyson. They first paid enthusiastic and appropriate masculine tributes to her charms, then they turned to the question of their effect upon foreign noblemen.

"I've just heard the Frenchman's taken his passage back already. He's finished, I guess."

"My money's always been on the Britisher," commented the other. "Mrs. Van Holterman said to-night that people expected the engagement would be announced Saturday."

"I wonder if she has *really* decided." It was Johnny who spoke.

"I guess nobody *really* knows."

"I think it's rotten—American girls' marrying abroad. I think if we American men were any good we could stop it." Johnny spoke under the stress of some emotion, and his phrases were, it must be confessed, crude and banal.

"I'd be game enough," said one of the young men. "But in this case we'd have to get pretty quick action. I don't suppose we could even get into her field of vision before Saturday."

Johnny suddenly looked rather fierce and glowering.

"I suppose probably we could," he said, almost defiantly.

"Do it, do it, old man," his friends encouraged him. Then one of them smiled.

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"Wasn't there some tale a while ago about your saying you thought you'd marry her?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I believe I will. Good night."

"Good night, old man," they called out. "You'd better flag her pretty quickly, or she'll run by you."

"I will," said Johnny. "Good night, again."

Outside, in the confusion and the glaring lights of Broadway, then for a half hour in a cab in the snow-covered, silent park, he thought. He thought under pressure, and though at last his eyes shone with a gay, humorous light, his heart still pounded under his shirt-front and his fur-lined coat. However, he had a plan. He was to meet Miss Allyson the following night at dinner; he meant that before that she should have heard of him. Once before the press had served him; now at this crisis of his career he determined that it should serve him again.

It was about ten o'clock when he presented himself in Miss Estelle Tompkins's office at the *Daily New Yorker*. Followers of Johnny's history will remember Miss Tompkins, and everyone, at any rate, has read her delightful society news and chit-chat in the columns of that great metropolitan journal.

Johnny looked very nice and blushed a little in a pleasant, innocent, boyish way as Miss Tompkins rose to meet him.

"I'm in trouble again, Miss Tompkins," he began. And here anyone who has a special passion for truthfulness and truth-tellers may as well stop reading this story; those who believe that all's fair where anything so lovely as Mary Allyson is concerned may go on.

"Yes, real trouble," he continued.

Miss Tompkins looked sympathetic, but instinctively she took up a pad of paper and a pencil.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, in a business-like way.

"I hear," answered Johnny—and he never turned a hair—"that the *Morning Express* to-morrow is going to say that I'm engaged to Miss Mary Allyson!"

"Great heavens!" gasped Miss Tompkins. She seemed weak with amazement, but her hand did not drop the pencil.

"*Are* you?" she asked.

"No. Worse luck," replied Johnny. "I'd like to be. You see, I'm frank with you. That's why I'm so distressed about this. You can see for yourself how it might queer my chances."

A softer and more helpful look came into Miss Tompkins's eyes. She liked Johnny. And though a talented newspaper woman, she was still a woman and a match-maker.

"I wonder what I can do," she meditated. "I can deny the report."

"Oh, of course I want you to do that. That's a beginning."

"All right." Miss Tompkins scribbled a few words on a loose sheet of yellow paper and passed it over to Johnny.

"That do?" she asked, and, getting an affirmative reply, sent it up by a boy who was passing then.

Johnny heaved a sigh, as if of relief.

"That's something done. But there's still——"

"Have you been to the *Express?*"

"No. I don't believe they'd keep it out because I asked them. You see," he went on more slowly, "I suppose they must think that they have good reasons for believing the report true."

Miss Tompkins looked at him a little sharply.

"On my word of honor, Miss Tompkins, I'm not engaged to Miss Allyson, secretly or any other way. I haven't what they call 'an understanding' with her. It will be the truest thing any paper ever printed to say we're not engaged. You believe me? All right. Now what can be done about the *Express?* Isn't Miss Franks the society editor? And isn't she a friend of yours?"

"I know Miss Franks," replied Miss Tompkins, a little coldly. "I almost thought I'd told you once of a sort of disagreement we had——"

"I've such a bad memory," hastily interrupted Johnny. Of the truthfulness of many such speeches of his the reader may judge for himself.

"So I don't quite know what I could do with her," went on his friend.

"I wish you'd telephone her now all the same," pleaded Johnny. "You can just say that you've heard about the item and that you know it's not true."

Perhaps this was not a very good plan. The result will show.

"Hello, Miss Franks," so Miss Tompkins's end of the conversation ran. "This is Miss Tompkins of the *New Yorker*. I thought possibly I might do you a little friendly turn; yes, really. I hear you're running an item

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to-morrow morning about an engagement between Miss Mary Allyson and Mr. John Fairchild. What, you say you're not? Oh, come, I've the best reasons for knowing that you are, and certainly I'm not trying to get exclusive information, because I'm going to deny the engagement. What's that? You might run the story with some chance of its being true if I'm going to deny it? You'd never heard of any rumor of an engagement?"

Miss Tompkins was growing rather red in the face, and her voice became a little shrill. "I suppose not. Perhaps if you knew more of people you write about— In fact, Mr. Fairchild himself is now in my office; he has just come down from the opera. He knew there was such a rumor, and he heard you were going to publish it."

"Just a moment, Miss Tompkins," interrupted Johnny, and he bent down over the instrument.

"Of course, Miss Franks, if you hadn't heard anything and weren't going to print anything, we'll leave it as it is."

"She says she *has* heard something now" —Miss Tompkins was manipulating the receiver. "It will be very unpleasant for my friend Mr. Fairchild if you print anything. You haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance? No, as I said before, if you knew more of the people you write about——"

She stopped. There was apparently a considerable flow of language from the other end of the telephone. At last, very flushed indeed, she hung up the receiver with a snap.

"I guess I haven't been very helpful. I'm sorry. But Franks gets on my nerves. She's going to run the thing now just to spite me. What I can't make out is whether she had the story or not before I telephoned——"

"What does it matter?" asked Johnny. "The important thing is that she has it now."

"I'm sorry. Do you think it will make it very unpleasant for you?"

Johnny smiled almost radiantly at his friend.

"Let's hope not," he said cheerfully. "At any rate, it will show Miss Allyson that there are some people who think she ought to marry me. Besides, I suppose, after all, very few people would be such fools as to believe we're engaged." (Johnny enjoyed speaking the truth sometimes, when he could.)

"They wouldn't?"

"Why, no," said Johnny, "not if the *New Yorker* denies it. For that, if for no other reason."

"You flatter me, Mr. Fairchild."

"My dear Miss Tompkins," Johnny spoke almost solemnly, "I don't know what I should do without you."

Perhaps the reader thinks he knows.

The *Express*, being a morning paper, was out at three A.M. Miss Tompkins's *New Yorker*, being an evening journal, could not appear until at least after sunrise. But if one sleeps a little late in New York one can have both morning and evening editions with one's breakfast coffee. Thus it was that, to the truly fashionable women of the city, the report and its denial came simultaneously. From luxurious boudoir to luxurious boudoir the telephone lines were kept hot with discussion of this amazing engagement; you might have tapped any wire east of the Park and north of Forty-second Street and heard Miss Allyson's and Johnny's names. To quote phrases used earlier, our young gentleman was easily in the public "field of vision." He himself judged it probable that he had "flagged" Mrs. and Miss Allyson. At half past eleven, discreetly dressed and looking rather demure, he sent up his card to Mrs. Allyson at the Plaza Hotel.

He was carried up like a skyrocket to the seventeenth or eighteenth story, and here found Mrs. Allyson, red in the face and clanking a good many heavy gold chains rather ominously, awaiting his arrival.

"Well!" she began. There was the hint of a snort.

"Well!" replied Johnny.

"This ridiculous report——!"

"Yes, ridiculous, isn't it?—since I don't know your daughter. It's all very well to have admired her from afar, but——"

Mrs. Allyson's face in no way lightened. Johnny subsided.

"Can you imagine, Mr. Fairchild, how the newspapers——?"

"I did what I could," interrupted Johnny.

"You mean——?"

"I mean that I got the report denied at once. I take it that that would have been your wish, Mrs. Allyson."

"Certainly. It is all so extraordinarily unpleasant."

"For you, Mrs. Allyson. For me it can be only flattering that the press should for one instant think me eligible. I'm quite humble about it. I realize I'm not a match

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"WELL!" SHE BEGAN. THERE WAS THE HINT OF A SNORT. "WELL!" REPLIED JOHNNY.

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for Miss Allyson—" He paused a moment, as if to take the measure of the lady, then he went on deliberately: "Though I believe, according to ordinary standards, I am a fairly decent match."

Mrs. Allyson applied a pair of lorgnettes to her view of Johnny.

"Are you?" she asked. And she seemed not to be annoyed.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I'm twenty-six, sound in wind and limb, I'm pretty well-behaved, and should really and truly be awfully good to a wife. My father is what passes for a fairly well-off man—it's vulgar to say so, I know; but you could find it in Bradstreet's."

"Could I?" asked Mrs. Allyson, with a hearty brutality of manner to be acquired only in England, and among its aristocracy. "I suppose they would have it in the hotel."

"My social position is fairly respectable, I believe. At any rate, I was expecting to meet your daughter at dinner to-night, and probably at several other places. Of course, if it's going to be very disagreeable for her——"

"No, no," replied the lady. "I suppose the only thing to do is to seem to pay no attention to the whole thing." She rose as if to dismiss her caller.

"I suppose it wouldn't help matters at all," Johnny hazarded this suggestion with a thoughtful air, "if I *did* propose for your daughter's hand, now, to you, in the approved European fashion."

The gold chains clanked a little.

"I'm afraid both my daughter and I have already other views."

"Don't say it's settled," cried Johnny, with a vivacity that caused Mrs. Allyson to look at him rather sharply.

"When anything is settled, Mr. Fairchild, you and the rest of the world will be informed of it at the proper time."

"I beg your pardon." Johnny retreated, muttering something about hoping that the proposal of honorable marriage had caused no hard feeling. In the office of the hotel he just stopped to notice that there was a copy of Bradstreet's. It was, in a way, an almost inexpressibly vulgar thing to do. But there are moments when all's fair. The reader must not forget the quay at Lucerne, and the dusty, faded spray of blue flowers that the boy had treasured for eight years. And when you have determined to succeed in anything, is it merely sophistical, or is it characteristically American, too, to say that the end justifies the means? Johnny was a scalawag, if you like. He was also, in most of the essential and pleasant meanings of the term, a gentleman.

The dinner that night was at Mrs. Hart Winthrop's, and Johnny, it must be confessed, braced himself to enter her drawing-room. Perhaps he looked a trifle pale; otherwise his appearance was irreproachable, though a small, faded, dry blue flower in his buttonhole was perhaps an odd addition to his costume. Just ahead of him was his hostess; across the room was Mary Allyson, the wonderful blue-black hair crowned with a wreath of purple flowers that matched the deep violet of her eyes. By her side stood the Duke of Elderminster. Johnny raised his head a little high, and the color flowed back into his cheeks.

"You know everybody, I believe, except your *fiancée*," he heard his hostess murmur lightly.

"Exactly." Then he spoke almost sternly. "Mrs. Winthrop, I've got to sit next her at dinner to-night. Got to!"

The lady hesitated.

"Oh, of course, with her permission," he went on.

Mrs. Winthrop took his arm and carried him straight across to Miss Allyson.

"Mary," she said, "this is Mr. Fairchild. He is begging me to put him next you at dinner. You were to be between my cousin Henry and the duke."

For a moment nothing was said. Johnny stood straight before her and honestly and frankly looked into Miss Allyson's dark eyes with his bright blue ones.

"Why not give Mr. Fairchild the place?" she replied. "I daresay I shall often enough sit by the duke."

She smiled at the Englishman by her side as she said it, yet there was a trace, so Johnny imagined, of languid scorn in her voice, something that seemed to tell how beauty might weary of a conquered world.

"I'll try to console you—" began their hostess to the displaced nobleman, and then at last Johnny found himself alone with Miss Allyson. He was plainly "in her field of vision." For an instant there was again a pause. Then they both gave a little laugh.

"It was ridiculous, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Johnny. "But I hated to deny it."

"Oh, of course you would say that." She

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turned to him almost indignantly. "And yet I thought, I hoped American men wouldn't pay the obvious compliment. I've had a great deal of the obvious compliment. I came home to find something different. If I don't find it——"

"You may as well go back for good, you mean," murmured Johnny.

"Yes," she answered, and then, as if surprised and annoyed at the way she had been betrayed into serious speech, she instantly took up a lighter, gayer note. "Yes, since my engagement to you is broken, what is there to hold me?" She smiled. Johnny saw more than ever why the crowned heads of Europe had so desired her presence at lunch.

"I would try to hold you, in spite of the broken engagement. May I tell you something about the obvious compliment later, when we are safely settled at dinner?"

The fish had come and gone before she turned to him.

"How did that story get into the paper, Mr. Fairchild?" she asked.

"*I* can't tell you," he replied, and he looked straight into her eyes. It was true, he couldn't.

"I think it was just fate. Will you listen a little? When you were about seventeen you had a yellow muslin dress and a hat with blue corn-flowers on it. And one morning when you walked on the quay at Lucerne you had a bunch of the same flowers in your belt. And some of them fell out and so—you see this wretched thing here," he pointed to his buttonhole. "I was just a silly boy, and you took, I suppose, the afternoon train, and I never found out who you were nor where you had gone, until yesterday."

"Is it really true?" She looked a little startled and for an instant almost like the simple, unsophisticated girl on the quay, under the clipped trees. "I had a yellow muslin dress, I remember that."

"It was awfully pretty," said Johnny.

"Yes, wasn't it?"

Then again the worldliness and something of the scorn he had seen before came back.

"You're asking me to believe the whole romantic story, are you? That you've loved no one else ever since?" Her voice was mocking, and her eyes danced.

"No; I'll be honest," said Johnny. "I won't say I've loved no one else since. I only say that I had loved no one else before and —" he paused a second and his voice sank— "that now I shall never love anyone else again."

"*Mais—vraiment vous allez vite, vous autres Américains!*" she exclaimed, looking at him almost breathlessly.

"Yes, we go as fast when we want a thing as any foreigners. Why don't you give us a chance? You've been away the three best years of your life. Life is a lot pleasanter over there in many ways, I know. But it would be a lot pleasanter here if you would stay this side."

The girl's eyes wandered about the table, resting the briefest time on the Duke of Elderminster. It seemed to Johnny that a veil of sadness was for an instant drawn over their violet depths. She turned to him impulsively, and with no trace of coquetry in her manner.

"Oh, if you could make me believe it is pleasanter here!" she said, in a low voice.

"That I will," answered Johnny. He went on very quietly and in a voice that just reached her. No one at the table, from looking at him, could have guessed that they were not discussing the winter climate of the Riviera.

"And another thing. They've told you over there that we're all business men here, that we can't make love, nor feel it. It isn't so. We can feel it, at least. There isn't much time for me to try to make it. You'll have to turn around to the other side in a few minutes. You mustn't think this is a joke. It's a miracle. I've been waiting for it to happen ever since I got a warning on the quay at Lucerne eight years ago. I don't suppose for a minute that the same thing has happened to you. If you've decided in favor of your Englishman or your Frenchman, if you're happy, I must just try to forget. If you've not decided, do think of me. If you're not quite happy, let me try to make you so."

"You do go fast," the girl murmured.

"Ah, but how far do I go?" asked Johnny. "How far toward your heart?"

She turned to him, and her eyes were soft and they shone.

"I don't quite know; really, I don't quite know."

There was an instant's silence, while they looked into each other's eyes. Then suddenly they became conscious that from various quarters they were being observed. Johnny, in particular, saw Mrs. Allyson glaring at him down the long, glittering table.

"Good-by," he said, lightly. "Only prom-

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"YES, TAKE HIM ON TRIAL, AT LEAST. I GIVE THAT AS MY ADVICE. I GIVE MY CONSENT, DEAR."

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ise me one thing. You won't go away to-night without another talk?"

"No. Good-by."

Then they both turned, with a quite satisfactory air of gaiety and a rattle of lively talk, to their neighbors on the two sides. Dinner went on; ultimately the men went up to the drawing-room. There was a choice of bridge or conversation. Not for Johnny, however. Mrs. Allyson, sitting on a sofa that raked the entrance door, signaled to our young gentleman the moment he came in. He obeyed instantly, and, sinking down by the lady's side, permitted himself a moment's admiration of the remains of singularly fine looks.

"Mr. Fairchild," she began, "I don't like this joke. I may be deficient in sense of humor, but I don't even think it is a joke."

"Do I understand, I wonder?" inquired Johnny, mildly.

"I can make it clear, I believe. Until this morning I had never even heard your name. To-night half the people are talking, half jokingly, half seriously, about your being engaged to my daughter."

"Well, that isn't bad for one day's work, is it?" asked Johnny, frankly.

"You presented every appearance of flirting ostentatiously with my daughter at dinner to-night."

"Oh, ostentatiously! That's hard. And as for flirting, flirting isn't serious, as I understand it. And you must remember that I made an offer for your daughter's hand."

"I declined it, didn't I?"

Johnny looked at her as if deliberating.

"Have you asked people about me?"

"Certainly."

"And had a look at Bradstreet's?"

"Most assuredly," was the unperturbed reply. Mrs. Allyson allowed herself to smile, and Johnny liked her for it.

"Well?"

"Most satisfactory, all of it—if I didn't happen to have other views. No, I must ask you not to go on with your joke. It doesn't amuse me."

"I hate not to amuse," began Johnny, "still——"

"It doesn't amuse, among other people, the Duke of Elderminster."

"Then you've settled. It's he," cried Johnny.

"I may tell you in confidence," Mrs. Allyson answered, "that it is settled, that it is the duke."

Again Johnny considered his adversary—she was that now.

"You mean it's settled in your mind and in his. Not in your daughter's. She's not in love with him. You're tempting her with his position. You're forcing her into it. I know her feelings too well——"

It was a bold move. Mrs. Allyson's eyes flashed, and anger—happily for Johnny—for once put her off her guard.

"If my daughter has so far forgotten herself as to talk this way to a total stranger——" she began.

Johnny fairly jumped in his seat.

"She hasn't," he cried. "I didn't know anything. But now I *do* know. She *doesn't* care for him. You *are* trying to force her into it. I *have* a chance."

Mrs. Allyson rose. There was dignity about her, and Johnny couldn't well blame her for resenting his methods.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fairchild; you have no chance. Your jokes do not amuse. You have perhaps precipitated what was inevitable, that is all. We will announce the engagement at once—to-morrow, I think. And, since it is the custom nowadays in America, I see, I will to-morrow morning send some authentic news to the papers."

Johnny took out his watch. It was half past ten. The *New Yorker* would not go to press for about two hours yet. And there across the room was Mary Allyson, who had promised him that she would not go without a word with him. Johnny did not despair.

He made his way straight to her. There was a touch of solemnity in his manner when he spoke, as if he realized that this was a crisis in both their lives.

"Come," he said, somewhat to the amazement of the little group around her. "Come, there is something you must know before you go."

He led her across the hall—it was not the first time he had dined there—into a quiet library with great red-cushioned chairs, and shaded lamps casting a soft light on the gold and leather of the book-shelves, and a great jar of daffodils standing on the table—daffodils had bloomed in the woods around Lucerne eight springs ago.

"Your mother is angry with me," said Johnny. "She is going to announce your engagement to Elderminster to-morrow. Now I know you don't love him, and that you don't want to marry him. I don't know what means your mother has of forcing you——"

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"She doesn't force me," protested Miss Allyson, and she went on in a dull, monotonous kind of voice. "I don't know that I especially want to marry; I don't know that I don't want to. I like Elderminster. He's a good sort, and he is a good match. It would make mother happy. As for love"—her eyes grew misty and seemed to look far away—"I was in love once. I would have been engaged, but the man died. After that—well, after that the success didn't matter except that it pleased mother. And the marriage with Elderminster doesn't matter, either. Do you see?"

"Ah, can't there ever be anyone else?" broke from Johnny. He came no nearer her, but standing before her he impulsively stretched out a hand that seemed to ask her to come and to take from him not only affection, but comradeship and some understanding of the past. "Can't I try to help you forget?"

"I don't know," she murmured, looking up at him. "Perhaps—oh, I can't tell."

"Why not give me a chance?" he pleaded. "It isn't as if I asked you to marry me tonight. Just say you're engaged to me. You can break it if you like; I shall understand. I'll not reproach you for it, ever. It will only be giving me my chance of making you care for me as I love you. It isn't really as reckless as it sounds. It's only a little reckless. Be a little reckless for once. You're American, too. *Allez donc vous-même, un peu vite.*"

"Mother will never consent, never in the world."

"We mustn't ask her consent till afterward. Suppose that to-morrow's newspapers were to confirm the report of our engagement? There's a telephone here on the desk. I can do it in five minutes."

"I can't decide," quavered the girl.

"You like me, then?"

"Yes," she answered, and her cheeks grew softly pink. "I believe I like you. But I'm not daring enough—it's so sudden, so uncertain. I feel afraid to decide all alone."

"Wait," cried Johnny; "wait."

With no further explanation he left her. There were tears in her eyes, and by the time she had dried them she heard him coming back, and she heard the rustle of a woman's skirts.

"Mrs. Morpont," said Johnny, "there's no one in the world who has been so kind and good to me as you. That's why I ask another and a bigger favor. Here's Mary Allyson, whose mother will be marrying her to a man she doesn't love unless she takes some desperate measure to prevent it. Is it too desperate a measure for her to announce that she is engaged to me? You know me, you can advise her. I love her. I want to marry her. I'll be good to her, I'll be the best I can to her. But if after a little while she thinks she can't like me well enough, she's to say 'no' and the engagement's off, and I'll try not to cry too hard about it. Will you tell her, dear friend, whether it is too desperate a measure?"

Mrs. Morpont had stood motionless through this speech. Her delicate head was held high, her gold-brown hair was crowned with the glittering of diamonds. Never had she looked lovelier. Yet perhaps she turned a little pale.

"Johnny is a good boy, Mary dear. I think it would be safe to take him. I've liked him a good deal myself. It is a little of a surprise that he's in love with you. But he's a dear. I know him well. I can give him a 'character.' I advise you to take him."

She bent over Mary Allyson and, putting an arm around her, kissed her.

"Yes, take him on trial, at least. I give that as my advice. I give my consent, dear."

Mary was looking at her with startled, radiant eyes. Johnny, for the moment seeming to pay no attention to her, turned instead to Mrs. Morpont, took her hand and, bending over it, kissed it twice.

"Ah, you're just next to the dearest woman in the world. If there wasn't Mary——"

For a second Eva Morpont turned her face away, and a queer little look almost of pain flashed over it. Then, before one could really have known it for that, the color came back into her cheeks.

"Bless you, my children," she cried, almost gayly.

Before her Johnny took Miss Allyson in his arms and kissed her.

"Will you risk it, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

And she took the same risk three months later at the altar of St. Thomas's. And so we can leave Johnny for a while.

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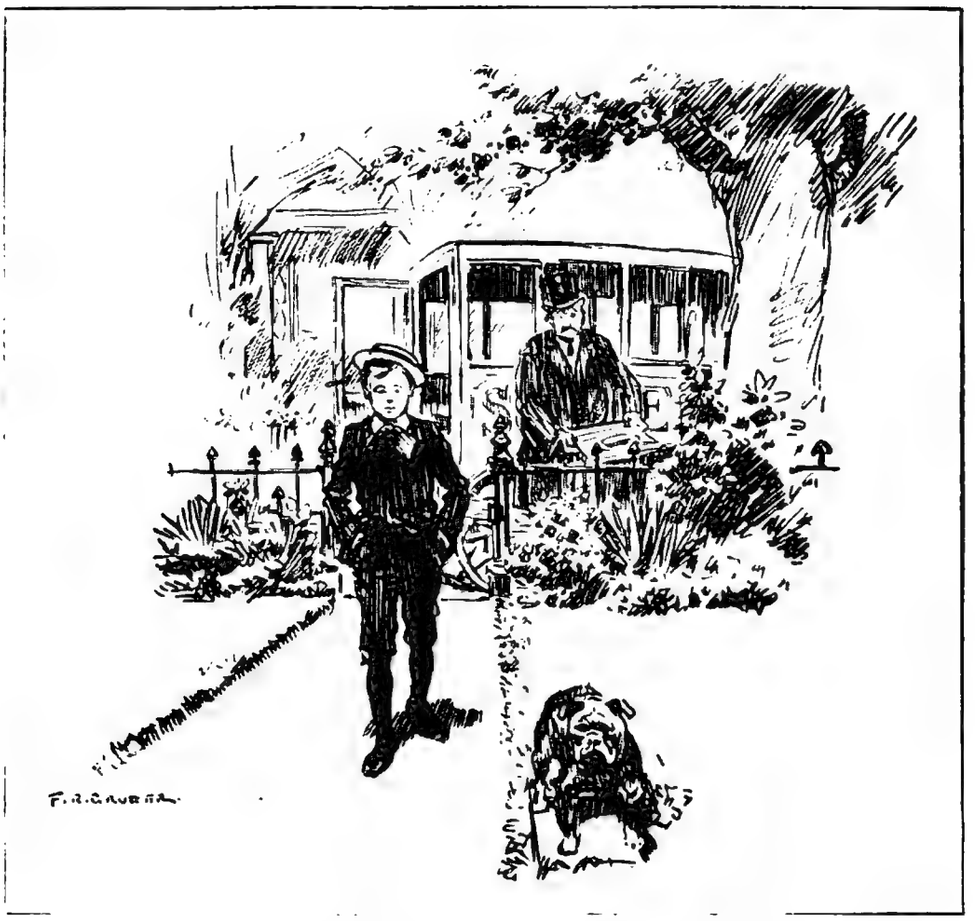

HE WALKED BRISKLY UP THE PATH AS FAR AS THE IRON BULLDOG.

THE ANECDOTE

By KENNETT HARRIS

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

WHEN Uncle Glerson first took Billy Cramer under his wing, Billy was about twelve years old and a recent orphan. Uncle Glerson was pretty well off and himself childless, so the arrangement was looked upon as a rather good thing for the boy. The old gentleman's first proceeding was to send Billy away to a military school; not that he had any idea of making a soldier of him, but he had a hazy notion that the discipline would do his nephew good. Furthermore, he was a man of settled habits and had his doubts as to the advisability of making a total stranger of tender age a permanent and continuous resident of Ossawatomie Cottage. He didn't know what kind of a boy Billy would turn out to be. Three months went by before the midsummer vacation gave him a chance to find out.

The morning of Billy's arrival, Uncle Glerson was seated in a capacious rattan chair on the front porch, contemplating with satisfaction the cast-iron fauna scattered artistically over the trim, well-kept lawn. Presently came the rattle of the station hack, which, drawing up to the gate, emitted a small but sturdy-looking youngster dressed in mourning black that contrasted strongly with remarkably fair hair and complexion and an expression of happy, care-free self-confidence. Leaning on the gate, the boy hailed the porch in a loud and somewhat peremptory tone:

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"Sa-ay! Is this Ossawatomie Cottage?"

"Of course it is," Uncle Glerson shouted back rather testily.

"All right, driver; dump the trunk," said the boy.

He unlatched the gate and walked briskly up the path as far as the iron bulldog, which he stopped to examine and to kick tentatively. Then he resumed his progress to the porch and stood looking at his relative with bright, discriminating eyes. He saw a somewhat corpulent, very pink-faced old fellow with bushy side-whiskers, shaggy white hair, and beetling, bristling eyebrows, who wore, on the whole, a friendly look.

"I'm Billy Cramer," said the boy, holding out his hand and smiling. "I guess you're my Uncle Glerson. Why don't you get a live dog?"

They shook hands, after which the old gentleman held the boy off at arm's length and inspected him. "You've got the Glerson nose and chin," he said, apparently pleased. "And I guess you've got some of the Glerson spunk. Glad to see you. Come on in, bub."

It was at dinner that same evening that Billy first heard the anecdote. The repast was a bounteous one. There was a soup julienne of surpassing flavor, whose tiny esculents Billy found particularly attractive; a leg of tender spring lamb roasted to a delicate brown and uberous of grateful juices; there were soft, succulent green peas faintly aromatic of mint, new potatoes in cream, and a dessert that included strawberry tartlets. Uncle Glerson undoubtedly had a cook who knew her business. Billy ate to repletion. Uncle Glerson beamed with satisfaction.

"Tastes a little better than the grub you've been getting at school, eh?" he remarked jocularly, as the boy sighed in refusal of the impossible third tartlet. "You ain't like a guest o' mine I had once when I was running a hotel in Kansas in an early day. Didn't know I ever kept hotel, did you, bub? Well, I did. This fellow was from Boston or somewheres east, an' he come to stay in the town a month an' put up with me. Well, as I say, he put up with me, but seems like he couldn't put up with nothing I had. He didn't like the beds. They were too hard. And he didn't like the weather because it was too hot. He sort of objected to the people because they were too rough. I finally got tired of hearing him kick, and so one day when he came fussing about the food and the way it was cooked, I concluded I'd settle him.

"'My friend,' I says, 'you're right. It's just as bad as it can be. Couldn't hardly be worse. But,' I says, tapping him on the breast, 'you're better off than I am, because I have to eat it and you don't. Understand?' I says. 'I've got money invested in this hotel and I can't get out, but you can. So you're better off than I am.'"

Billy laughed very heartily at this because it amused him. Uncle Glerson laughed, too, with much enjoyment, and repeated his retort to the critical guest and laughed again, as did Billy. He was very much pleased with his nephew, and told him that he was a fine fellow; also that he was going to make a man of him. A few days later he repeated the anecdote, apropos of a hotel they were passing as they drove out. Billy, being something of a diplomat, laughed again no less heartily than he had done the first time, and Uncle Glerson patted his head affectionately and subsequently gave him a liberal tip.

Soon after Billy went back to school Uncle Glerson came to visit him. The principal, of course, showed the old gentleman every attention, had the boys drill for him, let him attend the classes, and took him on a tour of inspection. Before the visitor left he dined with the pupils and complimented the Head upon the fare.

"I'm sure it's good enough for anybody," he said. "Nobody could complain of this food. Still, some people like to complain anyway. It reminds me of when I was out in Kansas in an early day and kept hotel there. I had a guest——"

The Head thought it was a capital story and went into paroxysms of laughter over it. Billy, sitting near his uncle, tittered in a subdued sort of way. It came with a little effort.

By the time Billy was sixteen he had heard the anecdote so often that he could repeat it word for word forward or backward. He never failed in all that time to laugh at the finish or to appear deeply interested in the relation. He was not at all a hypocrite, either. He knew it pleased Uncle Glerson to have his story appreciated, and he liked to please the old man. That was all there was to it. But in time, a year or two later, it began to irritate him to a certain extent. If he had been old enough to have "nerves," I should have said that the anecdote had got on them.

I who tell this story chummed with Billy at college. He was a good deal of a mule in some ways and prone to righteous wrath if

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anybody tried to put any form of what he considered unrighteousness on him, but he was the best half-back that we had ever had, and *mighty* likable. Naturally, he told me a good deal about Uncle Glerson, and when he spoke of him it was always with a glow of affection and gratitude that was something more than filial.

"Finest old boy ever stepped, Sam!" he would exclaim. "You ought to see him, with his shaggy old white mane and his rosy gills. He's the real thing! And when I think that I haven't made a touch since I've been here that he hasn't stood for without even clearing his throat for a holler, I want to show him that he's got something coming."

That was a real determination. When Billy wasn't engaged in some devilment or another, he was grinding, and he ground to some purpose, too.

All this being so, I was rather surprised when, as we were on our way to Uncle Glerson's together for the first time, he gave me this warning:

"There's one thing," he said. "He'll tell you a story. And, Sam," he added earnestly, "you've got to laugh. Laugh your darnedest, cackle and crow, shriek, wipe large pearly tears from your eyes, and explode at two-minute intervals for half an hour following." He paused and looked gloomy for the first time. "I can't laugh at it myself," he said.

It was good to see the meeting between the two: the pride and love in the old gentleman's look as he stood with a pudgy, freckled hand on each of Billy's broad shoulders, and the unaffected pleasure in Billy's smile as he returned the embrace.

"This is Sam, uncle," said Billy, and the old gentleman turned and shook hands with me with great cordiality. "I know all about Sam," he said, "and I'm mighty glad to see him—mighty glad! Billy's told me about you, sir."

"Not all about me, I hope," I said; at which he chuckled.

"Not any more than you'll tell me about him, I guess," he retorted. "I'll bet a horse you've got an understanding between you. Come right in, boys; supper's ready." He linked an arm in Billy's, the other in mine, and we went in.

It was a jolly meal. I don't know when I ever ate a better, or one with more seasoning of mirth and happiness. Billy told a few of the more harmless of our little escapades of the past term, and Uncle Glerson was fairly uproarious in his appreciation of them. We laughed at the way he laughed, and with this encouragement he laughed the more, and presently came the anecdote.

I am bound to say that I enjoyed it. Constant repetition had enabled Uncle Glerson to bring out its points with great effect. He did the captious guest, I thought, inimitably, and his own quiet rejoinder, drawled out with a serious innocency belied only by the uncontrollable twinkle in his eye, was perfect. Billy's injunction on the way down was entirely unnecessary. I should have laughed in any event. Billy just smiled, and it was a wan, sickish smile at that.

As we were smoking in what Uncle Glerson called his study, Billy excused himself to make an expected visit to the kitchen, and Uncle Glerson instantly availed himself of the opportunity to ask a hundred eager questions concerning him—questions, be it said, that I could properly answer. Didn't I think that Billy was a mighty fine boy? Smart as they make 'em, eh? And not a lazy bone in his body. Didn't I consider that he worked too *dern* hard? He, Uncle Glerson, didn't want that. No need of it. Still, he was proud to know that the boy was a rustler. What did I think of this civil engineering as a profession? Billy seemed crazy about it. At any rate, he wasn't going to stand in Billy's way. "If he wanted to go into the business of manufacturing dip to keep providential ticks off those blatting, range-defiling, perdition-condemned, stub-tailed sheep—by Judas, I'd stake him!" said Uncle Glerson. "More than that I couldn't say," he added with emphasis.

It appeared that cattle-raising had been another of Uncle Glerson's western enterprises, and he didn't like sheep. He told me a story of a little private war that he and his outfit had waged against one Gonzales Laguna, who had invaded his range with certain flocks with the frivolous justification of a leasehold from the owner of the land grant on which the range was situated. As the relation proceeded, I thought I saw a new side of Uncle Glerson, a grim, a dangerous side, traits of hot passion and immovable stubbornness that showed in the lively sparkle of his blue eyes and the ugly set of his jaw. For a few minutes I should have said that he was, in the parlance of his West, a bad man to stir up. Then Billy returned, and he was the simple-natured, benignant old boy I had al-

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ways pictured him, his eyebrows the only thing about him that bristled.

My visit to Billy was of only a week's duration, but in that time I am positive that I heard the Kansas hotel story at least four times. It amused me a great deal to see Billy writhe under it. I thought then that he exaggerated the effect it had upon him. "Honest," said Billy, "I believe he gets worse all the time."

"What's the matter with you?" I said. "Got to have all of your stories new? Take a course in the funny weeklies and see if that doesn't make you feel resigned. *Similia similibus curantur*. But you ought to learn to love it for old association's sake."

"That's moldy, too," said Billy. "And, Sam," he continued earnestly, "it isn't only that I've heard it so often before, but there are other people, and he's such an old prince royal, and so—so *darned* good every way, I hate to have anybody snickering behind his back and thinking him a bore. By gosh! if I *caught* any one laughing at him!" Billy's eyes flashed and his fists clenched most formidably.

Billy's face lighted up and he wrung my hand with fervor.

I left the next morning. We walked to the station, at Billy's suggestion. As we turned into the long, maple-shaded, residential continuation of Main Street, I noticed that Billy seemed absent-minded, making random responses to my remarks. Presently, in front of a comfortable, weather-beaten brick house of some former pretension, he squeezed my biceps sharply and I looked and saw one of the prettiest girls I ever laid my eyes on in my life —ever had up to that time, at least. She was not more than seventeen, I should judge, and her face was as blooming and as fresh as the dew-wet roses on the bush she was snipping at. A rose blush showed on her cheeks at the sight of us; not an awkward, conscious reddening, but a charming tinge incarnadine that came and went with her smile and seemed an essential part of it.

"That's Evadne," said Billy, after we had bowed and passed on.

"Oh! that's Evadne, eh?" I said.

"Yes; didn't I ever speak of her? Awf'ly

"TASTES A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE GRUB YOU'VE BEEN GETTING AT SCHOOL, EH?"

"You're a fool to think any such thing," I said. "Nobody could see him and be with him for half an hour without loving him. I'd be proud if he were an uncle of mine, I tell you those."

nice little girl. Well, we've got to step up a little if tha. train gets in on time."

"So that's Evadne, eh?" I repeated to myself as the train bore me away. "All right for you, Billy, my boy!"

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Midway in his third year Billy left college and went out west with a railroad surveying party—to gain some practical experience. I did not see him again until I had been settled in the sweet solitude of my own law office for nearly six months. Then, one afternoon, he dropped in on me, brown as a berry and fit as a fiddle. A flying visit, he said it was.

"Why this unseemly haste?" I asked.

"Life is short and jobs is fleeting, Sammy," he answered gaily; "so likewise are cash and yours devotedly. I've a railroad pass to New York, with a time limit, and one solitary, ominous double-cross in my jeans, with a trifle of chicken-feed, which isn't going to keep me long in luxury. But there's a man in New York who will give me a job."

I suppose I looked my amazement.

"The old gentleman and I are at outs, Sam," said Billy. "We split on the story at last. *Desdichado* is on my shield."

"You're crazy!" I exclaimed.

He laughed in a hard sort of a way. "Not half as crazy as he was," he said. "I meant to break it to him gently and tactfully, but I told him that the story had whiskers that rubbed the blacking off its boots, that it was lichened gray-green, that he would find it much more convenient and more merciful to his friends if he'd get it printed and framed and hang it up where he could point to it instead of telling it. At least, he must have understood me to say something like that, judging from the way he acted. Never saw him mad, did you?"

"Billy," I said seriously, "this is all foolishness. You've got to go back and fix this business up. He thinks too much of you——"

"Excuse me," said Billy, with icy softness, "you don't know anything about it. He may have had some delusions about me in the past, but his eyes are opened now. I am simply an ungrateful, impudent young whelp, and I can go hustle for myself now and see how I like it. Figuratively, I was kicked out; actually, I was within one of it."

"If there was a misunderstanding—" I began.

"We won't discuss it, Sam," said Billy, and his brows came together and his mouth set in an obstinate line that I knew pretty well; so I switched off. He left me at midnight, rejecting with airy self-confidence my offer of a loan. But, to show me that his heart was good, as he said, he produced from an inner pocket on the left-hand side of his waistcoat a small morocco case that opened upon the smiling face of a girl.

"You don't remember her, do you?" he asked, as he closed the case and moved away from the glare of the arc-light toward the train gate.

"I don't think that anybody would forget Evadne very easily," I answered. And Billy's face beamed with tender pride.

"Well, good-by, Billy. God bless you and good luck to you!"

"Good-by, old man!" and Billy was gone, leaving me pretty much disturbed in my mind and saddened by a mental picture that I had formed. It was a picture of an old man, lonely and grim, sitting in his wicker chair on the veranda and thinking long, bitter thoughts of a bright-eyed, yellow-headed little boy who had once sat beside him, listening with bated breath to his stories, and stalked the cast-iron animals on the lawn and shot them with blunt-headed arrows.

Billy got his job. It took him west again, where there was some big bridge building with, later, as he wrote me, an ambitious dam or two. In the three or four letters that I received from him, Uncle Glerson's name was not mentioned, which was a disappointment to me. Knowing the affection that had always existed between uncle and nephew, I had imagined that the breach would not be long in the healing. As time went on, I often thought that it might be well for me to play the part of mediator; but then the whole thing was so absurd! Could I go to Uncle Glerson and say: "My dear sir, I know that in his heart Billy is repentant. He did not really mean that your story had grown to be a chestnut; anyway, he's sorry that he said it was"? I let it slide. I am ashamed to say that I began to get so interested in my own affairs that I rarely thought of my old chum, and the letters that I occasionally determined to write were invariably postponed.

Two more years went by. I began to acquire clients and to pay expenses. I was actually engaged with a bona-fide client of means one day when my half-share office-boy brought Billy's card in to me. I went out at once and found a person I hardly knew, a copper-skinned, bearded, serious-looking man. Man every inch of his seventy-two, clear. A little leaner than of old and with a little more of the falcon droop of the upper eyelid; but when he smiled at my half hesitating regard, it was Billy—the same Billy.

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I got rid of my client and we went over to the club and dined luxuriously, sumptuously together. Then, the desultory questions and answers over, we settled down to the long talk. Billy had prospered in his profession far more than I in mine, I judged. He had risen steadily in it, though as a subordinate, and now he was to undertake his first important work alone.

"Where, Billy?"

"Uruguay—railroad. I sail Wednesday for Montevideo. It's a three- or four-year job, according to our rough estimates. Perhaps I can beat that. If I do it in less, it means a big bonus, and I can use that bonus."

"What does Evadne say?" I asked.

"God bless her! She's willing to wait," said Billy. "If all's well— But that's to be seen. She and uncle have become great friends."

I was delighted. "I knew you couldn't keep up that idiotic old quarrel," I said. "Good enough! How is he now?"

"You're mistaken," said Billy gravely. "I haven't seen him," he sighed. "But it's a comfort to me to know that he has somebody to care for him and somebody to care for. And that it's my girl," he added.

"Why in the name of common sense don't you go——"

I got so far, but there was something in Billy's look and the shake of his head that stopped me. So Billy sailed for Montevideo and there was no word of farewell for Uncle Gerson.

"FINEST OLD BOY EVER STEPPED, SAM!" HE WOULD EXCLAIM.

From Durazno he wrote to me six months later to tell me that the work was starting out with a jump, or what was regarded down there as a jump. There was word of Uncle Gerson, too:

"He's as fond of her as if she were his daughter, and she tells me that she spends most of her time with him. But he won't let her talk of me. You see how it is, Sam."

The subject cropped up from time to time. In another letter he said:

"The old man isn't as easy as you might think him. I honestly don't believe that he cares a hang whether he ever sees me again. He dumped me out of his heart as he nearly put me out of the house,

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and he has the strength of will to keep heart and house door shut against me. Perhaps I was to blame to some extent, and I admit it's more or less of a grief to me. The work goes on well. Anybody who says the South American native won't work simply doesn't know how to handle him. But you've got to work yourself and let them see you're working—get up a sort of 'hurrah, boys.' That bonus is mine."

I thought the admission that he might be to blame was a tolerably large one for the young man. It looked hopeful. I did not hear from him again until he had worked up to Paso de Toros. From there he wrote:

"Sam, I wish you were here to kick me. I don't say this as a figure of speech. A vigorous, humiliating public kicking is what I deserve, and I'd joyfully submit to it as a penance if it would relieve my conscience. I can't send you Evadne's letter, but this is what she says: 'He has not been feeling very well lately and I have been greatly concerned about him. He sleeps so much, and often when he is awake he will sit for ever and ever so long in a sort of a dream, it seems, and I have to speak to him several times before he notices what I say. This morning I found him in your old room, leaning back in an armchair and staring out of the window, and, dear, he had a worn and ripped leather-covered ball in his hands. I sat on the arm of the chair and petted him and presently I said, "Uncle Glerson, I'm writing to Billy." He didn't frown as he always has done before, but seemed to think it over, and I said it again. "May I tell him anything for you?" I asked. "Eh?" he said, and I repeated it.

"'"Give him my love," he said, and then: "This is Billy's ball. Seems sort o' strange not to have Billy around."'

"Sam, can you imagine how I felt when I read that? I have written to him, but I couldn't put it in words. I've got to see him. I've got to get down and eat dirt, and I won't know rest or peace until I do it. I shall have finished up this business in about four months now, and then—! I told you, didn't I, that Evadne and I are to be married on my return? He will live with us, and the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part us."

"THAT'S EVADNE," SAID BILLY.

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Business had to be finished, of course. Business has precedence, by divine right, in everything. It stretched the four months into six, and at the time Billy came back and when I would have given my ears to welcome him, it called me abroad. It was not a long absence, but I missed the wedding. As soon as I could, though, I went down to Ossawatomie Cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Cramer had made their abode. Billy met me at the station. It was a meeting to put a glow in a man's heart, too.

"So it's all cleared up between you and the old man now?" I said, as we approached the cottage. "I believe I'm as glad of that as you must be."

To my surprise Billy didn't answer at once. Looking at him, I saw his face twitch, and he gulped. Then he stopped.

"Sam," he said huskily, "*he didn't know me!*

"I don't think he quite knows me now," he went on, after a pause. "You see—you'll see a change in him. He's failed a little lately, I fear. Let's walk on."

"I thank God that I was not altogether too late," he continued, "and I am grateful that Evadne could be so much to him. He lost his money, too. It's odd that I should feel glad of that, but my only comfort is in the feeling that I have, after all, been able to do some little thing to repay what he has done for me. But, oh," he said remorsefully, "how much I might have done!"

For all the warning I had, it was something of a shock to me when I saw Uncle Glerson. He had lost his comfortable bulk, so that his clothes hung loosely on him; of his shaggy mat of hair but a few thin wisps were left, and he blinked at me vacantly with watery eyes when he tottered in to dinner, supported by Billy's wife.

"A friend of Billy's," he repeated. "Yes, yes. I'm glad to welcome you, sir. Glad to welcome you. A friend of Billy's. Yes, yes. A fine boy, Billy. Fine lad. I'm proud of him, sir."

I did not dare to look at Billy.

The care and solicitude the two displayed throughout the meal was really affecting. They addressed themselves to the old man constantly, repeating everything that he failed to hear or to understand, with the tender, loving patience that parents might have shown to a dear child, exchanging delighted glances when he cackled with amusement, as he often did, or said something indicating that he followed the conversation with interest and comprehension.

Every once in a while I noticed the old man's eye fixed upon me with a puzzled expression, as if he were beset with some old remembrance. And when I smiled at him, he said very earnestly but with something tentative in his tone and manner:

"A fine boy, Billy, sir! And he's got spunk, Billy has."

When we had finished the meal, Uncle Glerson laid his napkin on the table, looked seriously around, and bowed his head. "We will now thank God—" he began; then he stopped and his eyes met mine. "Some people aren't thankful to God," he observed, smiling. "When I was out in—out in——"

He looked pitifully distressed.

Billy cleared his throat. "You were in Kansas once, weren't you," he said, "keeping hotel?"

The smile came back to Uncle Glerson's face. "Keeping hotel in Kansas. Yes," he said, "and there was a feller staying with me that wasn't thankful. There wasn't any kind of a dinner suited him, seemed like, and —and—" He trailed again into forgetfulness.

Billy always paled when he was moved. He was pale now, but he smiled. "Did he complain to you?" he asked.

A gleam of triumph came into the faded blue eyes. "Yes, that's what he did." Uncle Glerson chuckled and looked around with a ghost of his former gleeful anticipation of our applause. "Came to me and kicked like a bay steer. I says to him—I say——"

"'You're right,'" prompted Billy.

"'You're right, my friend,' I says," continued the old man. "'It's just as bad as it can be. Just as bad——'"

"But he didn't have to stand it," Billy suggested quickly.

"'Course he didn't," said Uncle Glerson. "That's what I told him. 'I have to eat it,' I says. 'You don't.'"

He chuckled again and looked at us wistfully, for there was a moment's silence.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Billy, and his wife chimed in with her musical laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tears were rolling down Billy's cheeks, and the tears, at least, were not forced. His wife pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

And I, too, laughed—until I cried.

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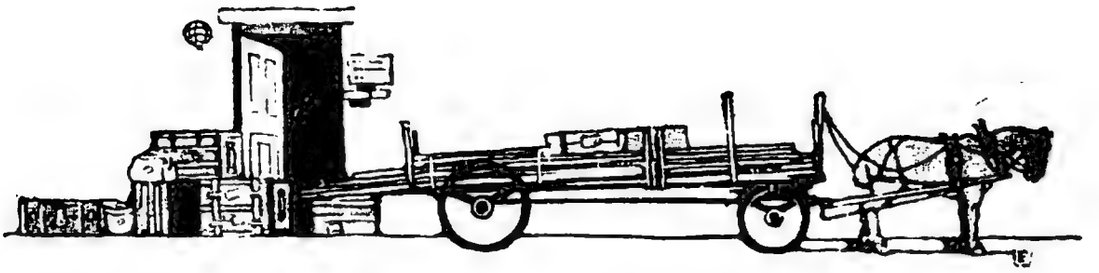

THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY

By HARTLEY DAVIS

Illustrated with Photographs made especially for "Everybody's Magazine" by Byron

IN finished manuscript form, before it is produced, a play is a most uncertain thing, so far as its commercial value is concerned. The most astute managers declare, especially after a failure, that it is all guesswork, and that their business is practically gambling. When a new play meets with popular approval, however, the manager is likely to say that, though there is more or less guesswork about production, good judgment and clear insight are the determining factors.

Charles Frohman, who has produced, and each year produces, more plays than any other manager, his average now being about thirty plays a season, has a record of having guessed right six times out of ten in the past dozen years. That is to say, nearly half of the plays on which he risked large sums of money were failures. And, mind you, some of these had been successful in Europe. His great ambition is to average eight successes out of every ten plays. But he does not expect ever to reach that goal. As to the playwrights, he maintains that even the masters of the craft cannot hope to average more than two successes out of five plays.

This uncertainty in estimating the commercial value of a play is in some degree inevitable, because there are so many things to consider, the most important of which is the way audiences feel and think—a constantly varying factor. It would be a much easier problem for the managers if they had the capacity and the inclination to study and think clearly on this point. They have learned from experience that certain things are "sure fire" and that others do not appeal, but they don't know why. The result is that they slavishly follow precedent and so make painful and costly blunders. It frequently happens that a technically good play fails because it unnecessarily offends popular prejudice, and that a very bad one succeeds because it appeals to popular prejudice. The time is likely to come when the big managers will employ experts to tell them about the public, experts who will be quick to see changes in the sentiment of the crowd and who will know the reasons.

Though the attempt to fix the value of a manuscript play is still practically guesswork, its production is a fairly exact science, or art, whichever you are pleased to call it. By production is meant the taking of a play in manuscript and preparing it for the stage. It includes planning, building, and painting the scenery; getting together the properties, which means everything on the stage that the scenic painter hasn't provided for; the lighting; the selection of the players; determining the manner in which the lines are to be spoken; the "business," that is, the physical action of the players, from a slight gesture to falling down-stairs, and many other things. Frequently it also means the changing of lines or even whole scenes. A budding playwright is fortunate if there is enough left of his original manuscript for him to recognize it.

If the author of the play is an authority on stage management—and this includes men like Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch—he directs the production himself, and the play is wholly his. Other-

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wise, the work of preparation is done by an expert who is known as a "producer." Sometimes the manager takes charge of the production, especially if he has been graduated from the ranks of players and stage directors. William A. Brady is an instance. Mr. Brady, by the way, stands pre-eminent in the handling of stage mobs. His plan is simple. During the dress rehearsal and the first regular performances he goes on the stage himself and hits right and left in good earnest. The effect is highly realistic. So are the black eyes and the other bruises.

When a manager decides to produce a play, he may work in conjunction with the author or ignore him altogether; it depends upon the strength of the playwright's position. A successful dramatist is inclined to be autocratic, and the manager resigns himself to spending twice or three times as much as he would spend if the author didn't interfere. Clyde Fitch, who sometimes produces plays in conjunction with a manager, is the most reckless of all dramatists in lavishing managerial money on productions.

BLANCHE LA MASNEY IN THE FACEOGRAPH MACHINE IN "THE THREE TWINS."

Generally the manager decides upon the players as he reads over the manuscript. The scenic artist is then called in and the color scheme is determined. If the play has only interiors, the difficulties are likely to be few and the cost is comparatively low, though it increases with the introduction of doors and windows. Nowadays there is a tendency to have a great part of the woodwork—doors, jambs, mantels, moldings, wainscoting, etc.—real wood instead of painted imitation, and this doubles or trebles the expense. Though the scenery of an interior, if merely paint and canvas, costs less than an exterior, furnishing the interior may make up the difference. If the room rep-

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AWAITING THEIR CALL AT "THE MERRY WIDOW."

THE PROPERTY MAKER MUST BE A THOROUGH MECHANIC, AND A PAINTER AS WELL.

resent a fine mansion, the draperies, carpets, and furniture sometimes require an outlay of thousands of dollars. If it be a cottage, it may cost very little. The range of the cost of production is wide, from $3,000 to upward of $100,000, but the greater number of plays are produced for less than $10,000, so far as scenery and properties are concerned. Charles Frohman says the usual cost of his dramatic productions is about $15,000, but plays like "Peter Pan," which cost something like $60,000, bring up the average.

A theatre-goer need not be very old to realize the tremendous advance that has been made in stage settings. My recollection runs back to a melodrama called "The World," which was, I believe, the first spectacular melodrama produced in this country. It was first given in 1881, and it ran for years. Its "thriller" was a raft scene, a simple arrangement of a platform resting on a ball-joint in the center, with wheels like castors on the four corners. The raft was easily manipulated to give a striking effect of being tossed about at sea. There was a great fuss over the fact that the company carried a whole carload of its own scenery and that the cost of the production was $15,000. Compare this with the production of "Ben Hur," which cost $96,000, and requires two trains of six and seven cars each to move from place to place; with "The Prince of India," which cost $110,000; with "The Round-Up," which cost $50,000. All of these were produced under the

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F. RICHARD ANDERSON, WHO DESIGNS MOST OF THE COSTUMES FOR KLAW AND ERLANGER PRODUCTIONS

direction of one man, Joseph Brooks, and give an idea of the advance that has been made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

In the old days the theatre furnished the scenery for traveling companies. Even after companies began carrying their own scenery, it was flimsy stuff, for the most part, and one set of furniture, disguised with different covers, sufficed for a whole play or even several plays. Contrast this with the late Mr. Mansfield's delaying a production two days to find a certain piece of colonial furniture that he wanted in one scene. Incidentally, he played that very scene with an electric light to illuminate the room, with never a thought of the anachronism. Or contrast the old way with David Belasco's paying $250 for an antique sideboard for "The Warrens of Virginia."

The greatest advance has been made in the lighting, electricity having added incalculably to the possibilities of creating illusion. Nearly all stage effects are pure illusion, largely mechanical, and gained by the most extraordinary devices. There are wind-, rain-, thunder-, and snow-machines; and if something new is demanded, it is promptly invented. The problem is, not to produce the desired sounds and lights and other effects, but to provide a natural excuse for using the devices, as, for instance, a window through which light may come, or a lamp overhead —a lamp whose light is about one-fiftieth of that which comes from the wings.

BERNARD, THE SCENIC PAINTER, USES A "PENCIL" THREE FEET LONG.

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JULIAN MITCHELL DRILLING A CHORUS AT A REHEARSAL OF "FOLLIES OF 1908."

A CHORUS FROM "THE THREE TWINS" GETTING READY TO GO ON.

When the general idea of the scenes has been decided upon, the scene-painter makes a model, a complete setting in miniature, so arranged that all the lighting effects can be shown. It is at this point that the producer's detail work begins. David Belasco, who stands head and shoulders above all other producing managers, illustrates best the pains that may be taken to perfect a setting. With him the play is a secondary consideration; he selects only those plays that give opportunity for him to show his genius in production. The pictorial effect is always uppermost. Time and time again he has won tremendous financial success with plays that were intrinsically bad and that, in the hands of another, must have failed woefully. He has yet to produce a downright failure or a really big play.

Mr. Belasco was two years in preparing "Du Barry" for the stage, and it cost $86,000. William Buckland, his general stage director, spent weeks in the museums of London and Paris, gathering material for the stage settings, the properties, the costumes. It was the same with "Adrea." Mr. Buckland, by the way, has had a fine training for the place he fills. After a technical course as an electrical engineer in Stevens Institute, he turned to architecture, which he studied for years. Later he made his living as an illustrator. Subsequently he went on the stage, under Augustin Daly, and then he took up stage management.

When "The Music Master" was in preparation,

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"STRIKING A SCENE" AT "THE THREE TWINS."

Mr. Buckland haunted the east side of New York to find a locale, to study types, to gather bits of dialogue and properties. For "The Warrens of Virginia" he spent three weeks with Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, near the scene finally selected, making sketches, taking photographs, gathering boughs of trees and shrubbery upon which artificial leaves and flowers were subsequently fixed; buying furniture, observing character types, and collecting colloquial expressions. That is the regular Belasco program with each play, whenever possible, and that is why his productions impress one as a mosaic.

The Belasco scene models are all made to scale. Even the furniture and the smallest things, drawn to scale, are shown. Everything is worked out in advance, as far as possible, and then is subject to change during rehearsals. The lighting schemes are thought out carefully, all the distances determined exactly, and the carpenter who builds the scenery works from plans like those furnished by an architect.

In Mr. Belasco's new theatre, the Stuyvesant, the switchboard is one of the most elaborate ever constructed. There are four rows of footlights of different colors, which can be turned down to a mere glow; five rows of border-lights; many strips, which go in the wings; spot-lights; bunch-lights; search-lights—all kinds of lights; and every possible effect is at the command of the master. With each production he experiments for days. When he is satisfied, a

A QUICK CHANGE AT "THE MERRY WIDOW."

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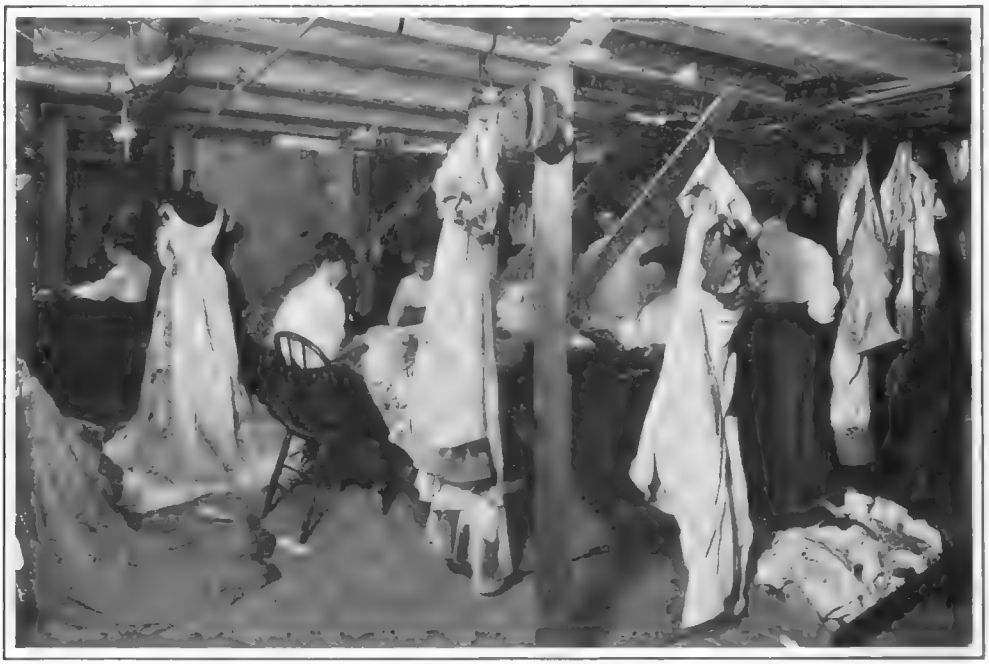
lighting plot is made for each scene. Every important character has a particular shade or strength of light, just as, in the old days, each had his particular strain of music. The orchestra always gave the cue for the villain, and the woe-saturated heroine had the tender wail of the strings to guide her. Now lights and colors take the place of the music, and the new way is infinitely better, for its effects are produced far more subtly and naturally. In fact, few people are ever conscious of the means at all; they realize only the results.

It is in exteriors that lighting offers the greatest opportunity; the cost is quadrupled. And it is in exteriors that the scene-painter revels. Frequently they give the property-man his opportunity, also. Obviously there is vastly more scenery needed for an exterior than the three walls and the ceiling of an interior. In addition to the more substantial articles, shrubbery, trees, flowers—and this kind of thing is enormously expensive, particularly artificial flowers employed in profusion—are the province of the property maker. He must be, first of all, a thorough mechanic, and a good deal of an architect and a painter as well.

The big scenic artists do little actual painting beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are difficult to handle. The one used by Maude Adams in "The Jesters" last season was the fifth painted, and each cost Mr. Frohman $500. The difficulty was to avoid fluttering when a draft swept across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years the importance of the builder of scenery has increased. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet, nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage-cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light, and so constructed that one scene can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of con-



PART OF THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT OF THE "MERRY WIDOW" COMPANY.

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TRYING OUT VOICES—FRED SOLOMON AT THE PIANO.

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tinuous work to get the scenery "set up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theatre. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

"The Round-Up" furnishes a good illustration of the complexity and daring, as well as of the expense, of present-day production. The play is written and built about a battle scene in the third act, and this scene, with the accessories that make it what it is, cost $15,000, as against a total cost of $50,000 for the whole play, one of the most expensive in recent years. Probably it cost more than any other play depicting modern life. At the back of the stage, beyond the beautiful panoramic view of the desert, is a covered run-way through which are led thirty-two horses to a platform built thirty feet above the stage, and big enough and strong enough to support all of the horses and their riders at one time. The audience sees the horses appear on the cliffs and wind down a bridle-path. They disappear and come forth again, the effect being to double the actual number. It looks like scary work, riding those animals down the narrow passage so high above the heads of the people in the orchestra, and it is. These horses, by the way, are furnished by a firm in New York that will contract to provide any kind of a tamable animal, trained to do any possible work required in a show. It took five months to train the horses for "The Round-Up."

EVERY COSTUME HAS INDIVIDUAL FITTING.

In addition to the salaries of the large number of people employed—the battle is between Indians and soldiers, assisted by cowboys—there is the expense of the uniforms, the repeating rifles, the Gatling guns, the pay of men who squirt powder out of little holes to produce the effect of bullets striking; the blank cartridges, which are especially constructed for the theatre and make twice as much noise as a business cartridge, and a multitude of other things.

When the play depends upon mechanical devices for its effects, much experimenting is necessary, and that is expensive. For instance, it cost $96,000 to make the first production of "Ben Hur." Recently the entire show was reproduced for $60,000.

On the other hand, the same managers who put out these great productions made $40,000 last season on a play that cost just $750 to produce, a play in which Lillian Russell was the star. She started forth in a comedy called "Barbara's Millions," which was a failure. "The Butterfly" was substituted, and for it was used one setting made for "Barbara's Millions"; a setting made for "Fritz in Tammany Hall" was also used; and a very simple third one was built. The properties were also taken from a former production.

The spectacular scene in "Brewster's Millions" that shows the wrecking of a yacht cost nearly $7,000, about half of the whole cost of the scenery and properties. In "Polly of the Circus" there is one real circus scene, lasting exactly forty-five seconds, which represents an original outlay of $6,000. In the last act of this same play the circus wagons are shown making their way across the country, and it is marvelously effective. The mechanism for that effect cost $3,000. Both of these scenes are merely to give background to the action of the play. The stage folk call it "atmosphere."

While the scenery is being built and painted, the properties being collected or made, the company is rehearsing. Usually a month is sufficient to prepare a play for production; rehearsal occupies about three weeks of the month, but nearly half of rehearsal time is practically wasted, as a rule. "The Witching Hour," one of the greatest of contemporary successes, was made ready in exactly two weeks. This included everything, painting and making the scenery, getting together the properties, selecting all the mem-

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bers of the company—except the star—and rehearsals.

Most of the serious work of a rehearsal is done in the last week or ten days. Dull, grinding, nerve-racking, heart-breaking work is a rehearsal, with its endless repetitions. And the greatest burden falls upon the man directing it. The professional producer earns every penny of the thousand dollars he usually gets for making a production of a dramatic play. And sometimes he is rehearsing two or three companies at once. His working season lasts only about three months.

The players get nothing for rehearsing. Once there was an exception, and it was my misfortune not to learn of it in time. In the March, 1908, number of EVERYBODY'S, was an article on "The Actor and the Manager," in which it was said that William Gillette rehearsed a company for several weeks, and then decided to rewrite the play. It was specifically set forth that the actors received nothing. After the article was written and the magazine had gone to press, Mr. Gillette sent the actors he had engaged two weeks' salary—out of his own pocket. I am still getting letters calling attention to my blunder. You see, such a thing never happened before, and the player folk regard it as the eighth wonder of the world.

In the case of a costume play, one that deals with a period or a phase of life requiring a garb that the players cannot wear in every-day life, the manager furnishes the costumes. Still another expense is "trying the play on the dog," which means making the initial production in some smaller city or town before presenting it on Broadway. One can never be sure of a play until it has been given to an audience that pays to see it. The late Frank Mayo, who was one of the wisest as well as one of the ablest actors we ever had, as well as a student and a philosopher, always maintained that the audience is the most important member of the cast. If the audience won't play the piece for you, he said, it is bound to be a failure. And it's true.

It costs money to "try it on the dog": money for salaries, for transportation expenses, even for rehearsals; since stage hands, property-men, stage carpenters, and electricians, unlike players, never work for nothing; their unions see to that. Sometimes radical changes are made and the company must stay out for weeks, losing money steadily, until the defects are remedied. How this may count up is shown by "Brewster's Millions." It cost $14,000 to build that show. When it was first produced it was a failure. Frederic Thompson took it in hand and made it a success. But when it was ready to appear in New York it had cost him $30,000—more than double the original expense.

When one enters the realm of musical shows, the average cost increases greatly because of the costumes, although the amounts expended upon them are not so great as the managers and the press-agents would have us believe. It costs less to put on a real comic opera like "The Merry Widow," or "Mademoiselle Modiste," in which Fritzi Scheff starred, or a straight musical comedy like "The Red Mill," than it does to produce one of the popular Broadway musical shows. In the one case the music, book, and practically the whole performance are settled beforehand. But the popular musical show is built up. There is no hesitation in introducing anything that is likely to strike the popular fancy, and that means much experimenting and many changes.

The production of such a show is given into the hands of experts like Julian Mitchell, Ben Teal, and Fred Latham, who specialize in that kind of work. Some are engaged at a yearly salary in the neighborhood of $10,000. Others get a lump sum of from $1,500 to $3,000 for putting on a show. Julian Mitchell usually takes a percentage of the profits. He is regarded by the majority as the foremost stage director in this country, so far as musical comedy is concerned. Usually he confines himself to general stage and chorus effects, leaving the "business" of the principals to some one else.

As in the case of other plays, the first thing to be decided upon in a musical show is the color scheme, which is enormously important. The producer is so particular about it that he is likely to buy the draperies, carpets, upholstery stuffs, and things of that sort himself. He studies the model made by the scenic artist with the greatest care. He gives definite instructions as to the color scheme to the artist who designs the costumes. This designing of stage costumes for big productions is a business in itself. Artists like Will Barnes, Fred Anderson, and Archie Gunn get a lump sum, which ranges from $500 to $1,000, as a rule, or they may get so much for each plate, from $5 to $15.

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The makers of the dresses follow the plates painstakingly.

The producer must find time to look after these things while he is rehearsing. It takes about six weeks to train a chorus for a comic opera and longer for musical comedy, especially of the built-up kind. The chorus singers, to whom the score may be Greek, are drilled day after day with the aid of a long-distance piano player, until the music is fairly well understood. That is the business of the musical director, of course—after that the producer starts to work with his dances, his chorus effects, and ensembles. Long ago it seemed to me that all possible movements of chorus people on the stage had been exhausted, but every season each show has something new. The rehearsal of a musical comedy chorus, after it is well along toward the opening night, makes kindergarten exercises seem dignified.

Shows like "Follies of 1908," "The Mimic World," and those presented by Joe Weber are the most difficult to put together, as well as the costliest. The average show of this nature has from twelve to fourteen musical numbers, with comedy scenes in between. The songs are taken from anywhere and everywhere. Publishers and song writers are always anxious to have their songs in a big Broadway production. Julian Mitchell says that he accepts about one song in two hundred that are offered him. The general idea is to introduce something that is funny, work it up swiftly to a climax, bring on a musical number, and—repeat.

One of the problems of the producer is to arrange his show so as to give the chorus time for changes of costume. In a built-up show his chorus may change six or seven times during the performance, and there are seldom fewer than five changes. In a comic opera there are usually only three changes. If the play is modern, one of these will be a walking-dress that will average $75, which doesn't include a $30 hat, and about $7 worth of shoes, to say nothing of silk stockings. Then there are two handsomer gowns that range from $150 to $350, the average being easily $250. Sometimes a group of girls will wear $500 gowns. For men as well as women the most expensive costumes worn in musical shows are the modern ones. It costs more to put a man in evening clothes than in anything else he ever wears on the stage. The average is about $125.

The minor principals usually have only two changes, unless they buy dresses for themselves, while the star is likely to make five or six changes, and her gowns average about $400 each. Though the bizarre costumes don't cost so much as the others, they mount up. There are the wigs, for one detail. They range from $10 to $15 for the ordinary ones, up to $30 for the powdered ones, and it is not unusual for a group of girls to wear four different wigs in one production.

Enormous sums are spent on single numbers that last only two or three minutes. The swing song in "The Earl and The Girl" cost $7,500. It is common to spend $2,500 in costuming for one song, for it very often happens that a single song makes the production a success. Many numbers are discarded after they are all ready to go on the stage. For instance, "The Gay White Way," which was practically a failure in New York, but a great success elsewhere, was rehearsed for three months, and numbers that cost more than $10,000 to prepare were never even tried in the production as it was finally given. Lee Shubert ordered one set of costume changes, simply because he doesn't happen to like brown. His prejudice cost about $1,500. There is one advantage shows of this sort have over the higher class of musical shows. If they don't make a pronounced impression at first, there is always opportunity to introduce new material that may turn failure into success.

From the time he starts to put on a musical show until it is firmly established in a big city, the manager expects to keep paying out money—and much of it. For one thing, the members of the company generally owe him about $2,000 before the curtain goes up. By that time, too, the producer, the musical director, and a little later the wardrobe mistresses, stage carpenters, property-men, and electricians begin drawing salaries, for much of their work must be done in advance. The musical union allows three orchestra rehearsals without pay, but generally more are required, and the full-dress rehearsals are expensive. The trials out of town usually mean a loss of $1,500 a week as long as they are continued, and sometimes a show is kept out for two months before it is considered fit for Broadway.

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STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

Insanity Not a Brain Disease:
A Rejoinder

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

"The statement in Dr. Thomson's article on 'The Nervous System and the Blood' that 'no anatomical investigation, microscopical or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain-cell or brain-fiber of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident,' so surprised me that I showed it to my physician.

"He questioned its accuracy, believing that the start already made toward finding the effects of insanity on brain substance should be recognized.

"In corroboration of this view, he found the following in the sixth edition of Coulston on Insanity, page 13, line 10: 'The classification of the future will be on a pathological, toxæmic, and bacteriological basis'; on page 14: 'Hence we *have a structural basis for certain* forms of insanity, and for limited mental disturbances, and therefore a definite pathological histology of many forms of the disease can now be demonstrated, and that of many more may be confidently looked for in the future.'

"Pages 18, 19, 20 contain much in the same line, and Plates IVa and IVb appear like conclusive evidence.

"Will you kindly endeavor to settle this seeming disagreement of doctors?

"THOMAS P. HUGHES.

"SAINT JO, TEXAS, June 27, 1908."

IN answer to the above communication referred to me by the editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, I would first say that pathological anatomy is an important branch of the science of medicine, because its province is to investigate abnormal changes caused by disease in the tissues of the bodily organs. In this department modern research has made remarkable progress by the employment of a great variety of refined means of examination which were unknown thirty years ago.

Thus, in pulmonary affections every change in the texture of the lungs from their earliest beginnings to their final stages has been demonstrated; and the same may be said of diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach, intestines, and of every other part of the body. Pathological anatomy, in fact, makes the heaviest demand on the time and patience of the present-day student of medicine, but not more than is warranted by the light which it throws on the problems of disease.

In no one of the divisions of pathological

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anatomy has there been greater progress than in the investigation of diseases of the brain and nervous system. It would be quite impracticable to describe to a lay reader how nerve-cells, nerve-fibers, and everything connected with them are now examined, on account of the delicacy and complexity of the methods employed, which in these respects much surpass those used with any other tissue of the body. But all this exceptional attention is because every one recognizes that things nervous are the most important of all things living. One result is that diseases which cause changes in nervous tissue anywhere are now perfectly recognizable, both in the symptoms which they show before death and in the changes found after death.

NO BRAIN CHANGES IN MANIA

Thus, with cerebral meningitis, we expect to find that its cause is an infection by some micro-organism, and nearly always we can identify the particular microbe. Similarly, in a man insane from the widely spread but still definite changes slowly produced by what Schaudin has shown to be the micro-organism of syphilis, I could tell by the signs in the pupils of his eyes, and by the play of his facial muscles, as well as by his speech, that he was sure to die of paresis. Likewise, brain tumors *may* cause an insanity whose manifestations are characteristic. On page 229 of my book "Brain and Personality" (eighth edition) are given the particulars of the case of a man who by his talk alone, and by no other symptoms, convinced me that he had a tumor in his brain, and I correctly diagnosed just where the tumor was, as was proved at autopsy some six months afterward.

Nothing, therefore, would be more acceptable to me, or to any other neurologist, than to be able to demonstrate by pathological anatomy just why a dangerous paranoiac differs from an ordinary maniac, in the same way as by pathological anatomy we can tell as soon as we see the lungs at autopsy that it was pneumonia and not phthisis which killed the patient.

But to settle once for all the fact that though structural changes in the brain do specifically derange its working, yet insanity itself in its worst forms may exist with a brain which is perfectly healthy, the reader may consult Tuke's "Dictionary of Psychological Medicine." The contributors to this great encyclopedia are from among the most eminent professors, experts, and superintendents of insane asylums in Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, and Russia. In writing about a disease—paresis—in which characteristic brain changes are found, Dr. Julius W. Mickle, professor of mental diseases, University College, London, devotes sixteen columns, or one third of his contribution, just as he should do, to the changes visible to the naked eye, and to the microscopical changes to be found in the brain *post mortem* in this disease. But in the article on mania by Dr. Conolly Norman, superintendent of the lunatic asylum at Dublin, there is not a word about the changes in the brain in this affection, simply because none can be found.

Similarly, in the articles by other writers on other varieties of mania, such as kleptomania, dipsomania, chronic mania, etc., there is not a word about their pathological anatomy, for the same reason. But just so it is in the article on melancholia, by Dr. Charles Mercier, professor of neurology and insanity in Westminster Hospital School, London; in the article on puerperal insanity, by Dr. George H. Savage, an insane asylum superintendent and professor of mental diseases, Guy's Hospital, London; in the article on katatonia, by Professor Clemens Neisser, Silesia, Germany; in the article on circular insanity, by Professor Ant. Ritti, Paris; in the article on homicidal insanity, by Dr. Paul Garnier, superintendent of the Special Police Infirmary, Paris; on epileptic insanity, by Dr. James Anderson, of the London Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic—in none of these is there a word about pathological anatomy, for the sufficient reason that not one of these forms of insanity shows any pathological or diseased condition in the brain different from the sound brain of a healthy man killed in an accident. Not because such diseased changes have not been carefully looked for by such competent men both formerly and in recent years, and by recent methods—always, however, with the same result, namely, zero.

BRAINS OF LUNATICS NOT DISEASED

In the passage from which I quoted in the article in the May number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, from the elaborate work of Dr. A.

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W. Campbell, of Cambridge, England, on the microscopical structure of the brain, he expressly states that of the eight human brains on the investigation of which he worked so laboriously, six were the brains of lunatics who had died in his asylum, but that, as insanity is not a brain disease, these brains of lunatics were as good for his purpose as any other brains; and the above citations, with many others too numerous to give here, fully bear out Dr. Campbell's assertion.

BLOOD-POISONING AND INSANITY

Meantime, I fully agree with all the statements in the quotation from Dr. Coulston's book in Mr. Hughes's letter, since he mentions as causes of insanity pathological changes, invasions by micro-organisms, and toxæmia—for this latter term means blood-poisoning, and every one of the important forms of insanity above cited is caused, in my opinion, by toxæmias alone. But toxæmias should not be mentioned in the same sentence or connection with the other two causes, because they are totally different in their origin and nature, and therefore *in their treatment*. As I wrote in my article, it would be useless to examine every detail in the structure of a lamp to find why it cannot be lit, if meantime its globe be filled with water instead of with oil; and so the brain, if its supply of blood be shut off, will cease to think even more quickly than a lamp's light can be extinguished by a wet sponge.

Moreover, certain substances, when they enter the blood, produce as true insanities as any to be found in an asylum. As Dr. Mercier, speaking of alcoholic derangement, well says: "There is no form of insanity that may not be simulated by a case of drunkenness: and when it is not known, from other sources of information, that these manifestations are due to drink, no expert in the world, however skilful, could distinguish between the insanity which is due to [recent, not chronic] alcoholic poisoning, and the insanity that is due to other causes." On the other hand, a case of circular insanity in the excitable stage may be as characteristically garrulous and silly as one "half seas over." It is difficult to deny that such a patient is then actually drunk, but what that blood poison is which makes him so is not known.

If one wishes to go to New Haven from New York, he should not start in the direction of San Francisco. The longer he proceeds in the wrong direction, the farther he goes astray. For over a hundred years physicians have tried to find the cause of melancholia in the brain. The old Greeks were nearer right when they named this disease "black bile," because they recognized how melancholy "biliousness" makes a man.

It is high time that we now look in the direction of toxæmia, or blood-poisoning, for the explanation of the insanities which produce no changes whatever in the brain. We can artificially imitate every one of these insanities by giving certain blood poisons, without thereby changing in the least either a brain-cell or a brain-fiber, and we have at present every reason to believe that in seeking for the origin of blood poisons we are on the right track in our research.

But the road which we must then take is neither short nor easy. One of the difficulties is that the dose of a blood poison may be astonishingly small, while its effects may nevertheless be serious or fatal. One twentieth of a grain of morphia can kill a child, 1-8ooth of a grain of adrenalin may make a strong man very uncomfortable, and one drop of prussic acid dropped on the eye of a dog will kill him instantly. But the practical advantage of following the right, and not the wrong, road is incalculable. Already the chemistry of diet alone has improved the treatment of melancholia, epilepsy, and neurasthenia, and it will be vital chemistry and not anatomy that will best lead us in those great regions of life which are still unexplored.

TRINITY'S TENEMENTS

I read with great interest the article by Mr. Charles Russell on the methods pursued by the Corporation of Trinity Church in the management of its real estate, and I addressed a letter, a copy of which I enclose, to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Holyrood Church, of which board I am a member, and which has been receiving for a number of years an annual contribution from Trinity Corporation. The reply which I received, and of which I also enclose a copy, takes the form of a denial of the truth of the statements made in the article.

R. P. B.

Letter to Secretary of Board of Trustees of Holyrood Church

Mr. E. S. G.

DEAR SIR: I presume that your attention has been directed to the description in the current

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number of EVERYBODY'S of the methods by which the income of the Corporation of Trinity Church is realized, and which will undoubtedly cause very serious reflections on the part of any members of our church who are, or have been, receiving direct or indirect benefit from that Corporation.

I will move at the next trustees' meeting of Holyrood Church that, in view of the disclosures now made public, the trustees decline to receive any further contribution toward the support of Holyrood Church from funds of the Corporation of Trinity Church.

I beg to remain,
Yours very faithfully, R. P. B.

Copy of Answer to Preceding

Mr. R. P. B.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that you take seriously the attack on Trinity. You must know that Trinity Corporation cannot control in any way the buildings on property out of their control during leaseholds made in remote times. But you should further know that when these leaseholds expire Trinity does not renew, and I am sure no exception can be taken to any property which they wholly control. The Corporation are and always have been men of high standing in the community, and the rector, Dr. Dix, is one of the greatest priests the American Church ever produced.

I am much distressed to have you influenced by a common muck-raker, in it for dollars and cents. Trinity maintains silence, as these attacks during the past thirty years have been malicious, silly, and, furthermore, I don't think the Corporation is obliged to tell its affairs to the public. The public should mind its own business, if it has any. To my mind, the so-called public spends its time in a thirst for the muck-rake literature, and so it is encouraged in the press. Yours sincerely, E. S. G.

Answer to R. P. B.'s Letter to Everybody's

July 15, 1908.

DEAR SIR: There is no denying the respectability of the trustees of Trinity; they are among the most respectable people in the world. It is undeniable that the directors and trustees of the large insurance companies used to be regarded as respectable. Before exposure they seemed quite the most respectable people in the world.

All these types of distinguished citizens are perfectly satisfied with slums and tubercle-breeding tenements, provided rents are paid regularly. They hate to be talked to about them. It's vulgar. Whosoever dares to interfere with their comfort by telling the truth about the source of their incomes is a muck-raker.

Mr. Russell is a very competent reporter; he is also a very able and learned man. He investigated personally the whole Trinity institution—that is, as far as recorded facts permit. Trinity itself is far more secret than Standard Oil.

The statements in his article are unassailable. He is now in Europe. If he were not, I am sure it would give him great pleasure to explain to you just how he went about his investigations. When he returns he will be more than glad, I feel sure, to take the whole matter up with you.

In the meantime I do wish you would allow me to keep this correspondence of yours and publish it in "Straight Talk" in our magazine. It would be interesting to have the general run of people know just what attitude the owners of this Pharisaical institution take when their hideous hypocrisy is brought home to them.

Very truly, J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

A PLAN FOR A STATE-OWNED RAILWAY

I am egotistical enough to think that I have found the quickest and best solution of the question of government ownership of railroads. I can imagine your smile.

That solution is the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of the state of New York, to submit to popular vote the question, for or against, the building of a railroad by the state between New York and Buffalo, to be operated so that the income will approximately equal the cost of operating and interest at say three per cent. (what are state bonds selling for?) on the investment.

Let me lead up to it.

There is a widespread unrest and dissatisfaction with present conditions of railroads. There is pronounced and persistent talk of government ownership of same. Two questions then. First, is government ownership desirable?

Second, if so, how can it be brought about?

Is it desirable? That there are great discrepancies in prices of commodities in different communities, due chiefly to the freight rate West, can be taken for granted. In illustration: Irish potatoes sell in upper New York at 30 cents to 50 cents per bushel; in Georgia and the South at $1.00 per bushel. Sweet potatoes sell in Georgia and the South for 30 to 50 cents per bushel, and in New York state for $1.00 per bushel. Of course, smaller quantities of both are used in each place at the increased cost, and while the cost of living is thereby increased on the one hand, on the other the farmer and planter fail to receive as much for their labor as they would if the railroad's share of the transaction were reduced. Some years ago, upon inquiry, I ascertained that oats were selling in Kansas for 17 cents per bushel, while I was paying 40 cents in New York City, but that the freight rate was over 20 cents per

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bushel. I presume similar conditions govern the "great staple"—wheat. Lumber sells in South Georgia and Alabama for $7.00 to $10.00 per thousand; in upper New York from $20.00 to $25.00, and I have investigated it enough to know that the great difference is in the freight. I want to be fair, and I must confess that I do not know what the actual cost of moving freight is, but I know, from my reading, that railroad stocks are often and largely watered, and that most of the roads pay dividends upon the water as well as upon the actual value, and reason tells me that naturally they are run for "the greatest good of the greatest number." I know, from experience, that certain unjust rates and discriminations now exist that hamper trade and favor a few at the expense of the many. From my reading I judge that probably the greatest and most unjust discrimination exists in the handling of freight necessarily shipped in refrigerator cars, at a rate that sometimes bankrupts, and always reduces, the income of the producer, while often placing the product beyond the reach of moderate incomes, and always increasing the cost of living. I am told that the railroads submit to the dictation of the refrigerator-car owners in rates and are subservient to them, because to be independent and use their own refrigerator cars at reasonable rates, even though now the lion's share of the profits goes to the car owners, would result in the loss of a large amount of freight business, which the gentlemen who own the refrigerator cars control. This argument would "cut no ice" whatever with a government-owned road run for "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Second: How can it be brought about? To be of great public benefit it must be national, and it must be interstate. There are many divergent interests in Congress, ours is a big country, and the plan cannot and ought not to be started in all states at once, nor on too large a scale; hence the difficulty of getting a majority to vote for a measure which would be in the nature of a public benefit, at great expense to a favored locality, or a few localities.

If the government should buy the railroads at their market value, which includes watered stock and a valuation now largely increased because of the immense income of the roads, then the government road charges for freight and passengers would be based upon such cost, as the road should pay expenses and not increase taxes, and would not be a fair test. We cannot expect the present owners to sell to the government for less than they would be able to sell for in the open market, and to set a valuation upon a property by condemnation proceedings and take possession of it by government right for less than it could be sold for in a fair market, if constitutional, is also unfair.

The alternative is to confine the start to a state, with the provision that the National Government can acquire it at cost whenever it desires to institute government ownership of railroads.

What state better than that first in population? What distance better for the beginnings—long enough to be a test and yet not too long—than that between New York City and Buffalo?

What are in the field? The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western—stock selling for over $500 per share, a prohibitive price to purchase, but paying dividends on it. The New York Central, with perhaps the best track and equipment for business, and a money-maker. It would be worth the difference if the state could buy it at its reasonable cost, not its watered valuation. The Erie—not so well equipped, but held at a price beyond reason for this experiment. The Lehigh Valley with innumerable branches and roundabout tracks. It gets to Buffalo finally, however, without getting lost. Most of these are interstate—partly beyond the borders of New York, and hence the argument for national control. The West Shore road is of no value to judge by, as the New York Central not only owns, but operates it, and makes it entirely subservient to the main line. Plenty of competition, but all money-makers, and hence the best field for ascertaining if a road run by the government—the state, in this case—with rates based on cost, will result in greatest good to the community. My thought is that the road should be self-supporting and no more than self-supporting.

In case the state road should fulfil our hopes of "greatest good, etc.," there would follow the adjustment of values of other roads to a reasonable price for the government to buy, because the state road would do the business of the community or the competing roads would have to lower rates in order to compete. Either would be a benefit to millions of people. The water would leak out of the stock, or the dividends would be reduced and the valuation placed upon these roads, or upon a road in Virginia or Ohio or anywhere in the country, where the government declares its intention of buying or building a similar competing road, would be within reason and the government could acquire same quicker and cheaper than they could build. And no injustice would be done to the present owners, as any change in valuation would be due to the rules of competition.

So much for theory. I heard a lecturer—I think it was Professor Giddings—state at Cooper Union that "government ownership of railroads will be an accomplished fact in this country," but how? That the Legislature of New York state will not in the present condition of affairs pass a bill authorizing and instituting such a road is not only certain but right. It is the glory of our country that we are governed by ourselves—"A government of the people—by the people—for the people." That is, tersely, the majority rules. If the majority of the voters say no to such a railroad—we will get along as best we can—as we have been doing. If the people want it, after such a will has been expressed—it will come. To ascertain this will—a bill sub-

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mitting to popular vote a proposition for or against the building of such a road would accomplish the result, and the legislator who introduces it will not only be doing his duty and a reasonable thing, but, if I am correct in feeling the pulse of the people, will receive honor and respect as a leader of thought and a benefactor of the community.

Who will be the man?

J. C. D.

FAIR PLAY

I have read with a good deal of satisfaction your announcement in the September EVERYBODY'S concerning the publication of an interview between Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Mr. Eugene V. Debs.

While not a subscriber, I have been buying your magazine for several years, and have noted with admiration the spirit of fair play you show in the matter published therein. What makes your policy the more noticeable is the fact that, with one or two possible exceptions, you are the only publishers of a first-class periodical that has not misled its readers by giving distorted and incorrect accounts of the tenets and objects of Socialism.

I really believe that by publishing this interview you will not incur the ill-will of your advertisers, and you will undoubtedly secure the admiration and respect of that rapidly increasing part of the American public known as Socialists. In regard to the matter of the cover of your magazine, it is my idea that by changing the cover each month you do *not* make it difficult for your readers to single your publication out of the hundreds of others found on the news-stands, as one of your correspondents claims. Just do as you have been doing in the past in regard to the cover.

D. G.

Philadelphia.

A CONVERT TO CASTRO

Here we have a poser, "Castro: Tyrant or Liberator?" I had never thought of him in any light but the former until to-day. Now after reading George W. Crichfield's article and that of Colvin B. Brown I am inclined to think I have always been mistaken. Mr. Brown's article certainly has a ring of truth about it, and shows deeper insight than Mr. Crichfield's. "*Quién viva?*" must have gotten on to Mr. Crichfield's nerves to the extent that he failed to take the trouble to look at things in the light of Venezuela's future, dispassionately, as Mr. Brown has done. And does he expect Castro to have the morals of McKinley, or, having power, to die poor like Cleveland? Even in this United States we have a few rulers who have used their positions to enrich themselves, and they seem to retain a considerable amount of respect, too; but, thank heaven, these men never get to be presidents. Well, my decision is that Mr. Brown has made much better use of his three pages in your magazine than Mr. Crichfield has with his nine and illustrations to boot. I am much obliged to him for setting me on the right track in this matter.

Poor A. F. R.! I am real sorry for him. He misses a whole lot of pleasure. I have always thought that to look upon a pair of shapely hands and arms daintily gloved or pretty feet superbly shod and stockinged is quite as great a pleasure as to look on a beautiful face. Also does A. F. R. really expect us to be dignified in August? Why always be dignified anyway, and especially in August? I vote that you don't raise the umbrella as L. R. G. wishes; the girl's face *might* be a disappointment.

Now I come to the straw vote. Go on as you have been doing with your covers. I have no trouble in picking you out on the news-stands. I don't *always* approve of your dress, but at any rate there is no mixing you up with the others.

Flushing, L. I. R. H.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

I have been reading the two articles on Castro, which seem to show him up as a strong, selfish, brutish man, who, in spite of his bad qualities, desires to make something of his country. The question arises, Shall the United States stand passively aside and let Castro become another Abdul Hamid? or, Shall some line of action, some definite policy, be formulated and carried into effect? The United States stands accused of the whole world. What shall we do about it?

Now, why should not EVERYBODY'S suggest some scheme? Somebody must. Our government is so unwieldy, our Congress so absorbed with selfish problems, that it seems impossible to stir them up to real action until driven to it by some terrible calamity. What would this country ever have done about Cuba if it were not for the blowing up of the Maine? But, as example of what may be done when once the government is roused from its sleep, note our work in Cuba, in the Philippines, and on the Isthmus.

Now, why not induce Roosevelt to change his plans a little, and visit Venezuela instead of Africa; assure the inhabitants of that country that the United States has no intention nor desire to absorb or exploit their country; point out the sanitary and educational work accomplished in Cuba, Panama, and the Philippines; in a friendly way make plain the position we are in before the world; offer aid and cooperation in any works of reform Castro may undertake; and finally assure him that, if security of life and property be not accorded citizens of the United States in a friendly way, the only other course

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left open will be adopted—the use of force. Such an invasion should be made in a spectacular way, that no person, high or low, should fail to hear of it and know that the United States is friendly to his country and ready to aid in its betterment.

If some one *wills* to bring this about it will be brought about, and why not let the influential manager of EVERYBODY'S be that "some one"? "Do it now." F. T. M.

Rochester, N. Y.

FAITH AND SCIENCE

Much to my surprise, I have been a close and interested reader of the articles by Mr. Garland on the "Shadow World." I say to my surprise, because, not being a believer in spiritualism, and knowing that a great many frauds are perpetrated by alleged mediums, I have "steered clear" of the subject as it is usually presented for the average reader.

Mediumism has been fostered and used chiefly for religious purposes, and the same difficulty is experienced in investigating it as in all religious subjects. Where science stops, feeling for facts, there faith and belief, aided by the imagination, begin and hedge the matter about with tradition, prejudices, and the religious scruples handed down by our ancestors. Those who believe and have faith in a certain doctrine lay themselves open to imposition and fraud, while those who doubt too often condemn the good with the bad for lack of definite knowledge on the subject. To investigate a doctrine like mediumism requires a clear, open, and unprejudiced mind, and must be a great task. Mr. Garland has used an excellent method in presenting his subject. He has "talked off" the facts in readable style and frank manner free from religion, and has so far allowed the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts presented.

I believe people nowadays are broad minded enough to accept truth as it is, regardless of the consequences to their beliefs or instincts. "The men of science who are most immediately concerned," as F. W. C. puts it in the August issue, can probably secure the most convincing facts, but the confirmation of their results by a man of Mr. Garland's standing is still more convincing as to the freedom from deception and fraud. I think you have done well to print the articles.

Fort Logan, Colo. C. R. M.

WHO WAS MIKE?

From the Wanamaker days no one has stood by you more faithfully. I have gloried in the work that Thomas W. Lawson did for the plain, honest people of this country; through the medium of your magazine he aroused in the minds of the untrammeled masses a demand for righteousness and decency so great that it has set both great and common people thinking.

I want to congratulate you on the August number; it's human, and appeals to me most decidedly, especially the article by F. Hopkinson Smith on Captain Scott, and its next neighbor, "The Mother-in-Law," by Mr. O'Higgins. I was greatly interested in Mr. Poole's story about "The Ship Must Sail on Time." Why didn't you give us an identified picture of Mike? I would trust my life and money to the man shown in the middle picture on page 178. These dock laborers deserve a better fate. Cut out the silly stories that so many of the magazines publish. Publish and illustrate the real human things more; things that we know and see in every-day life. L. B. F.

Nashville, Tenn.

"THAT EUGENE WOOD FELLOW"

In your August issue you went and published an article by Eugene Wood. Do you know that he is the most impertinently personal writer that ever addressed the present generation with a microscopic exposé of all the tender, foolish, old-fashioned foibles and fancies of the generation now enjoying its semi-centennial? Why should he be allowed in the magazines to revivify that charmed, half-forgotten past of such as I, until the phantoms of our youth clutch our time-stiffened heart-strings and make choky lumps in our old throats?

I never see an article by that Eugene Wood fellow but I say angrily to myself, "Darn him, he's gone and written something else!" and then —well, you can't help reading it, can you?

Manchester, N. H. M. B.

LIKES CAPTAIN SCOTT

I write in appreciation of "Capt. Thomas A. Scott, Master Diver." I am one of your "Lawson" recruits, and I trust I am out of the "awkward squad" by this time and able to enjoy a few thrills up my back again. Do you know that ferry-boat experience of the captain's left an awfully sweet taste in my mouth? I can't begin to tell you the pleasure that story gave me in bed, where I have had a splendid opportunity to read many stories of all kinds. I trust that if you have any more of that kind on tap you will not hesitate to let us have them one a month.

Thanks for a very pleasant afternoon.

C. B. Y.

Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Conn.

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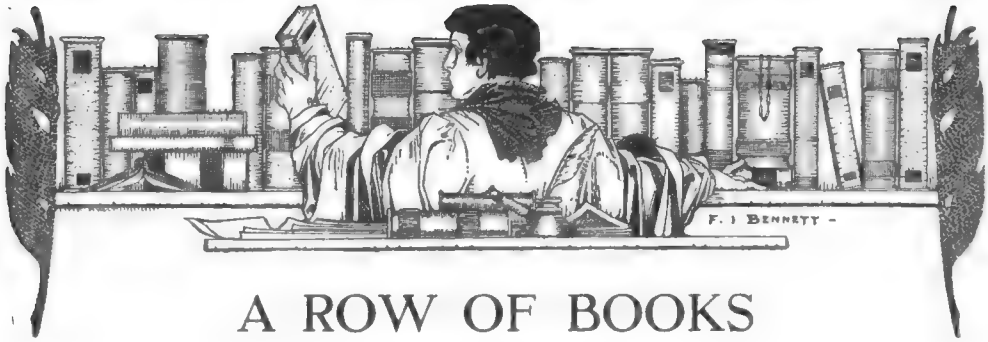

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE is almost always a mixture of pleasure and surprise in meeting an old friend. "Why, Jim!" we exclaim, "how in time did *you* get here?" Of course, why Jim shouldn't be here as well as ourselves fails to appear, but the feeling is involuntary and rises from the unplumbed deeps of our self-centeredness. Jim, however agreeable, has been an incident that we had looked upon as left behind. Those of us who, in the past, have been familiar and hearty admirers of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's stories of Devon will certainly greet his "The Mother of the Man" (Dodd, Mead) with a related pleasure and possibly with a similar surprise. Mr. Phillpotts has, for his generation, definitively placed the stamp of his interpretation on the literary values of Dartmoor. He has, to borrow a term from the vocabulary of the theatre, "created the part." Perhaps we have felt, in his more recent work, a not-to-be-wondered-at exhaustion of a soil fertile but overcropped. Perhaps in our eager pursuit of new gods we have assumed that his work was no longer, as the literary phrase has it, "current." In any case, his new story is one of the most rounded, consistent, and satisfying of the day's fictions. It pivots upon a woman's steadfast faith, born of self-knowledge, in the ultimate salvation of her son's character, and it focuses upon the small circle of an isolated community the rays of many divergent characters and opposing interests. Yet its most characteristic savor lies in the author's dramatic appreciation of Dartmoor's preservation of a sophisticated primitiveness and in the almost Elizabethan mother-wit of her yokels.

There is a widely prevalent notion that the purpose of criticism is to furnish its readers with opinions. As a matter of fact, what we really ask of the critical commentator is ideas. Whether or not these be valid, whether (as we are wont to say with unconscious egotism) they are "right" or "wrong," is an entirely secondary matter. If we acquiesce in them, we have added to our stock or have had the pleasure, as we are prone to put it, of seeing our unspoken thoughts put fitly into words. If, on the contrary, we refuse to accept them, we reap the joys of disagreement and have added to our powers of intellectual resistance. This point of view being assumed, Mr. A. B. Walkley's volume of dramatic criticisms and of essays upon plays, players, and the stage, "Drama and Life" (Brentano's), will prove, in both directions, a stimulating and enjoyable companion. It is brimful of ideas. One may perhaps say, without overstating it, that it effervesces ideas, since these come to the surface and jump under the nose with exactly that familiar exuberance. Most of the papers are collected from the pages of the *London Times*. Many of them were written overnight, with the instant response to present stimulus that is demanded of the dramatic critic. It follows that Mr. Walkley not infrequently repeats himself and that some of his pet expressions and favorite authorities, by dint of familiarity, end by breeding an unmerited contempt. It will, however, be a carping reader who will not forgive even more serious faults to so intelligently yeasty a writer.

A large trout with which I recently scraped acquaintance told me that he had had an odd experience the week before with a fisherman who came down to his pool to fish. The man, he said, stood in full view on the sunlit bank and cast an outrageously artificial fly over and over and over again on to the same piece of water. The fly resembled nothing that lived in the neighborhood, and the fisherman was, to all appearances, deeply engrossed in his own aims and had no expectation of catching anything. At first, the old trout said, the performance seemed so silly that it rather irritated him. The man, he felt, must take him for a gudgeon. Then the rhythmic regularity of it all began to get into his fins, and the first thing he knew he

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had taken the fly. And he assured me with a shamefaced earnestness that he had actually enjoyed the adventure. Those of us who happen to open the covers of J. C. Snaith's "William Jordan, Junior" (Moffat, Yard) are putting themselves in the way of a like hypnosis. The most unentomological fly in one's fly-book is nearer to nature than is the author's story. The least canny angler for popularity is more regardful of the rules of realism and of the rights of romance. Yet if the outrageous artificiality of this cross between a cockney novel and a mediaeval allegory begins by irritating us, the quaint rhythm of the text and the drama of its implications ends (to quote my friend the trout) by getting into our fins; soon, willy-nilly, we take the writer's fly and, somewhat to our own shamefaced surprise, we enjoy the adventure.

We had a mad-dog scare down our way this summer. It transpired, when the matter came to be investigated, that a dog down by the file factory had been acting in an unaccountable manner. He would sit for minutes at a time with a puzzled, introspective look in his eyes and then indulge in frantic efforts to reach the small of his own back with his front teeth. Failing in this, he would sit up, howl dismally, and begin over again. Some of us have since suspected that he kept a flea. However that may be, a small boy tied a tin can to his tail, and for three weeks every one dried the wash in the attic and hydrophobia was the one topic of conversation. I confess frankly that my sympathies were with the dog. And I am beginning, too, to feel sorry for the artistic temperament. It seems to me that having, not perhaps without excuse, long looked askance at its unconventionalities of conduct, we have ended by tying a can to its tail and devoting most of our literary leisure to discussing its idiosyncrasies. One could name a score of examples from recent fiction. One is under a certain necessity of naming three from that of the present season, M. P. Willcocks's "A Man of Genius" (Lane), Anna McClure Sholl's "The Greater Love" (Outing), and Elma A. Travis's "The Cobbler" (Outing).

It is not without significance as to the trend of the times that each of these three novels is written by a woman, and that two of them are primarily concerned with women's share in the ripening of genius and with the feminine psychology of the collaboration. "A Man of Genius" is a story of Devon, by the author of "A Wingless Victory." It deals with a young artist's alternating dependence upon a domestic and an intellectual woman and, while exhibiting much of the literary grace and introspective acuteness of its author, fails, by just the measure of its concern with the abnormal, to equal its predecessor's hold upon the heart. "The Cobbler" is a tale of the Hudson by the author of "The Pang-Yanger." It deals with a somewhat similar situation, but in a wholly dissimilar spirit, and achieves, by the sprightliness of its action and the familiarity of its surroundings, at least the lesser goal of being entertaining. In "The Greater Love" Miss Sholl, the author of "The Law of Life," seems to have been more inspired by a social thesis than by an artistic concept. The story has to do with a successful artist but an unmarried mother, whose concern for her daughter has come to overbalance her absorption in her art. The scene is in New England; the characters constantly promise to assume individual proportions and as constantly fail to disengage themselves from the subject of debate; and one finishes the last chapter with almost the expectation of seeing "Q. E. D." in place of the more customary "The End."

Curiosity is contagious, and ideas, like the measles, have a way of becoming epidemic. Indeed, we have all known so large a proportion of the community to be attacked by a theory that there were not enough immunes to nurse the sick or administer the last rites of common sense to the afflicted. The science of mental bacteriology, however, remains to be perfected. We used to hold that malaria rose in the evening mists. Now we know that it rises in the evening mosquito. But we still say that a subject is "in the air." At present psychology is raging, and as I believe that, under the conditions, a homeopathic treatment is indicated, I should like to recommend Professor Hugo Munsterberg's essays on psychology and crime, published under the title of "On the Witness Stand" (McClure), as a hair from the dog that has bitten us. It is not in its primarily intended capacity as a plea for the employment of psychological experts in the criminal courts to pass upon the weight of evidence and probe the minds of the suspected, that the volume will interest us. It is rather in its incidental explanations and examples of the methods and achievements of applied, as opposed to speculative, psychology. We have reached, in regard to this new science, an acute stage of wanting to know. Scattered through these pages are to be found clarifying answers to our unasked questions.

I once heard an old negro, on the witness-stand, in answer to a question regarding his ability to read, say, "Well, sah, I c'n gen'rally read readin' all right, but I can't always make

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out to read writin'." There are, I take it, not a few of us who are hazily conscious of some such distinction between the reading of novels and the reading of plays. We can, so to say, read reading all right, but we cannot always make out to read acting. The truth, I think, is the same in both cases. We yield to no man in our knowledge of the alphabet, but we balk at the necessary exercise of the imagination. The game, however, is often worth the candle; not only for its inherent difficulties—as a sort of intellectual solitaire—but for its imaginative schooling and its objective reduction to their simplest terms of the springs of human action and the sources of emotion. At the moment, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House" (Harper) presents an alluring incentive to the trying of our skill. Dramatically, it is written in a round, legible hand; intellectually, it is at once daring and elusive. It envisages us, in concrete form, with some of the begged questions of contemporary religion and some of the half-allowed inferences of contemporary socialism. Yet, essentially, it asks, rather than answers, questions. It offers, therefore, in its printed form, both an easy exercise and an effective stimulant for the imagination. Moreover, it stands, for the nonce, in that position of precarious prominence that, on the one hand, threatens it with an early oblivion and, on the other, renders some familiarity with its content imperative if one desires to keep abreast of the literary current.

In one of the temples at Asakusa, on the outskirts of Kyoto, there used to sit two huge and utterly incredible idols. I have never been able to be quite sure of the matter, but one afternoon some years ago, as I stood looking at them over the bent backs of a score or so of devotees, I was almost certain that the right-hand one winked at me. After reading the latest books of two idols of our own literary temple, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, I cannot help wondering whether, if one could catch their eyes above the backs of their audience, they, too, would not wink in solemn appreciation of the situation. Mr. Davis and Mr. McCutcheon preside over shrines outwardly consecrated to divergent worships—Mr. Davis's to that of sentiment, Mr. McCutcheon's to that of sensation. Their latest books, Mr. Davis's "Vera the Medium" (Scribner) and Mr. McCutcheon's "The Husbands of Edith" (Dodd, Mead), are poor, but characteristic, examples of their respective rituals. Mr. Davis tells a story of almost unthinkable banality, but drapes it with shreds of accurate observation and veils it with a gossamer web of literary breeding. Mr. McCutcheon has picked the somewhat shopworn theme of a borrowed husband for the basis of his incantation, and relies for his effect, like the dancing dervish, upon sustained rapidity of incontinent movement.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Shoulders of Atlas" (Harper). A New England novel by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, less ambitious in scope than "The Debtor" or "By the Light of the Soul," but with much of the homely charm of her earlier stories.

"The Church and Modern Life" (Houghton, Mifflin). A discussion, by Washington Gladden, of the potential strength and present disabilities of Christianity as a possible, or, more properly, according to the author's point of view, of a sure-to-be world-religion.

"Through the Magic Door" (McClure). A personal and uncritically charming series of chats by A. Conan Doyle upon books, authors, and his adventures with the immortals.

"Tragedy" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume written for a series of "The Types of English Literature," by Ashley H. Thorndike. It deals with its subject as a separate historical evolution, and its individuality lies largely in this specialization.

"Wolfville Folks" (Appleton). A new series of Alfred Henry Lewis's cowboy yarns, told with much spirit (and some Munchhausen-like license) in a dialect that asks no odds of the Scotch.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE wagons of "the greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"*You* ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to her other hand.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash, an' de rest in legal advice."

"Didn't I tell ye to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded an Irish shopkeeper, nodding toward a sickly, emaciated cat that was slinking through the store.

"Ye did thot," replied his assistant, "an' I've just been after feedin' her a pound of meat this very minute."

"Faith, an' I don't believe ye. Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced at exactly one pound.

"There!" exclaimed the assistant triumphantly. "Didn't I tell ye she'd had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "That's yer pound of meat all right. But"—suddenly looking up—"where the divvil is the cat?"

A tramp passing through the waiting-room of the North Western depot at Milwaukee spied a small enameled pin lying on the floor. He picked it up, looked it over in a careless way, and pinned it on the lapel of his coat. The same tramp, a few

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moments later, was hit and knocked into unconsciousness by a switch engine in the freight yards, just outside the depot. The trainmen picked him up and telephoned to police headquarters for an ambulance.

"What did you say his name was?" came over the telephone from the desk sergeant.

"Don't know. The man is unconscious," replied the switchman.

"Any papers on him by which you can identify him?" asked the sergeant.

"Not a thing," 'phoned back the switchman.

"Does he belong to any lodge or union?" inquired the sergeant.

"Hold the line till I take a look," replied the switchman, and in a moment the desk sergeant was greatly surprised to receive this information:

"Yes; he is a Lady Maccabee."

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.

"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick confidently. "Steam is—why—er—it's wather thot's gone crazy wid the heat."

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "difto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening, for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."

While building a house, Senator Platt of Connecticut had occasion to employ a carpenter. One of the applicants was a plain Connecticut Yankee, without any frills.

"You thoroughly understand carpentry?" asked the senator.

"Yes, sir."

"You can make doors, windows, and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man scratched his head and thought deeply for a few seconds. "I should think, sir," he said finally, "about the best way would be to punch him in the eye."

They were discussing the relative position of various countries as musical centers. Germany seemed to have the most votaries, much to the evident displeasure of one excitable Italian, who wished his own country to carry off the palm. "Italy is turning out the most musicians, and has always turned out the most," he cried. "Ach, Gott!" exclaimed a German present, "can you plame her?"

The English spoken by the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the state are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sous Besselem"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now; Pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."

Once Sir Henry Irving, while playing "Macbeth" in London, was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board. "Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones. and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face. Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

"Hubby," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."

"What of it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."

"There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE feel like writing in a humbler vein this month. Something has happened since we last wrote for these pages that has been an eye-opener. The first batch of mail after publication day brought sixty-one letters about our covers. Out of the sixty-one there are three that, in a mild and pleasant way, speak for more artistic and more conventional covers; the other fifty-eight joyously adjure us to go ahead. They are practically unanimous in the assertion that half the fun of getting the magazine is guessing what the next cover is going to be. A common thought seems to run through all these letters—that anything approaching a uniform cover would please only a few of our readers all the time, but that changing the designs as widely as possible each month will please all the readers some of the time. That sounds like a bigger proposition to us. If only three out of sixty-one readers demur at our present covers it seems like an overwhelming vote in favor of going ahead on the present lines—improving as much as may be as we go along.

But here! Hold up a minute! Three out of sixty-one is about one in twenty—that's five per cent.; and if five per cent. of EVERYBODY'S family find that the covers violently disagree with them and write and tell us so, that would mean something over twenty-five thousand kicks during the course of the year. There's a prospect calculated to scare the publisher into hiding in the cellar.

The letters are coming in in batches by every mail. We wish you could see them. They bear the signatures of doctors, judges, farmers, ministers, manufacturers, traveling salesmen, stenographers, hotel-keepers, storekeepers, hard-working mothers of families, and ladies of leisure. This "straw vote" has brought out some mighty interesting opinions from our readers, all warm-hearted and kind; and cropping up through all the letters is the suggestion that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is *their* magazine. We have wanted you to feel this way, and we have hoped you did—a good many of you; but we are rather abashed to find the sentiment so general. It makes us feel as though we ought to try to work a little harder, so that you can be perfectly sure that *your* magazine is the best magazine going, and, incidentally, we ought to try to win over, if possible, those other three readers who didn't like the covers.

Here are some of the letters:

FROM A TEXAS MAN

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: One of the elements of charm about EVERYBODY'S has been the covers. Many of them have been execrable. I have fairly shuddered to see my old friend in his bizarre clothes; and a month or two later would see letters in "Straight Talk" commending the very cover I did not like.

Tastes differ. When I have been fairly transported with the appropriateness of a cover some one else has howled. I pray you therefore continue as you have been. Please all of us *some* of the time. E. G. Le S.

FROM A FARMER

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I received my welcome number of September EVERYBODY'S yesterday. I am a farmer living nine miles out in the country, but I want to get in on that "straw vote" about changing the covers. I have read about sixty EVERYBODY'S and seen that many different covers, and will have to say I have not seen a bad one yet, so take my vote for a different cover every month. I just read A. F. R.'s article about the August cover. I don't think A. F. R. is a woman, and if it's a man he must be a woman-hater, or else he don't have a

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daughter of his own. When I first saw the cover the idea that came to me was that it is a farmer's daughter who is always yearning for good literature, sitting out on the lawn of a Sunday afternoon reading EVERYBODY'S.

Yours truly, E. H. A.

FROM A MERCHANT

EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S: I think you will make a serious mistake should you decide to adopt a permanent style of cover for EVERYBODY'S. One of its greatest charms lies in its original, artistic, and appropriate covers. . . . The September cover is one of the most beautiful and the August cover one of the poorest you have had.

Very truly yours, H. T. C.

FROM A NAVAL MAN

GENTLEMEN: During my high-school years my surplus time was employed in a bookstore. Those magazines of the unchangeable cover were, I observed, "passed up" with but brief notice, and the few copies we handled were for regular patrons. For this one obviously paramount reason I would negative any proposal to place EVERYBODY'S in uniform.

Yours respectfully, E. B. D.

FROM A MANUFACTURER

DEAR SIR: I think that the constant change of the entire cover confuses the purchaser to some extent. My suggestion would be for the name to be always uniform in the two or three inches at the top of the cover. Then the remainder could be used for different ideas.

I am writing this as I find it difficult often to know just how our business is looked upon by those we deal with.

Yours sincerely, H. H. McN.

FROM A DRUGGIST

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Peacocks have "beautiful tails." EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has nice tales too. I suppose this is the significance of the September cover. I am with the crowd that wants a distinctive cover. If you want to change the picture every month why not have a distinctive border that would always remain the same? I never know whether to look for an old hat and brick, a bunch of firecrackers, or a bird's tail.

Yours very truly, C. H. R.

FROM "VOX POPULI"

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I would keep right on giving EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the prettiest, most artistic, original covers I possibly could. I would change them each month: but here is one thing I would also do—stop spoiling these covers by making bulletin boards of them.

This September number has a beautiful cover, but you spoiled it by printing across it an announcement of an article, the least important and least interesting article in the whole number.

I submit this as my "straw vote," and in doing so believe I also represent the choice of "Vox Populi," "Anxious Inquirer," "Veritas," "Constant Reader," and a host of your friends who look for you, buy you, and read you.

Yours, E. F. S.

FROM A BUSINESS MAN

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Don't hunt up the "twelve handsome, artistic, dignified artists," nor yet arrange the "neat arrangement of brown paper and brown type" for the future covers of EVERYBODY'S, for it surely would not be our old favorite in such a disguise. I thought that the August cover was a gem, and called the attention of a good many to it. Keep on in the old way, giving us something new and striking every month.

EVERYBODY'S is a live wire. The August number was great, and the September (just in) looks it, and will prove it as soon as I have time to read it—that is, I *know* I *could* prove it "if old Bill Jones was alive."

Yours very truly, J. T. M.

FROM A DOCTOR

GENTLEMEN: In regard to covers. If five or six years of persistent reading of EVERYBODY'S has given me any idea of your object I would say that you wanted to reach everybody all the time. To do that you must be able to command a large news-stand business.

Now I am a "news-stander" myself, and when I tell you that I've reduced the problem of finding EVERYBODY'S in the shortest possible time to simply looking for the most striking cover on the rack you will know how I feel about a change in your cover policy, and how I think it would affect your object as I see it.

Very sincerely, R. E. T.

FROM A WESTERNER

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Your covers are always suggestive and expressive of ideas. I considered your August cover fine, as it conveyed the idea you wished it to, "An Outing Number." I might say the same of every number.

Maybe we of the West are not capable of judging what should constitute a first-class magazine; but we of this "neck of the woods" say, "Let her go at the same old gait." She shows plenty of speed for us, and as she grows older may improve sufficiently to suit the most fastidious. Yours very truly, W. W. T.

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